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PAGAN TEMPLES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

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LONG ages ago, when our forefathers were ignorant idolaters whose altars flowed with the blood of human sacrifices, there is every reason to believe that the Chinese were a monotheistic people, who, according to their light and knowledge, worshipped the Supreme Ruler, speculated upon his being and attributes, and framed a system of theology which, notwithstanding its crudeness and admixture of error, astonishes anyone who believes that in the dark ages of the world the Creator revealed himself to no people but the Hebrews. The history of their religious degradation has yet to be written. It was with them as with nations of clearer light. "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image." The Emperor Hung Wu, of the Ming dynasty, actually issued an edict prohibiting all prayer to heaven, except his own, as the height of presumption. Their Confucian teachers also taught that the Most High was too exalted for ordinary mortals to approach and that the service of heaven could only be acceptably offered by their Melchisedek Sovereign, "the Son of Heaven," who is responsible to Heaven for his people's welfare and offers prayer and sacrifice on their behalf. It can hardly be wondered at that when Buddhism was introduced into China at the beginning of the Christian era, this religious people should turn to images of foreign Bodhisatvas or heroes of national fame, that they were taught to believe were potent for good or ill, according as they were propitiated or neglected. The monks from the banks of the Ganges changed the whole character of Chinese religion. The so-called "Light of Asia" has made them a nation of idolaters. Amidst much that is grotesque, degrading and sinful about Chinese idolatrous rites, two negative features place their temples on a higher level than those of any other heathen land. There has been no instance of human sacrifice and no deification of vice. No human victim was ever immolated on a Chinese altar. The cruel rites practiced by the ancient Britons, Aztecs and Egyptians would horrify the humane monks of Sakyamuni with Sutras in their hands that teach the preservation of all animal life. No Chinese religious sect has ever countenanced in their temple rites the least taint of such licentious orgies as were found in the hieroduli dance to Aphrodite Pandemos or the obscene rites of the Durga-puja. The Chinese pantheon, to its credit be it said, has never contained a Venus, Lakshmi, Mylitta, or an Ashtoreth. No nautch girls as in India, or courtezans as in

ancient Greece, ever found employment in a Chinese temple. No future explorations of China will ever discover such an infamous resort as that found in buried Pompeii, whose portals bore the inscription, *hic habitat felicitas.* Votaries of pleasure though the Chinese are, they have never allowed vice and obscenity to find a place in their temples and mythologies. How far that has operated to preserve them as a nation, while contemporary nations have gone to decay, who shall say?

While the Chinese believe in fiends and evil spirits and propitiate them just to keep them from mischief, their deepest homage is called forth in the worship of the heroes of their nation and the patriarchs of their tribes. Of the fifteen heathen temples in San Francisco, ten are erected in honor of ancient kings, statesmen or warriors famous in their history, who have become apotheosized as protectors of the people and benefactors of the nation worthy of their reverent homage. The remainder are dedicated to patriarchs of the village clans, patrons of guilds or the sages or genii of religious sects. The local Joss* houses are not very imposing edifices. Any one who has seen the ponderous bell-shaped roof, massive portals and imposing approach to a typical temple in China will be disappointed in the architecture of our California Joss-houses. The internal furnishing and equipment are of course modeled after temples of the same name in China, though on a smaller scale. Some are fitted in costly style, but there is nothing in this city that approaches the artistic beauty of the carvings and images of a first-rate temple in Canton.

The finest Pagan establishment in San Francisco is the new temple of Kwan Kung, on the west side of Waverly street between Clay and Sacramento streets. It was erected nearly two years ago in connection with the headquarters of the Ning Yeung or Sze Yap Company, the richest and most powerful Chinese guild in California. The lot and buildings are said to have cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The entrance bears the Chinese inscription: "Purify thyself by fasting and self-denial." The walls on each side of the marble staircase are adorned with thousands of slips of red paper, each bearing the name of some subscriber to the last temple festival, the amounts contributed ranging from one to a hundred dollars. On the first floor are the offices of the company and the guild hall, containing elegant embroideries, gilded carvings and ebony furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the most costly to be found in San Francisco. Over the guild hall is a gilt inscription: "Honesty is the bond of association." On either side are two poor paintings in oil, one of the terraced city of Victoria Hong Kong, the other a picture of General Grant's arrival at the Taku forts en route to Peking. Ascending another flight of steps, we meet with such inscriptions as "Men and women must be separated;" "Gentlemen will behave with decorum;" "Beware of little fingers (pickpockets);" "Highbinders keep away." Over the inner folded doors that stand in front of the temple, and are never opened except when the idol is carried forth in procession, hangs a magnificent monumental gateway piece of carved woodwork, the gift of the Lee family. It is an intricate device representing the principal gods of the Chinese pantheon, a most artistic composition containing miniature temples, pagodas and shrines festooned with flowers interlaced with gilded dragons, amidst which are the thrones of gods and goddesses, the highest being "the heavenly Mandarin." The piece contains crowds of illustrious generals and statesmen of historic fame, mingled with gorgeous peacocks and fabulous birds, standard bearers with flags and banners, the most conspicuous being the banner of the dragon king of the Eastern Sea and

*Joss—a corruption of the Portuguese word deos—god—hence a Chinese god or idol.

Temple of Kwan Kung, belonging to the Hop Wo Company.

the banner of the Prince of the North, so familiar to readers of Chinese fairy tales. In a corner near the door is the shrine of the God of Earth, an image of painted clay with long white beard, clad in royal robes and seated in regal state. Behind the folded doors is an enormous brazen urn worth a thousand dollars. Over a hundred bright-colored tablets cover the walls or hang from the ceiling, bearing eulogistic inscriptions to the patron deity of the Ning Yeung Company. Many of these have been presented by worshippers in acknowledgment of supposed personal favors received from the god. One in crimson reads: "Thy grace abounds like ocean waves." A purple tablet reads: "The breath of the gods fills heaven and earth." Another tablet in blue bears a prayer: "May thy mercy descend upon our house," inscribed with forty names. Two long tablets in green bear a distich which cannot be translated in the antithetical sententious form of the original. "Thy glory all the empire fills and reaches distant lands like light from sun and moon." The altars are very fine, bearing costly urns, incense bowls, candlesticks and trays carved with those historic devices so dear to every patriotic Chinese heart. The silken scrolls and banners are exquisite pieces of embroidery presented by rich merchants of the guild, one splendid device representing an historic scene on the one side and a eulogistic motto for the idol's birthday on the other, stretching across the temple. The fronts of the altars are set with elaborate carved work representing historic scenes of feudal times, the pageantry of royal courts or figures of sages and kings belonging to that remote age of China's national greatness upon which a Chinaman loves to dwell. Out of compliment to the military god are seen stands of spears, halberds, battle-axes and other weapons with banners, *loh-sang* and battle flags. There is a huge brass dragon spear, tasseled and draped in peach-colored silk, about ten feet long, placed in a stand. It is said to be an imitation of the weapon one hundred and ten pounds in weight used by Kwan Kung in battle. In the corner is a stand also found in every temple, containing a bass drum and a heavy bell, used to wake the god or call his attention when worshippers are present. According to an inscription, the bell was cast in the third year of the Emperor Tung Chi, and its frame bears the words: "Let my voice be heard ten thousand miles." Close by is a stand containing the temple roll of commandments and the great seal of the god, wrapped in yellow cloth and opened on high days to stamp good-luck papers—a rich source of revenue to the temple treasury. On the veranda over the door is another large device in carved wood bearing the inscription: "Leet Shing Kung," or Pantheon of the Holy Gods. It contains minute figures of the Chinese deities in heaven, earth and sea, so arranged that worship offered at this temple is accepted by all the gods. Two granite lions of fabulous design seated upon the veranda wall are worthy of remark. These are supposed to guard the aerial approaches to the temple and keep off evil influences. Each lion's mouth contains a loose stone ball chiseled out of the solid granite. The ball is emblematical of power, but how it was carved so round and smooth in so inaccessible a place is a puzzle. Close by stands a furnace where paper money and other sacrifices are burnt and are supposed to pass through the flames and smoke to the god, whose spirit is believed to dwell above, the image being regarded as its earthly representation. Re-entering the temple, we follow behind some worshippers. After passing two splendid altar pieces, with their costly service of urns, censers, bowls and vases, the visitor stands in front of the high altar, and a canopy of carved ebony, gilded with dragons and images of immortals and decor-

ated with embroidered draperies, silken banners, tinselled ornaments, gilded altar screens and fans of cunning workmanship. There is an enormous coil of incense in the shape of a crinoline hung up on a frame which burns for days. The worshipper kneels upon a mat in front of the altar, the priest drones forth his litany in unintelligible sounds, incense ascends in curling wreaths to the temple roof; bells tinkle and drums sound; a score of colored candles flicker forth their yellow glare; the holy flame from the altar lamp, that is never allowed to go out, sheds its ruddy light upon the stern visage of the nation's hero, that flower of Sahm Kwok Chivalry, the Saint George of Far Cathay, whose full apotheosis title is the faithful, brave and all-compassionate Prince, Kwan Kung, the God of War.

Woman's Joss House, Temple of Kum Fah or Goddess of the Golden Flower.

Of all the gods worshipped by the Cantonese in America, Kwan Kung is the most popular. He is the hero of their ballads, novels and dramas, the embodiment of Chinese patriotism, the center around which rallies the spirit of Chinese jingoism. In life he was a distinguished general who flourished in the third year of the Christian era. At a time when the empire was rent with civil strife and when the court was the scene of political intrigues, Kwan Kung, the patriot, came to the front and gave loyal support to the Emperor Lau Pey against the traitor, Tso Tso. His exploits are recounted at length in the popular novel called the "History of the Three States." It was not until eight hundred years after his death, however, that he became a god. The occasion of his canonization is said to have been the drying up of the salt wells in the province of Shan Si, a calamity that caused widespread misery. The Emperor and his

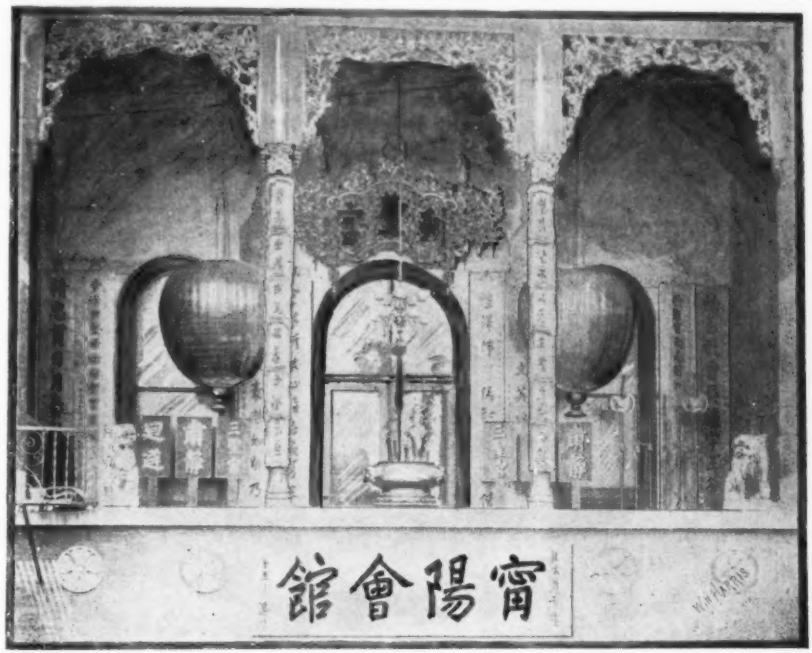
ministers are said to have prepared written prayers, which were burnt and conveyed up to heaven in the smoke. An hour had scarcely elapsed when, as the legend says, Kwan Kung riding his red charger, appeared in mid-heaven and informed his majesty that his petitions could not be granted till a temple was erected to his honor. No time was lost, hundreds of masons were set to work, and when the top stone was set in its place the wells once more yielded their supplies. It is said that during the rebellion of 1855, the hero appeared to the commander-in-chief of the Imperial forces directing the plan of the campaign, and assisting in the battle that led to the overthrow of the rebels at Nanking. Grateful for this interposition, the Emperor Hien Fung placed him on the same rank with Confucius in the national pantheon and Kwan Kung was henceforth known to men as the God of War, the protector of the people and the preserver of the empire's peace. In China there are one thousand and six hundred state temples to this god, at which the Mandarins worship twice a month and offer sacrifices of sheep and oxen.

There are three other temples to Kwan Kung in San Francisco. That of the Yan Wo or Hakka Company, at 933 Dupont street, is fitted up in elegant style, some of the carvings and floral pieces being very costly. The Hop Woh Company's temple at 751 Clay street, is a dingy looking place, the gilded woodwork all tarnished, and the embroideries grimy with dust and smoke. It was opened in the early days of Chinese settlement in California by immigrants from the county of Shiu Hing. It contains an image of Kwan Kung sitting in state with a crown of flowers upon his head and a long black goatee and moustache reaching to the girdle. Some enthusiastic devotee had pinned a fresh piece of red paper to the curtain bearing the words, "May it please thee to bless with peace, long life and prosperity thy grateful adopted son." The Kong Chau Company's establishment on Pine street, near Kearny, contains another temple of Kwan Kung. It is a dark, dismal-looking place, but contains valuable sacrificial utensils, some very beautiful carvings and numerous tablets bearing elegant compositions in praise of the god. This temple is supposed to be very *leng* or efficacious, and so numerous are the worshippers every year, especially at the anniversaries of the idol's birthday and canonization, that the company farms the post of temple keeper for thirteen thousand dollars per year. It is even then a lucrative position.

The temple of the Yeung Woh Company on Sacramento street below Dupont deserves special notice. It is dedicated to the honor of How Wong, who is the tutelary deity of the people from the county of Heung Shan. This deity was formerly a plain Mr. Kum, who flourished during the Sung dynasty, and by his scholarship and virtue rose to an official position in his native district. After his death a terrible plague swept over the province, taking away thousands of lives. One night a local medical man dreamed he saw Mr. Kum who revealed to him the efficacy of a certain herb as a remedy for the pestilence. The physician awoke, hastened in search of the prescribed herbs and gave his fellow practitioners the benefit of his discovery. The medicine worked like a charm, the pestilence was abated and the Emperor, who by this time had heard of Mr. Kum's fame, issued an edict bestowing upon that gentleman the posthumous title of "Shing Hau Wong" or "the Holy Marquis." This worthy, having been canonized has been chosen as the tutelary spirit of the county, and the patron saint of the Yeung Woh Company.

That the Heung Shan *genius loci* has been willing to give Sacramento street a share of his patronage is attested by the number of testimonials

and eulogistic tablets hung in the temple, its flourishing physic stall, and the sum of five thousand dollars paid by the temple keeper to the company every year for the privilege of selling incense and candles on the company's premises. Costly gifts have been made by local residents, among which is a fine tenor bell, the gift of Dr. Li Po Tai, whose name is cast in the metal. One of the tablets is unique: "I give thee banners and canopy. May it please thee to bless me with much yellow metal." This little image is the idol whose outing on the streets of San Francisco, some four years ago, cost the Yeung Woh Company twenty thousand dollars. It was a great spectacle to see a thousand gaily dressed Chinamen in line, some seated on gaily caparisoned chargers, others on foot carrying battle flags, spears, tridents, battle axes and other oriental weapons; to see little Hau Wong in a gorgeous chair, carried on the shoulders of twelve bearers clad in garments of yellow silk. Immediately in the rear of the idol came an enormous dancing dragon, one hundred and seventy feet long, supported by sixty actors got up regardless of expense, whose business was to make the monster wriggle and twist his huge scaly trunk, roll his bulging eyes, and open his horrid jaws—a feat that was supposed to effectually scare away all evil influences from Chinatown streets and bring health and peace to the community. It was an animated scene. The whole street was one mass of color and glitter. The tinseled banners and trappings, burnished spears and halberds, the gorgeous robed attendants, the boom of gongs, roll of drums and roar of firecrackers made up a show of oriental splendor that, it is safe to say, was never before



Porch to Temple of God of War, second floor of Ning Yeung Company.

seen on the streets of a civilized city. Some looked upon it with feelings of disgust. The Christian Chinese in particular were scandalized to think that such a barbaric heathen parade could be tolerated in a Christian country.

The oldest Joss-house in San Francisco is the Temple of the Queen of Heaven, on Waverly street. It was erected over forty years ago, and is the property of the Sam Yap Company. The goddess worshipped at this temple was a Chinese young lady who lived hundreds of years ago. She was born in the Province of Fokien, and was the daughter of a merchant of the Lum Clan. In her girlhood she is said to have displayed remarkable intelligence, and was above all renowned for her prophetic insight. Her father and four brothers frequently left their home on trading voyages up and down the coast. One day while two of her brothers were at sea she fell into a trance. Her parents thought her dead, and their lamentations were so loud as to awaken her. She told how she had just been in the midst of a violent typhoon and had seen her brothers tossing about on the wild waves. A few days elapsed and the youngest son returned home, reporting the loss of his brother at sea, and telling how in the height of the storm a lady appeared in mid-heaven who let down a rope and towed the ship to a safe anchorage. He was just relating the sad news of his brother's death, when his sister came into the room and congratulated him on his escape. She recounted with exactness the events of that fearful night, and told how she was just hastening to her brother's rescue when she was awakened by her parent's cries. Years passed and another calamity befell the family. This time the father was drowned at sea. The legend tells how the devoted daughter, on hearing the news, hastened to the seashore. She called in vain for her father's return. Louder and louder became her wails of sorrow, till, frantic with grief, she threw herself into the waves and was drowned. That night a fisherman stood aghast at seeing two bodies float past his boat. In the gray dawn there were found on the sandy beach the corpse of a gray-haired old man, and at his side, beautiful even in death, the lifeless form of a fair maiden. Father and daughter were laid to sleep side by side on the hill overlooking the sea. The sad sea waves boom upon the rocks below, and the winds soughing in the cypress bowers sing their requiem over their lonely graves. It is said that on black winter nights, when the tempest roars and the crested waves beat high, the Chinese sailor hears the far-off sound of bells from that rock-bound coast, and sees an angel form hovering near, holding out her white lantern to guide the shipwrecked mariner to the harbor of safety near which her temple stands. This is the maiden who was long ago canonized as the Queen of Heaven, the guardian saint of fishermen and sailors, and the protector of all good people who go down to the sea in ships. Her temples are found throughout China, where she is worshipped by landsmen and sailors alike. It is not strange that the Chinese colony of San Francisco, so many of whom have kinsmen and friends crossing and recrossing the ocean, should erect a temple monument in their midst in honor of the goddess who protects those in peril on the sea.

The most popular goddess of the Chinese pantheon is Kwan Yum, the Chinese Notre Dame. Her full title of canonization is: "Great in pity great in love, the savior from misery and woe, the hearer of earthly cries." Her shrine is found up a dingy staircase on the southwest corner of Spofford alley and Washington streets. In this smoky loft, with its rudely carved image and grimy vestments, one sees nothing of the beautifully chiseled statue, that image of repose we have so often seen in the Ocean Banner Monastery, on the banks of

PHOTO BY TABER.

Temple of Lung Gong.

the Pearl River. Tradition tells how Kwan Yum was one day seen floating upon a lotus flower near the Island of Pootoo, where her principal temple

Kwan Yum, Goddess of Mercy.

stands. Her countenance was of surpassing beauty, "radiant as gold and gentle as a moonbeam." The goddess is regarded as the best type of female beauty, and to say that a lady resembles Kwan Yum is the highest compliment that can be paid to grace and loveliness.

Many are the legends told of this Buddhist Madonna. She is said to have been a princess of great beauty and talent, who spent her early youth in reading the sutras and meditating amidst forest shades. Refusing the most brilliant matrimonial alliances, and deaf to the remonstrance of family and friends, she resolved to become an inmate of the "White Sparrow" convent. There, at the instigation of her royal father, she was put to the most menial labors and degrading tasks, but the legend tells how dragons and wild beasts came to help and relieve her of her daily burdens. Seeing that no hardship could discourage her or change her purpose, the king sent troops to burn the convent; but Kwan Yum prays, and descending floods extinguish the flames. At last she was captured, carried in chains into her father's presence and told to choose between marriage and death. On one side of the hall her attention was called to an enchanting scene of dancing, feasting, gaiety and pleasure; on the other side was a scene of torture, misery and death. She looked at one, then at the other. Calmly and bravely she made her choice, preferring death to the breach of her convent vows. The inexorable monarch at once ordered his daughter to be put to death. The beautiful girl was taken below and there strangled. But genii came to her relief. One gave her the peach of immortality, while others carried her away to the bowers of the immortals. Her images represent her seated upon the lotus flower praying for the souls of men, her vow being taken never to rest till all souls are saved and brought safe to Nirvana shores.

In the Spofford-alley temple are found the shrines of some twenty other gods and goddesses, the principal being the Grand Duke of Peace, the God of Medicine, and Pan Kung, a celebrated Prime Minister of the Sung dynasty. The funniest discovery in

this temple was that of Tsai Tin Tai Shing. He is a beatified monkey in the image of a man. Hatched from a bowlder, this animal is said to have proclaimed himself king of monkeys. At last he learned the language of men, and finding himself possessed of supernatural powers, he obtained a place among the gods. Such is the legend. Chinese idolatry thus reaches the acme of absurdity and sinfulness in the canonization of a monkey. Thoughts of Darwin's descent of man at once flashed across our mind as we looked at this image. It was disappointing to one's curiosity to find that the old temple keeper who cared more for a pipe of opium than for speculations in theology and anthropology could not tell us what part natural selection played in the evolution of Chinese deities, or whether monkey worship was the newest phase of Chinese ancestral worship. Finding him lamentably ignorant upon the great question of the descent of man, we astonished him with a complete history of his monkey god.

There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed and his hair became curlier;
Centuries more and his tail disappeared,
Then he was man and a god to be feared.

On Brooklyn place, a few doors from Sacramento street is the temple of Kum Fah or "Golden Flower," an unpretentious little Joss-house that seems to have escaped the notice of Chinatown guides. This is the temple of the tutelary goddess of women and children, second only to Kwan Yum in the estimation of the Cantonese women. She was a native of Canton and lived in the fifteenth century, during the reign of Ching Hwa. She was a constant worshipper at the temples and is said to have attained some notoriety as a necromancer. Like some modern spiritualists, her mind became unhinged. In a fit of delirium she one day threw herself into the river and was drowned. The legend says that in course of time her body rose to the surface of the water, and when brought to land, the air became filled with the odor of fragrant flowers. A sandalwood statue rose from the bed of the river where she was drowned, which was afterward placed in a temple erected to her honor on the Honam bank of the Canton River. She is now the Venus Genitrix of the Chinese and her votaries are principally women who desire to become mothers.

The temple on Brooklyn street is literally crowded with the images of goddesses, mothers, nurses and children. The central figure is Kum Fah. On her left is Kwan Yum, the goddess of mercy, with her feet upon the lotus, the sacred flower of the Buddhists. A Buddhist sutra is in her hand and she is in the attitude of giving instruction to the child upon her knee. On her right hand is Tin Hau, the Queen of Heaven, who has already been described in connection with her own temple. A pair of tiny shoes, such as are worn by bound-footed ladies, have been placed at the foot of each goddess ready for use when they take an airing. In the center of the lower row of images on the central canopy is Kam Kong, a red god with four faces and eight hands, who is said to have power to drive away the bogies that are the terror of little Chinese boys and girls when they go to bed. The little ones might well pray, "save us from our friends," for a worse bogie than Kam Kong could not be imagined. In the same row is Lau Sin Shi, the spirit who takes care of little children suffering from smallpox. In the left-hand corner, almost hidden from view, is the God of Wealth over whose shrine are inscribed the words, "If rich you'd be just turn to me." The character of the women who worship at this shrine is indicated by a bamboo divining pot containing sticks of fate bearing the inscription, "Good luck in lottery tickets." On the south and north walls of the temple are arranged altars extending the whole length of the room, upon which are placed eighteen images of the

ministering attendants of Kum Fah. Twelve of these are the wet nurses of the goddess, being women who were celebrated for their success in rearing large families, and can be distinguished from the others by being seated on a chair or stool.

The first is the midwife, Au Shi, who holds in her arms a baby wrapped in red flannel. The next is Shi Ma Ko, who gives life to the unborn child. The third is King Shi, who fixes the exact moment of birth. The fourth is Tsing Shi, who holds a pomegranate in her hand and receives the child when it comes into the world. The fifth determines the sex of the unborn. The sixth is the special patroness of male infants. The seventh takes care of women during gestation. The eighth superintends the cutting of the umbilical cord. The ninth attends to the preparation of infants' food. The tenth makes children happy and good tempered. The eleventh attends to the cutting of children's teeth. The twelfth, Mrs. Leung Shi, holds a child upon her knee with its face downward, her duties being the castigation of obstreperous juveniles who do not mind their mothers. One figure represents Kan Shan with weights and steelyard, in the act of weighing the baby. Another is Ngai Shi "the flower mother of the western garden," a lady who takes the little ones to the children's park in Amitabh Buddha's paradise. Another is Tow Ti, the keeper of the children's park, who holds a baby in his arms. On the lower platform are tiny images of groups of happy children dancing and playing instruments of music for the

The High Altar of the Kong Chau Company's Temple of God of War.

entertainment of the goddess and nurses to whose foster care they owe their life and health.

It is curious to notice the number of red "thank papers," that are pinned on the walls, announcing the birth of little Mongolian "Sons of the Golden West," for whom supplication has been made, and acknowledging the favor of the goddess. Some papers record the dedication of a child to Kum Fah, and the fact that it is called by her name. Strips of embroideries, silk or cloth, presented by older children, are also hung from the walls, one of which comes from twin boys and reads, "Your adopted sons, Lai Mau Lun and Lai Mau Pui, reverently present this to thee, O Holy Mother." The accompanying engraving represents Kum Fah's attendants that sit on the south wall of the temple.

Near Kum Fah's Joss-house is the fine brick temple of Lung Gong, belonging to the four clans of Lau Kwan, Cheong, and Chin, the whole establishment including temple and assembly room costing them over fourteen thousand dollars. This temple contains five large images, the highest being the Emperor Lau Pey, the four images below representing the warriors and statesmen associated with Lau Pey in the days of the Sahm Kwok. It is fully described in the "History of the Three States," to which reference is made on page 731. Kwan Kung's image is found immediately to the left of the emperor. The temple contains some very handsome carvings, pieces of gilt work, and embroidered decorations similar in design to those found in the temples already described.

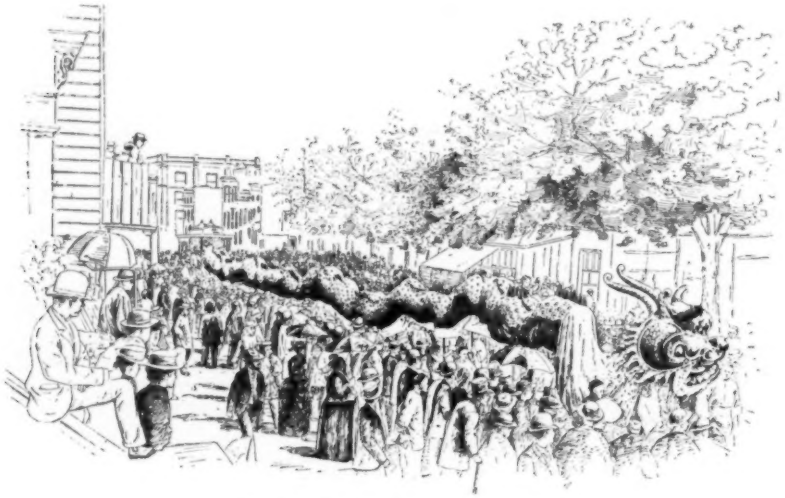
Another temple worth visiting is the small but elegant Joss-house of the Tam Clan. It is one of the oldest in San Francisco, and is found on Oneida place, a dirty, narrow alley branching from Sacramento street. The patriarch Tam is represented with a bald head and a fine, intelligent face. Beautifully gilded and tasseled mottoes hang from the walls and roof. There is one motto that is very appropriate for a temple where kinsmen meet, of which the following is a rude translation: "That family with fragrance blooms, whose brethren, like flower calyxes, each to the other bound and all to parent stem, in undivided love abide." Another tablet in purple may be rendered in English, thus: "Upon us like the rain and dew, thy grace descends forever new." Another tablet inscribed by forty-eight names says: "The vastness of his mercy is boundless as the sea."

The altar service is of very chaste design, the center piece artistically enameled, surmounted with a brass lion with two dragons rampant, each with a projecting red tongue that moves at the least jar or breath of wind. On either side are two huge enameled metal candlesticks in the shape of towers, surmounted by two Caucasian figures dressed in the English costume of a century ago, each wearing stove-pipe hats and holding a torch-like candlestick. Worship was being offered by two Chinamen at this temple at the time of our visit.

A Chinese temple has no fixed time for religious service; no congregation meets together for united praise and prayer, or sits to listen to some exposition of doctrine and duty. The worshipper comes when he has something to pray about. Family sickness, adverse fortune or some risky business undertaking drives him to the oracle. As he enters the temple he makes his bow to the gods with clasped hands, he lights his candles and incense, kneels upon a mat and calls upon the god by name three times. He then takes up two semi-oval blocks of wood called Yum Yeung Puey, bows toward the idol, prays for good luck and then tosses them up. The success of his supplication depends upon the position in which these blocks fall. If they both fall in the same position the omen is unfavorable; the god has left his office or does not wish to be disturbed. If the

blocks fall one with the flat side turned up and the other with the flat surface turned down, the god is supposed to be taking some interest in his business. The worshipper now knocks his head three times three upon the floor, and offers up his petition. This done, he takes a cylindrical bamboo pot containing bamboo slips about fifteen inches in length, each marked with a number. These are called sticks of fate, and are shaken together with the ends turned to the idol, till one is jostled out. The priest or temple keeper looks at the number, consults his book and hunts up the answer given to the man's prayer. The drum beats and the bell tolls. Offerings of paper money, consisting of beaten tinfoil, a whole armful of which can be bought for half a dollar, are burnt in the furnace and are changed by fire into the currency of the gods. It has taken only ten minutes to burn candles, incense and gilt paper, say his prayers, cast his lot, and get his answer and be on his way home.

Some happy morning he may be seen repairing to the same temple to return thanks for some profitable venture in trade, for a relative restored to health, or for some good fortune believed to have come in answer to his prayers. An express wagon drives up to the temple door, containing roast pigs and the choicest vegetables and fruits laid out in trays, which he offers to the god with libations of wine and tea. The god is supposed to feed upon the fumes of the meat and food, after which utilitarian John carts them back home to the family pantry.



The Great Dancing Dragon (see page 733).

Much might be said of other Joss-houses in Chinatown. The temple of the City God, in Waverly street, opposite the Ning Yeung establishment, with its representations of the Buddhist hells; the temple of the god of the North Pole, and the azure heavens on Waverly street, near Clay; the little Joss-house of the famous Tso Sin Sze next door, with its curious divining drawer of incense dust; the temple of "Eastern Glory," or the God of Fire, at 35 Waverly street, and the temple of the "Holy Abbot," on Stockton street, are places where antiquarians would find many interesting relics and legends. Those

illustrations already given will suffice to show how much fable, myth and superstition have gathered around the worthies of their history.

It is easy to condemn the impiety of this apotheosis of human beings as objects of divine worship or to ridicule the extravagance of the legends that cluster around these shrines. From seven to twenty thick centuries lie between us and the heroes and heroines whose memories are there embalmed. Much of their true history is blotted out in the twilight of the past. A rude statue, a gaudy bedizened thing of clay and wood, around which has gathered a mass of myth and fable is all that remains. But amidst the smoke of sandalwood and wax candles, the kowtowing and tom-toming and jargon of Sanscrit litanies one can discover something good—a reverence for the brave, the wise and the good, and the expression of that universal truth, however grossly symbolized, that the grave is not the goal of human greatness; that wise words and noble deeds can never die. There were heroes, patriarchs and sages in China's hoary past, who lifted up their hand against oppression and wrong—men who tried to guess out the problems of life and death, and who held out their bits of torches trying to lead men to higher and brighter paths. Such men can never be forgotten. The nation will one day return to the worship of the Highest and the faith in the True. In the dawn of a clearer light shall vanish all that is extravagant, foolish and false; but through all time and change these heroes of her national history will live and their work abide.

"Heard are the voices,
The words of the sages,
The worlds and the ages."
— *Goethe.*

IF THE SHADOWS FELL NOT.

BY MARY EMELYN McCLURE

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the stars,
The gems of the sky and the night?
If the shadows fell not, would the pale golden moon
Flood the earth with its rich, mellow light?
Oh! where were the sunsets unblazoned in glory—
Wrought vivid in nature, in song, and in story—
If the shadows fell not?

If the shadows fell not—Oh! where were the tears,
The crystals of love and of woe?
They would vanish with smiles born of sympathy sweet,
And its words whispered softly and low;
Oh! where were the heroes, the martyrs and sages,
The deeds of the noble, the wisdom of ages,
If the shadows fell not?

Ghent, Ky.

La Concepcion.

COFFEE IN GUATEMALA.

BY EMELIE T. Y. PARKHURST.

SOME years ago, the articles of export from which the Republic of Guatemala derived her largest revenue were indigo, cochineal, sugar, rubber, hides and cocoa. Then an enterprising horticulturist commenced making experiments with the coffee plant, and though he was discouraged and ridiculed by his friends, and his experiment was anything but a financial success, horticulturally the result greatly exceeded his expectations. Climate, soil, elevation and shipping possibilities having proved favorable to its production, it has superseded, in the last quarter of a century, most of the exports which were formerly so highly valued. Now that the fields in Java are becoming rapidly worn out; now that planters in Brazil have received such a severe shock through the abolition of slavery and consequent increase in cost of labor; now that Central American industries are being rapidly developed through the energy and push of American capitalists, that small but rich country bids fair to take its place at the very head and front of the coffee interests of the world.

To give one a fair idea of the appearance and workings of an average coffee *finca*, or farm, I have selected one of medium size and facilities. There are many fincas fitted out with far more complete machinery, whose proprietors not only prepare their own crop for the market, but who also buy the crops of the smaller plantations in the vicinity, very much after the fashion of old-time New England farmers who used to take the grist of their neighbors to mill. Save on the very largest fincas, however, extensive machinery would be sadly out of proportion to the profit possible in a small country, where the tariffs are yet high and variable, and transportation is attended with some difficulties.

On the Chocolá plantation, in the Costa Grande district, Señor G.,

who is an inventor of much of the coffee machinery now in use, not only carries on a coffee plantation, which he values at one million dollars, but raises and refines sugar. The Chocolá plantation is about one and a half leagues square, and the annual profits derived from it average about one hundred thousand dollars, I believe.*

But now you must go with me to a less pretentious finca. Landing at Champerico, we take places as far as Retalhuleu in a squeaking, jolting, dusty railway. There we transfer our luggage to the backs of some patient burros, and mounting other specimens of the much maligned species, we trend our way across the hills to the Pochuta district, a three days' journey over wide, well kept roads. On either side of us, as we lazily jog along, are extensive plantations stretching in every direction, for here, as in California, hillsides are no longer disregarded as unfit for anything save pasturage. On the contrary, coffee grown on well-drained hillsides, protected from high winds and frosts and exposed to the fullest influence of a genial sunshine, produces a better quality of bean than does even the richest bottom land.

Harvesting Coffee.

As one looks across the broad extent of fincas, there is no dull sameness to tire the eye, for the greatest variety in both form and color prevails.

The vigorous young fields are a rich dark green, except where the wind catches the glossy leaves and turns their silvery underside towards the sunshine, making them resemble flakes of snow shed broadcast. In older fields, one sees but few strong shoots springing from the midst of a

*Since the above was written, the Chocolá plantation has passed into the hands of a German syndicate, the price paid being one million dollars gold.

tangle of dead and prostrate branches. Other fields have just been planted and are conspicuous for their trimness and absolute freedom from weedy growths.

The atmosphere is burdened with a rich aroma like that of a prune orchard bursting into bloom. Countless swarms of insects hum and buzz, as they madly flutter in and out of the richly laden flower cups, inebriated and noisy after their copious and intoxicating draughts. Strange to say, not one of these many species of insect life is an enemy of the coffee, at least at this elevation of one thousand four hundred feet above the sea level. There are but two things of which the planter stands in dread: First, the gray-green mildew which follows an unusually wet season, choking the pores of the plant until it withers away; and secondly, the debility attendant upon excessive fructification.

The best producing districts in Guatemala are the Costa Cuca and the Costa Grande, but this Pochuta district holds its own pretty well. The rains come late in May, lasting till November, and are excessive, mostly one hundred and eighty-seven inches rainfall, generally. The soil is a rich adhesive adobe, mixed with leaf mould, and highly valuable, as it does not "wash," and thus expose the roots of the trees during the long wet season.

The plantation where we stop has been carried on for eight years by Señor J——, a wealthy Colombian. It is extremely interesting, with its large, cool residence, well protected from the heat by luxurious coco palms and banana trees; its extensive patios made of flat stones, upon which the coffee is spread to dry; beyond these a colony of thatched huts for the accommodation of the four hundred laborers and their families; in the center of this colony, the engine-house and the apparatus employed in pre

Native Coffee Pickers.

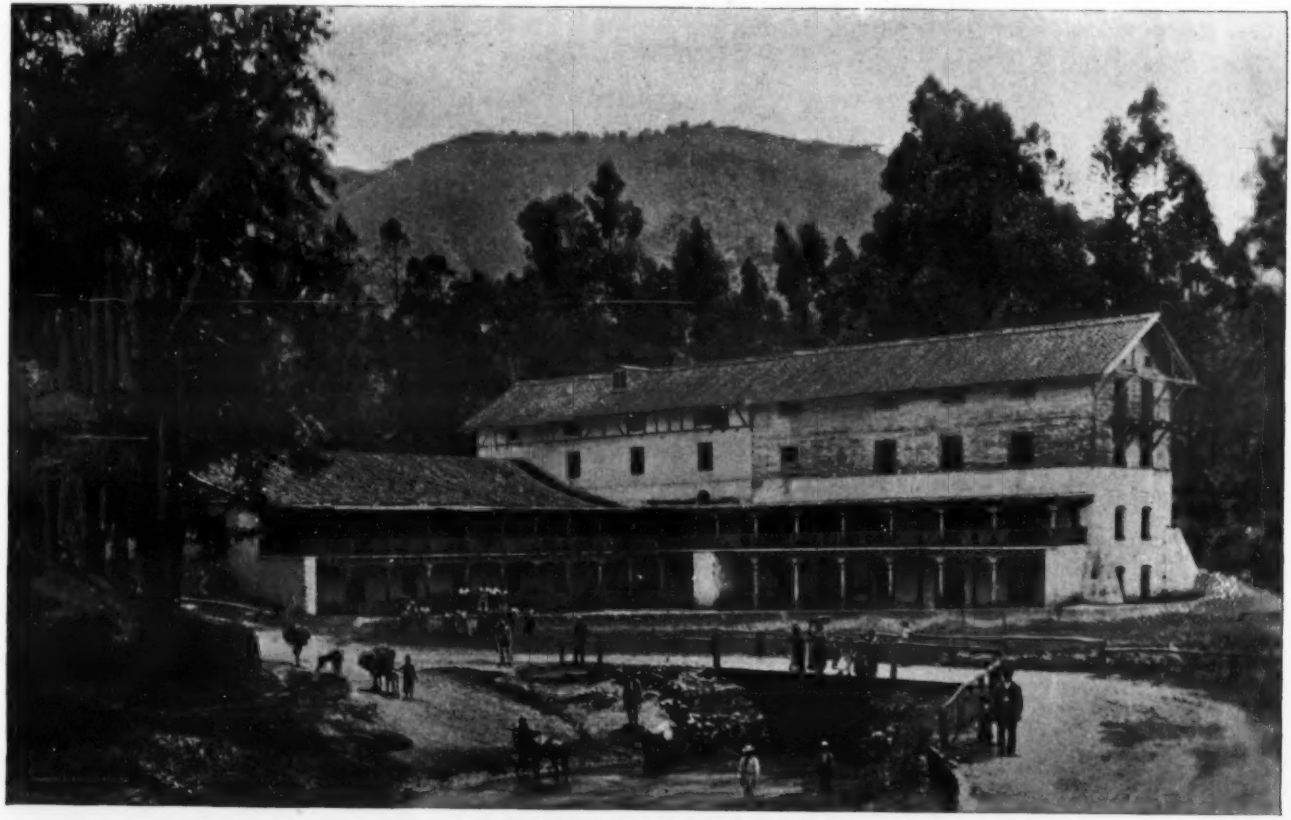
First Coffee Plantation in Guatemala.

paring the coffee for the market, and beyond and around this miniature village, miles of rolling land covered with thrifty coffee trees and their burden of crimson fruit. This finca contains two hundred thousand trees, and they are preparing the ground for twenty thousand more. A certain tract is set apart for the use of the laborers who board themselves and raise their own maize and *frijoles*. Just here I would like to mention that this plan is being abandoned on many of the fincas, as the Indian laborers will sell their crops in advance and buy rum with the proceeds. They then have to beg, borrow or steal the veriest necessities of life until another crop can be produced. A thick coffee extract sweetened with crude sugar; *tortillas*, made from maize; *frijoles*, or black beans; *tasajo*, or jerked pork, and the much laughed at *tamales* form the staple articles of the laborer's diet.

During the dull season, but forty or fifty men are employed on the place—more in the time of pruning and cultivating—and in November during the harvest, between four hundred and four hundred and fifty Indians and their families make the place swarm with life. Each laborer can pick about one hundred and sixty pounds of fruit in one day, if he is ordinarily industrious, which alas! few of them are.

Wash Day on the Coffee Plantation.

Whenever practicable, the propagating beds are made in virgin soil. The great trees are felled and uprooted, the trunks and dry branches reduced



The Coffee Cleaning Establishment at Las Nubes.

to ashes, the long interlacing roots torn out as well as they can be, the earth plowed and pulverized and thoroughly warmed and dried by the sun. In the latter part of January the seeds in their outer husks, or *pergaminos*, are sown broadcast, raked under and thoroughly irrigated. One bushel of seed will produce about thirty thousand plants, for even in favorable seasons not more than seventy-five per cent of the seed germinates.

After an interval of thirty days, the young sprouts thrust their inquiring heads above the earth's surface. Each sprout, with its cotyledons still clinging to it, is gently taken up with as much earth as can be kept around the root. These are removed to another nursery, where they are planted nine inches apart. All crooked sprouts are cast aside, and the roots of the selected ones are shortened by sharp, oblique cuts, and every lateral rootlet is carefully removed. The plants are then placed in their holes perpendicularly, and the earth is well trodden about the roots.

The following year, in the early days of March, the plants are ready to be transferred to the main plantation. Señor J—— has the holes for their reception dug several months before they are needed, in order to permit the rain to moisten the earth and the sunshine to penetrate and warm it thoroughly. The holes are dug twelve feet apart, made large and wide, and arranged, for the sake of economy of space, in diagonal rows.

Many planters allow but ten feet between the trees, and others still less. There is a great diversity of opinion on this point, for several reasons. Some planters contend that trees placed six feet apart, the main stalk pruned to develop the trees horizontally, bear fuller crops, as the interlacing lateral branches shade the roots from the intense heat, and tend to conserve the moisture of the ground. Others, like our host, assert that trees should be planted ten or twelve feet apart, and well pruned out, in order to increase the vigor of the remaining branches as well as to permit the freest circulation of the air above the plants, and give each heavily burdened limb the fullest benefit of the sun's maturing influence.

Señor J—— uses one-horse cultivators between the rows to loosen the earth and free it from weeds. A much better method is in vogue on the Chocolá plantation, however—hoe cultivation. The first cost of hand cultivation is much greater than that by machinery, but the result in this peculiar country pays ten per cent. on the original outlay. On the Chocolá plantation the holes, six feet square, are dug between the trees. They are two feet deep on the lower side, and one foot deep on the side toward the top of the hill.

When the heavy rains come, the rich surface soil, instead of washing into the valleys and bottom lands below, is caught in these "traps," the water percolates through the roots of the trees and finds its way out, without carrying away the nourishing properties of the soil and without exposing the roots of the trees. Each year the holes are dug in a different place, so that the earth is kept cultivated as well as if a machine were run through it.

Two years after leaving the second nursery, coffee trees bear a few berries, but a full crop is not had until the fourth year. Of course location and altitude vary these figures considerably.

The coffee begins to ripen in August, and is ready for picking as soon as the *cereza*, or berry, assumes a dark red or purplish hue. It is a beautiful sight to see the ripening berries in all the vivid tones of red; the creamy, fragrant flowers, and the glossy green leaves all flourishing on the tree at one time. As to methods for the treatment of the berry, they all seek:

First, the removal of the outer pulp by maceration in water.

Second, the drying of the seeds in their husks.

Third, the removal of the several husks.

Fourth, the sorting of the seeds, according to form and size.

As soon as the ripe berries are gathered, they are placed in large cement vats and covered with water. This must be done within twenty-four hours after gathering, the sooner the better, as it is rather difficult to clean the seeds after the pulp commences to dry. After the berries have been kept under water for twenty-four hours, they are passed through a pulper. This machine consists of a revolving shaft fitted with short copper teeth which scrape against a perforated cast-iron apron, the holes of which are just large enough to permit the passage of a coffee grain from which the pulp has been denuded. The pulp, with the aid of a continuous and forcible stream of water, falls down into a waste vat on one side of the apron, while the cleansed grains pass through the perforations and fall into a vat on the other side. This iron apron requires the nicest adjustment, for if it is placed too near the spiked shaft, it crushes the grain; and if placed too far away by the fraction of an inch, many of the berries are not pulped at all, but simply fall into the waste vat and are lost. Of course those lost grains may be saved from the waste pulp, but after remaining for a short time in the dark-red mixture, they are so discolored that there is a loss in market value. There are hundreds of pulpers in use, but this one, patented by John Gordon & Co., of London, is the best; for, not having any compli-

Cocales La Concepcion.

Harvesting the Berries.

cated machinery, it is easily kept in order, and it can be run by the most ordinary laborer. This is an enormous advantage in a country where unskilled labor is the only available material at present in the market.

After leaving the pulper, the coffee grains are left in the vat into which they have fallen, for from twenty-four to thirty hours, in order to ferment the mucilaginous substance in which each seed is enclosed. They are then thoroughly washed, drained in iron sieves, and spread out on the patios to dry.

The best patios are constructed of broad, flat stones, or as is now generally the case, of artificial cement or brick, and thus hasten the drying process. The surface of the patio is slightly rounded toward the center, to assist in the draining off of the water, as well as to provide against soaking in case of sudden showers, soaked coffee being discolored, and losing in price some three to four cents per pound.

When sudden showers occur, the driest patios are cared for first, as half-dried coffee is not especially injured by any sudden access of moisture. The seeds are quickly heaped up in the center of the patios by means of large wooden rakes, and the *mozos*, or laborers, bring out portable thatched sheds, with which they cover the coffee until the rain is over. Eight or ten days in the patios suffices to dry the seeds so that they can be hulled. On the Chocolá plantation, hot-air driers, invented by the former proprietor, Señor Guardiola, are used. These, however, require much delicate handling in the matter of heat and degree of dryness, and it is so easy to ruin the coffee, by exposing it to too high a temperature, that many planters resolutely cling to the old

Grove at Old Calvaris.

patio method, particularly in districts where the rains do not come too soon. In the Guardiola drier the seeds are placed in a large revolving drum, through which a continuous stream of heated air is passed. By this method the drying is concluded in twenty-four hours. Each drier contains two thousand six hundred pounds of dry coffee.

The seeds are now placed in the hulling machine, which removes in one process the *pergamino*, or hard horny husk; the *cascara*, or tough second husk; and the silvery pellicle which covers the seed itself. Formerly, and indeed even now, on very small or remote fincas, this hulling is performed by the women, who work with a mortar and pestle.

The best seeds are a translucent bluish-olive in color, and quite small and round in form. Round berries roast more evenly than flat ones, and hence are highly prized by connoisseurs. The pale, large berries, rather discolored in appearance, are the poorest of all. In Java the coffee kept over one season in its *pergamino* takes on a rich brown hue, and brings a high price in the market. One enterprising manufacturer, whose catalogues may be found on the library table of many a Central American planter, advertises a huller with a hopper attachment for containing dye stuff with which old Government Java may be made to order.

The final process is sorting. The beans are spread on long tables, where they are carefully picked over by women, in order to eliminate the black seeds, whose presence lessens the market value of the product. The women receive twelve and one-half cents a quintal, and they make about sixty-five cents a day. The coffee is then sewed in sacks and carried in pack-trains to the San José railroad, a journey taking some twenty-four hours.

A considerable part of the Guatemala crop goes to San Francisco. (The best quality goes to London, next best to Hamburg, and third and "triage" to San Francisco.) It is said that ten million pounds annually are consumed on the Pacific Coast alone, and the figures are every year increasing. If such is the case, and these figures represent but a small part of the available coffee market, and if it is really a fact that the new system of paid labor has worked such a revolution in the coffee culture of Brazil, then it is no wonder that Central American planters are jubilant and regard coffee as the very cream of all business enterprise.

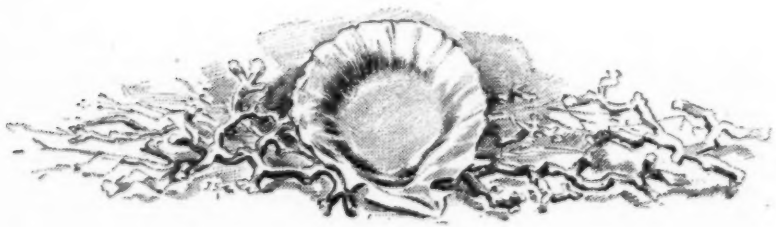


Fig. 1—Aztec Calendar or Water Stone.

DID THE PHŒNICIANS DISCOVER AMERICA?*

No. I.

BY THOMAS CRAWFORD JOHNSTON.

LIEUTENANT A. G. FINDLAY, F. R. G. S., in describing the stone remains on the Island of Rappa, in the Austral group, says in his "South Pacific Directory:" "On the summit of six of the highest hills are to be seen square terraces, or fortified places, some of which are of very elaborate construction; but what is very singular, they are mostly solid within. The stones are well squared, of very large size, and well cemented, and are evidently analogous to the terraces described on Easter Island."

Again, in describing Easter Island, he says: "This is one of the most interesting spots in the Pacific. It is remarkably isolated, as it is some two thousand and thirty miles from the coast of Chile, and one thousand five hundred miles from the nearest inhabited land, except Pitcairn Island, so that its people and their history are an ethnological problem, worthy of much consideration, while their origin is one of the most important problems connected with the migrations of races.

How the early navigators in their canoes managed to reach this lonely spot, in the teeth of the usual tradewinds, is one of those mysteries, the solution of which would clear up many difficulties in the history of

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the early races and civilization of Peru and Central America.

"The character of the architectural and other remains evidently points to

Fig. 2—Sieumanu, Governor of Apia, Samoa.

an Eastern origin. This little island, therefore, as a stepping-stone to the solution of this question, is of more than ordinary interest. Its position should afford a clue to the mystery of its original settlers. It is near the southern verge of the southeast trades, which blow during the Southern summer, from October to April, when they commence and leave off, being strong for about a fortnight. During the rest of the year, it is in the tropical variables. For a few months, westerly winds prevail, which bring much rain. It is therefore probable that this was the time of the voyage; but how such a craft could be guided due east, without a compass, will be a mystery to modern navigators.

"The papakoo, or cemetery, on Easter Island, is a terrace, or platform, by the sea, made of rolled sea stones carefully fitted together; but another very singular structure found there is the platform on which numerous images have been placed. They are built on the land facing the sea, and constructed with large unhewn stones fitted with great exactness. On this platform are numerous images, now prostrate; some low pillars, apparently used for sacrifice, and others for burning bodies, as burnt bones were found near them. Similar platforms have been found in the islands to the northwestward, especially one buried under guano, on Maldon Island, and this, again, connects them with analogous ruins in Peru."

Mr. Rawlinson says of the Gibeonites: "They were specially skilled in the hewing and squaring of those great masses of stone with which the Phœnicians were wont to build, and we probably see their work in those recently uncovered blocks of enormous size, which formed the substructions of Solomon's Temple (1 Kings, v. 18). At a later date, they were noted as 'caulkers,' and were employed by the Tyrians, to make their vessels water-tight, Ezekiel (27 and 29)."

That there should be any connection between the Phœnician race, the origin of the Aztecs, the mariner's compass, the ancient cities and high civilization of Central America, the substructions found on the Islands of the Pacific, and those of Solomon's Temple, seems too wonderful to be true, and yet I think that the data

Fig. 3—Easter Island Platform, center stone five and a half tons.

contained in this paper will remove any future doubt on this subject.

During a year and a half spent

among the Islands of the South Pacific, just prior to the Samoan war, I came across some facts that so arrested my attention as to awaken a new line of inquiry, that in course of time has woven itself into a series of connected and inter-related data, of so extraordinary and far-reaching a nature, that I now feel that it is time to call the attention of the scientific world to them, in order that a larger field of observation, and a more numerous body of capable investigators may verify or contradict the conclusion arrived at.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Rawlinson's scholarly work on the Phœnicians may remember his description of these people. He says: "They were of a complexion intermediate between the pale races of the North and the swart inhabitants of the South, having abundant hair, sometimes curly, but never woolly. They were above the medium height, and had features not unlike the Aryans, or Caucasians, but somewhat less refined and regular, the nose broadish and inclined to be hooked, the lips a little too full, and their frames inclined to stoutness and massiveness, while both in form and feature they resembled the Jews, who were their near neighbors, and not infrequently intermarried with them."

It is impossible for one to spend even a short time in Samoa without realizing how suitable such a description would be if applied to the Samoans, while each day's observation of them, their habits and customs, would only deepen the conviction that the observer was in contact with a people whose social usages must, at some possibly remote period, have been in very close touch with Hebrew institutions. The only point on which there is any weakness in the description is the nose, and this is easily accounted for by a curious custom that prevails over these islands of manipulating the cartilages, while the child is young, so that what they call the disfigurement of the "canoe nose" of the Semitic may be removed—a custom that is universal over these islands. Not only is there to be found circumcision and the test of virginity, neither of which has the adopted Christianity of to-day removed, but marriage itself is hedged about with restrictions in the form of a table of consanguinity that is almost

Fig. 4—Lanetiti, Sieumanu's Wife.

a duplicate of that found in the Bible, while the intensely spiritual form of the early native worship, with an almost total absence of idols, gives cause to look for further evidence of the relation that at some date must have existed between these people.

I am aware that there are many other and different types found in that region, but that is only what may be expected when we recollect the influences that have been at work, and the time that has elapsed since the first settlement. This, however, does not weaken but rather strengthens the claim of such evidence as we now find of the presence of the Phœnicians in that portion of the Pacific.

That a high civilization, having an identical origin, must, at some remote period, have prevailed throughout

Polynesia, no one who has come in contact with the native usages, and the various stone remains on Easter, Rappa, Ascension, Marshall, Gilbert, Ladrones, Swallow, Strong's, Navigator, and Hawaiian Islands, can for a moment doubt; and, curiously enough, the native traditions of all of them refer their origin to some land lying in the direction of the setting sun.

The relation of Strong's Island to round the harbor, which had been occupied by a powerful people called 'Anut,' who had large vessels in which they made long voyages east and west. Many moons being required for these voyages."

When we come eastward, and reach Mexico, we find the evidence of their presence intensified a thousandfold, not only in the architectural remains where the conglomerate decorations

Fig. 5—Feisamoa, Chief, with Feather Head Dress.

this line of research is a peculiarly interesting one. At the entrance to the harbor may be seen a quadrangular tower, forty feet high, and some stone-lined canals, while on the adjacent island of Hele are cyclopean walls formed of very large stones, well squared, which form an enclosure overgrown by forests. These walls are twelve feet thick, and in them are vaults, artificial caverns, and secret passages. The natives of this island have a remarkable tradition, namely: "That an ancient city formerly stood

carry the marks of their peculiar genius as clearly as the Greek does in its own way, but also in the form of religious worship, which is clearly Phœnician in its base and entire outline.

The human sacrifice, and the idol, half-man and half-brute, are beyond question those of the Phœnician Baal or Moloch; while on the various bronzes we see the winged disc of Egypt,* which Mr. Rawlinson mentions as one of their peculiar designs. And perhaps more curious still, we

* Fig. 17, in Part II, this article.

find among the remains of this people in the ancient and Capital city of Mexico what has been called a calendar stone (Fig. 1), which anyone may see at a glance is a national monument of a seafaring people in the form of a mariner's compass, and to which they probably attributed the fact that they had discovered this new world.

entire thirty-two parts into which what we are accustomed to call our improved compass is divided are present, while in the main point will be seen the faces of Cox and Cox, the Mexican Noah and his wife, the first recorded navigators, and underneath these the Aztec symbol for water.

The wonder does not, however,

Fig. 6—Siotolana, Maid of Village Samoa.

On looking at this stone carefully, it will be noticed that the only feature giving weight to the Calendar theory is the hieroglyphics on the inner circle, which correspond to the twenty-day month of the Aztec. When, however, we read the stone as a memorial of the compass, it is far otherwise, for it will be seen that there is not only a north and a south, but also the other and remaining cardinal points, duly emphasized; and amazing to relate, not only this, but in subdivisions the

cease here; for if we place the stone in the correct position with reference to the sun-god, in the center, it will be observed that the determined point is not north but south, and that in this respect it is identical with the Chinese compass, indicating that it must have had its origin among a people accustomed to navigate in latitudes to the south of their permanent home.

Now this so corresponds with our knowledge of the main trend of early Phœnician navigation and commerce

as to form a fresh and interesting link in this chain of evidence ; and this the more so because we know that the Chinese compass was a rude and altogether unsatisfactory instrument, having only twenty-four points, whereas we find in this the evidence of a comprehensive apprehension of the scientific value and use of the instrument, which were essential to the wide-spread navigation, and characteristic of the finished work and mathematical precision of the Phœnicians. But apart from this, there are some historic facts in existence which, while isolated, might be questionable data, that in connection with this receive a new value.

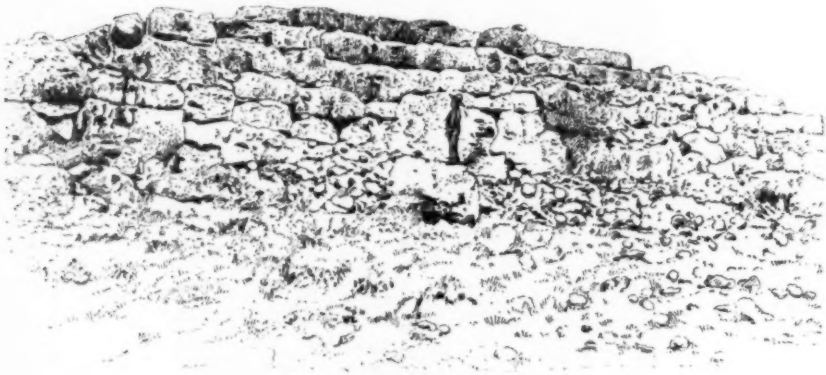


Fig. 7—Easter Island Platform.

That the Phœnicians ventured on long voyages, there can be no question, for Herodotus makes a distinct statement to this effect, and says they were accustomed to steer by the pole-star. In this he simply wrote as a landsman would. Mariners do not steer south by east, or due east or west, as these Phœnicians were accustomed to do on their historic route, by the pole-star, for the simple reason that the main trend of their navigation was in the Indian Ocean, where the pole-star cannot be seen, and where, indeed, if it could, the knowledge of its existence would be of little use to them. All steering is done by a determined north; either a true north or a magnetic north, and we know that the magnetic qualities of metals were known to the Phœnicians, for Sanchoniathon ascribes to Chronos the invention of "Batulia," or "stones that moved as if they had life," and we know that Chronos lived two thousand eight hundred years before Christ. We therefore conclude that the knowledge must have passed from the Phœnicians into China, the more so because McDavies, whose elaborate investigation of the history of the compass has made him one of the eminent authorities on this subject, states that the earliest date at which it was known in China was 2604 B. C.; and, curiously enough, the term used by the Chinese two hundred years after Chronos, is almost identical in its significance with that of the Phœnicians, the Chinese compass being called the Tche Chay, or directing stone.

The history of the Phœnicians was a remarkable one for many reasons,

for apart from the fact that they claimed to be the most ancient of mankind, and in their day exercised an influence on the world that in these late years finds a suitable counterpart only in the history of the scientific, commercial and philological supremacy of the English-speaking peoples, yet their ruling characteristic seems to have been not so much their individuality as their pliability—a characteristic that was absolutely essential to their colonial and commercial success.

Fig. 8—Easter Island Platform.

They seem to have had a wonderful faculty of adapting themselves to every condition of human life, and to the peculiar bias and feeling of the varied civilized and uncivilized peoples with whom they came in contact in course of their mercantile ventures. They were not warriors, although they did and could fight when occasion called for it, but even then, as Alexander found, the quality that was opposed to his force of arms was not warriors so much as men of the keenest intellectuality, who used that power by methods never dreamed of by their duller opponents.

With all the great nations of their time, they were on the most familiar footing, the Egyptians, Hebrews, Assyrians, Babylonians, Greeks and Persians not only welcoming them to their territory, but, as if by mutual compact, protecting their caravans and opening their ports to their merchantmen, whose business it was to cater to their needs and adapt themselves to the requirements of every country with which they had established business relations.

In consequence of this fact, as Mr. Rawlinson points out, their commercial relations with these varied peoples had a reflex influence on themselves, their work, wherever found, showing that in their metallurgy their motives are invariably either Egyptian or Assyrian, while their sculptures usually showed a large admixture of Greek.

This is a most important point, and I seek to emphasize it, for it is the key to what, up to this date, has been an unsolved enigma of unusual importance, the solution of which will set in operation a new set of facts, whose influence will be so far-reaching as to afford more or less light on some of the most interesting as well as per-

plexing of the ethnological and philological problems of to-day.

Of all the nations of their time, the Phœnicians stood in the front rank. In the practical arts, as well as in the exact sciences, they were in their own wide sphere, without a competitor. They were masons, dyers, glass-blowers, workers in metal, and at the same time carpenters and shipbuilders, but beyond all other peoples, navigators and explorers, being the first to face the dangers of the open ocean, and make known to civilized nations, not only the remoter regions of Asia, Africa and Europe, but, as I think I shall succeed in demonstrating, the first to discover America, and the authors of the ancient and high civilization found there, which, up to this time, has been an unsolved enigma.

Of the wares which they purveyed to the various nations using their commodities, many samples have in

Fig. 9—Aztec Vase with Assyrian Decoration.

these late years been found, that give much light on the influences that seem to have been at work in the manufacturing establishments of this extraordinary people, and as this is essential to a complete understanding of the subject, I may say that Mr. Rawlinson, whom I have followed closely in this investigation, points out that the Phœnicians had two instructors in their gem engraving, namely, Babylon and Egypt, deriving from each certain features of their practice.

Animals, for the most part griffins and sphynxes, but often accurately copied from nature, form the great staple of Phœnician art. The subjects of their designs, however, show little originality, being in almost every case adapted either from Egypt or Babylon—the hawk of Raa, the Egyptian sun-god, the cynocephalous ape, sphynxes, winged disks and serpents, drawing of an original character being shown only in very few instances.

It is impossible to overrate this testimony as to the peculiar bent of the genius of the Phœnicians, for in its own broad line of demarkation, it not only makes them a unique people, with an apparent mission to the remainder of mankind, but likewise enabled them to fill what was as essential a sphere in the populating and civilizing of the outskirts of the then known world, as was the genius of the Greeks for a more limited sphere, or of the Jews for the preservation of a pure moral code, when the remainder of mankind had run riot with undisciplined excess.

It is not strange that it was so. Indeed, it was on just such lines that we would expect to find the genius of a great mercantile people develop itself, for the reason that their success depended in no small measure on their recognition of the fact that the national, and especially the religious prejudice of the peoples to whose wants they catered must be respected as well as stimulated. As artists and artificers, there was ample room for the exercise of their peculiar genius in the production of wares whose form and adornment would be acceptable to the highest culture, and as merchants in providing such wares as would command the readiest sale among the wealthier portions of those communities, where the highest forms of civilization were found closely associated

with all acceptable forms of government. Of course, in the less civilized countries it would not be necessary to follow so closely this idea, and the various articles in less active demand, as style or pattern altered, would naturally find their way to the less frequented routes.

The flexibility of the Phœnicians, like that of the English, who are their modern and legitimate successors in their peculiar sphere, was phenomenal.

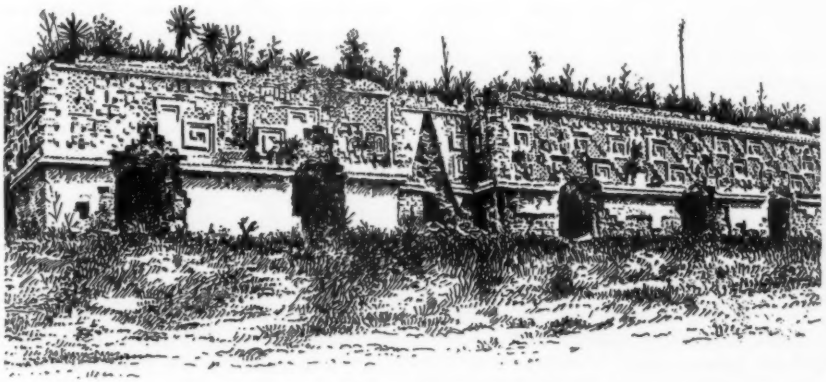


Fig. 10—Ruins of Palace at Palenque—after Charnay.

He who would attempt to trace, a thousand years after this, the course of English adventure over the face of the earth by comparing the languages found in such localities as they were supposed to have visited with the Saxon root, would inevitably fail, for the reason that it has now incorporated inflections from every quarter in which English influence has been felt, and is, in consequence, the most flexible as well as the most conglomerate of all modern languages, and will become increasingly so as time and the influence of the people and the language increase. So, also, he that would seek to determine the limit of the presence of the English-speaking peoples by measuring the stone erections found in such localities as they are supposed to have visited by an early English standard, would inevitably build data far removed from the real facts of the case. The determining quality in such matters is neither Saxon nor Norman; the solution will require to be found on totally different lines, since the strongest evidence of their presence will not be found in any one type so much as in the proof of their versatility, and their faculty to make tributary to a wide and pressing commercial need the best found suitable to their purpose, in every country that has come in contact with their influence, not simply reproducing designs, but with peculiar skill adapting them, with suitable modifications, to new conditions and environment.

In consequence of this fact, we must, therefore, expect to find the marks of the national life of the Phœnicians most pronounced in what were, during their time, new localities, and in places where the circumscribing and limiting influence of a large civilization (which is usually conservative) is absent; and in consequence of this fact, it may be

wise to consider shortly one or two points.

As masons, the Phœnicians were in request by Solomon in the erection of the temple; and as the record of this association will be helpful in the elucidation of this problem, I will refer to it shortly.

It is doubtless well known to all readers of Scripture that a warm friendship existed between Hiram, King of Tyre (by which name Phœnicia at that time went), and David, King of Israel. In 1 Kings, 5th chapter, we read: "And Hiram, King of Tyre, sent his servants unto Solomon; for he had heard that they had anointed him king in the room of his father: for Hiram was ever a lover of David." What the nature of the message sent to the young King of Israel by this old friend of his father's was, we do not know, but it is apparent from what follows, that it was a message that contained much more than mere congratulation, and was probably accompanied by an offer to the son and successor of some tangible evidence of the warmth of his feelings towards the memory of his deceased father, and of his interest in the future of the young king; however that may be, the reply sent by Solomon showed his peculiar fitness for the onerous position that he had been called to fill, and bore on the face of it evidence of so lofty an affection for his deceased parent, and so loyal a desire to carry out his last wish, that Hiram not only acceded to the request of Solomon, but in the words of the seventh verse of the chapter "rejoiced greatly and said, blessed be the Lord this day, which hath given unto David a wise son to rule over this great people."

The result of this interesting and affecting exchange of courtesies between the old and the young kings was that Hiram undertook in conjunction with Solomon the erection of the temple at Jerusalem, in fulfillment of David's last wish, and also of the projected palace of Solomon at Lebanon. Hiram, undertaking to fell the necessary timbers for both buildings in the forests of Lebanon, bring them down the rivers on the winter floods, and deliver them in rafts to such ports as Solomon should find to be most desirable, the only stipulation mentioned was that Solomon provide food for the various camps or households of workmen furnished by Hiram. Of the stupendous nature of the operations, which were in this manner inaugurated, we may form some idea from the following quotation from 1 Kings, 5th chapter. "And the Lord gave Solomon wisdom, as he had promised him: and there was peace between Hiram and Solomon; and they two made a league together. And King Solomon raised a levy out of all Israel; and the levy was thirty thousand men. And he sent to Lebanon ten thousand a month by courses; a month they were in Lebanon, and two months at home; and Adoniram was over the levy. And Solomon had threescore and ten thousand that bare burdens, and fourscore thousand hewers in the mountains; Besides the chief of Solomon's officers, which were over the work, three thousand and three hundred, which ruled over the people that wrought in the work.

"And the King commanded and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stonesquarers; so they prepared timber and stone to build the house." That is, there were thirty thousand timber fellers in Lebanon, seventy thousand burthen bearers, eighty thousand hewers, and three thousand three hundred overseers, or in rotation, as explained, a total of one hundred and eighty-three thousand and three hundred Jews; and if an equal number of Phœnicians were added, an army of men amounting to three hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred employed in this joint undertaking, which explains, in conjunction with the geographical situation

of Phœnicia, the necessity for Hiram's request, and the obligation of Solomon, as we find it in the 11th verse: "and Solomon gave Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food for his household, and twenty measures of pure oil; thus gave Solomon to Hiram year by year."

There is one point in this connection which it is necessary to understand in order that we may obtain some light not only on the characteristics of Phœnician architecture and the substructions found in the Pacific, but also on the enormous army of laborers, or as they are called here "burthen bearers," employed on this work.

M. Renan, in his work on "Architecture," says: "The foundation of Phœnician architecture is the carved rock, not the column, as with the Greeks. The wall replaces the curved rock without entirely losing its character. Nothing conducts to the belief that the Phœnicians ever made use of the keyed vault.

"The principle of monolithism, which ruled the Phœnician and Syrian art even after it had adopted much from the Greek, is very contrary to the art of the Hellenes. Grecian architecture starts from the principle of the division of the blocks of stone into small pieces, and avows this principle boldly. Never did the Greeks derive from Pentilecus blocks of a size at all comparable to those of Baalbec and Egypt. They saw no advantage in them; on the contrary, they saw that with masses of this kind, which are to be used entire, the architect had his hands tied; the material, instead of being subordinated to the design of the edifice, runs counter to the design."

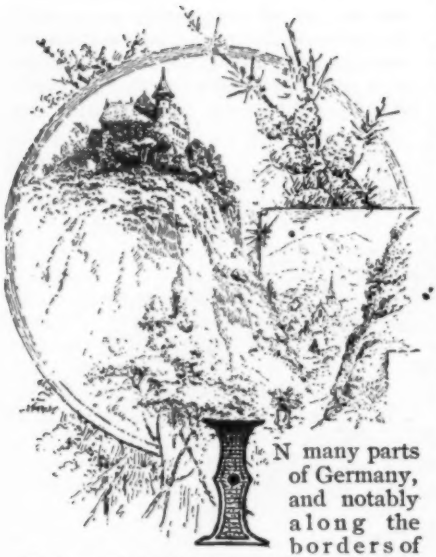
Fig. 11—Mural Decoration at Uxunial—after Charnay.

The Syrian and Phœnician architects and even those of Egypt are at the command of their material. The stone does not submit to the shape which the artist's thoughts would impress upon it; it continues to be with them mere rock, more or less, that is to say, undetermined matter. This is the reason why the Grecian architects never made what we meet with at every step in Phœnicia, at Jerusalem, in Persia, in Syria, in Phrygia—architectural works in the living rock.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE STORY OF ROTHENSTEIN.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.



IN many parts of Germany, and notably along the borders of that great tract of wooded mountains and valleys called the Thuringian Forest, a mountain top without its castle would be an anomaly strange enough to evoke a wondering question. Many of these nests of the old privileged birds of prey, as Heinrich Heine not inaptly calls them, are but dilapidated remnants of their originals, of whose shape they furnish scarcely a clue. Some have kept but a single straight tower, round or square, whose rough and massive masonry looks as if it were to stand for all time. Some show long lines of crumbling walls that still exhibit the outlines of the original structure, while still others are but grass-grown mounds, above which, literally, not one stone has been left standing on another. Not all, however, are in such a ruinous condition, at which they have arrived through special vicissitudes of fate. Some, and these in their beginnings I fancy quite as old as many of their dismantled neighbors, have come down to the present day, not only perfect externally, as pictures of an earlier time, but are still inhabited by the descendants of those who built them.

Such a castle, with its outworks and approaches, its bastions now leveled to make room for terraces, not infrequently crowns the whole summit of a high hill, while lower down, about the sides and feet, straggle the crooked streets of a village of red-tiled, moss-covered houses, often apparently as old as the more pretentious buildings above. The likeness of a hen, with outspread wings, protecting the defenseless chickens at her feet, has often been found in these old castles, with their attendant towns. It may, however, be suspected that in the old days, whose conditions produced the one and whose exigencies the other, the relationship was rather that of the wolf playing shepherd over a flock of sheep, who were glad to fly to him for temporary safety, at least, rather than to be ruthlessly devoured by his brother wolf, who had his vantage-ground elsewhere. However this may be, the figure has long ago lost its force, and both are now primarily but the homogeneous parts of a landscape which would lose a charm, if either were absent. As, no doubt, was the case in more ancient times, the village is, besides, still economically necessary to the other as a base of supplies, and the castle a requisite of the village as a consumer of its overplus; although so far as this last is concerned, both are not uncommonly, in their latter days, in a condition of senility, where little is required but sleep.

Egersdorf and the Rothenstein—which are not, however, their true names, because of the story that follows—are such a village and castle. The village has been named first, but it is in reality neither large nor important. In point of location, the castle so dominates the town that the former is visible far out in the land, while the presence of the other is not suspected, until one is almost in its streets. The highway approaches it through a narrow, deep valley, thickly wooded to the top, on either side. There is only just room at the bottom for the road and a rapid little stream that is first on one side and then on the other, and once in a while a wooden cross tells of the difficulties and dangers of the way. It is a solitary road, and you will only rarely be met by a chance pedestrian, unless it be some old woman toiling along under a heavy bundle of faggots, or, if it is at evening, by a boy who is bringing his tinkling herd down from some distant mountain pasture. Here and there on the slope of the valley can still be seen faint signs of a terrace that shows where the old Roman road ran evenly along, and one can fancy without much effort, for the place lends itself to that, the steady tramp of the legions, as they made their glittering way northward through these forests, to return by-and-by with captives—fierce men, and wild-eyed women, and strange beasts. On the road at the bottom of the valley, the knights of the Rothenstein marched, more than once, with plumes and banners flying, on their way to Palestine, from which they never returned to tell the story of their misadventures. All this the valley has seen, and more, but these have gone by and have been so completely forgotten, that the very knowledge of them has perished from the region. This contact with a storied past, it may be imagined, has nevertheless, though unsuspected, left its effect behind in a dreamy atmosphere that leads to the introspection and a morbidness of imagination that was often noticed in the inhabitants. No region is richer in folk-tales or traditions of the past, and no people are more credulous to believe them.

At the deepest and darkest part of this pass, between the mountains, as you follow the road upward, the valley suddenly widens, and all at once you are out in the daylight, where the village lies basking in the sun, with the castle high above it. So perfect a picture it is on a summer's day, such an embodiment of an Old-World idyl, that at the very first glance one succumbs to its charm, and, afterward, go where you will, you will never forget it.

We came upon Egersdorf, very much as has been described, one morning late in June. We had read, to be sure, the guide-book description of it and its surroundings, and knew that it was there, and that it must be fine, but we were quite unprepared for it as we found it. The only inn was in a crooked street, half-way up the hill, toward the castle; and when we had swung open the narrow window of the room assigned us, and looked out over the moss-grown roofs across into the valley, with the forest-clothed mountains always beyond, we rejoiced as the children of Israel must have done when they arrived in the Promised Land.

As the Rothenstein was the natural center of the whole region, it was, as a matter of course, not only the first, but the frequent objective point of our excursions from the village, from which it was approached either by the broad high road that led up to the drawbridge that still crossed the moat, or by a narrow paved way shut in by walls, and cool and moist even on the hottest and dryest days of summer, that conducted one through mysterious passages to a courtyard at the back. At the time of our visit, the public was freely admitted to most parts of the castle and grounds. We had learned in the village that no members of the family were there; that the Baron had been dead for a

number of years, and that the widow and her two children, a boy of fourteen, the successor to the title and estates, and a girl two years younger, had lived constantly abroad since his death, nor was it known when they would return. The castle was, consequently, unoccupied, except by the Castilian and his wife, two faithful retainers who had grown old in the service of the house into which they had so completely merged that they had no thought or question of a possible disassociation from it. They were a communicative pair when once their confidence, inspired by almost daily visits to the castle and its terraces, had been gained, and they knew the family legends as far back as legends go, and that in places like the Rothenstein is usually very far back, indeed.

This particular castle, like the whole region, as has been said, was notably rich in such legendary matter. Every room and passage and stairway, it appeared, had its story, some of them gruesome ones. Many of these rooms were not regularly shown to chance visitors, and as time went by, we thought we had probably seen them all. It was accordingly, in a mood more idle than inquisitive, that we asked one day how it was, in a castle as large and old as the Rothenstein, there were so few pictures or portraits of the old knights and ladies of the family. The question, as we saw with some surprise, was received in silence. The Castilian, it was noticed, glanced questioningly at his wife, and a look passed between them. It was apparently one of assent, for the old man presently said: "There is a picture gallery that is never opened now."

"Indeed," we said, "and why?"

"The Baron was found there," he replied. "It was nearly ten years ago. He lay there on the floor dead. Old Marie found him."

We saw that he was reluctant to tell the story. "And who is old Marie?" we asked.

"The nurse who attended him as a child."

"Is she still alive?"

"O, yes," he said, "she lives in the village," and he mentioned the street and house.

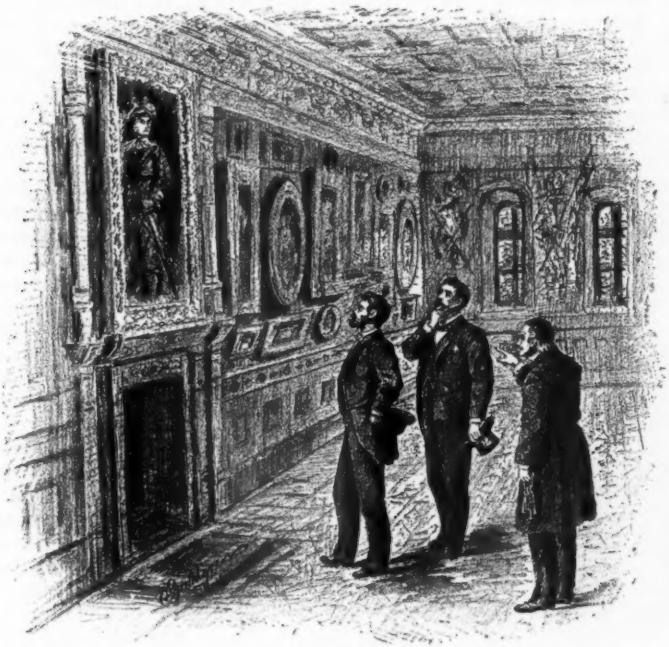
"Will she tell us the story?"

"You may," he said, seriously, "at least try."

The advisability of showing the room was apparently considered after we had gone, for, on our next visit, the old man, of his own accord, conducted us to a door near the end of the main corridor of the castle, which he unlocked with evident hesitation and an apprehensive glance, as the unused hinges creaked open, at some point in the middle of the floor.

The picture gallery at the Rothenstein is a square and rather low room, an effect that is heightened by the heavy oak wainscoting and the paneled ceiling almost black with age. Its whole effect is gloomy. Originally it had been light enough, as the numerous windows attest, but ivy had been left to grow neglectedly over them, until many of them are now so completely covered that they are invisible from the outside, and admit only points of sunlight through the thick leaves. Coming in from the light of day outside, one's eyes must first accustom themselves to the obscurity, before the details of the room and its belongings can be realized, and even then there is much that is impossible distinctly to see. The Rothenstein pictures are not remarkable, at least, in their present uncertain light, which detracts, also, from the really unique collection of armor and trophies of all sorts with which every available place is filled. There is, however, one picture that it is wrong to include in any general characterization, for it is remarkable at this period, long after the time I last saw it; it seems to me, indeed, one of the most remarkable pictures I have ever seen. It hung, and, doubtless still hangs, in the most prominent part of the room, directly over the great stone fireplace, opposite the door, so that it was not only the first object that met the eye upon

entering, but it was felt afterward so to pervade the whole apartment that all else in it was accessory. At a first glance all that one saw was the face of a man of fifty, that stood out from the canvas even in the gloom, as if it must be living flesh and blood. The eyes shone cold and determined, and the mouth was shut close and hard as if with unalterable purpose. It was a stern, stubborn face, but not a cruel one. It told unmistakably of a person of little human charity; of a will that would suffer no opposition, and a heart that knew no forgiveness. A nearer view showed the full length, life-size figure of a cavalier, of about the time of Charles I, in doublet and hose, with one hand on the hilt of the rapier at his side. Although there is neither sign nor signature visible on the picture to determine it, it looks like a portrait by Velasquez, or by one of his immediate pupils, which it may well be, since the date of its subject and tradition, as we afterwards learned, coincides with the lifetime of that artist. It was an evident relief to the Castilian when we presently signified our readiness to leave; and only after he had safely locked the door behind him, and we were again out in the sunlight, away from its peculiar influence, did he tell us with an ill-concealed reluctance to discuss the subject, and in as few words as possible, that it was the portrait painted from life of the knight of the Rothenstein, who, the histories tell us, fell in the memorable battle of Lutzen, in 1632; and with that he abruptly dismissed the subject, nor would he again recur to it in spite of our manifest curiosity.



'The face of a man of fifty, that stood out of the canvas, even in the gloom, as if it must be living flesh and blood."

"Mark my word," I said to B., my companion, "there is more

about the picture than we have yet learned."

What we had seen and heard had only awakened our curiosity to know more of the story of the portrait whose living features haunted us. "No wonder," we said, "that the Castilian dreads to enter the room, for there is something uncanny in the place, and an unmistakably evil influence there that we do not understand." It was then that the earlier remark about old Marie occurred to us. "Her story," we said, "if she can be induced to tell it, will, undoubtedly, throw some

"I saw it with my own eyes, and I am the only one."

light on the matter; for it was in this very room, according to what we have been told, that she found her master dead."

Egersdorf is a little place, and we easily found Marie, a woman wrinkled and bent with age and infirmity, who sat all day long propped up in a chair near the window of her cottage, in which she lived alone, except for a village woman, her care-taker, who looked in from time to time to see that she had what few attentions she required. She was fond of visitors, and was garrulous enough about the castle and its family, with whom she had always lived, up to the death of the late Baron; but, although we led the conversation at the first visit, and many successive ones up to the subject we most desired to hear, not a word could she be induced to say in regard to it, and we had almost given it up. We found her, however, one day when we came to make the call that had become a matter of habit, in an altogether unusual state of excitement. There were bright spots on her cheeks and a light in her eyes that we had never before noticed. Something extraordinary we were sure had happened, and we asked solicitously after her condition. Her thoughts, however, to-day, were plainly not of herself, for she paid not the slightest attention to us or our inquiry, and we were on the point of stealthily withdrawing when she straightened herself up in her chair, and said more steadily and clearly than we had ever before heard her speak, "Do you know the story of the Rothenstein? I saw it with my own eyes, and I am the only one."

I cannot give it all in her exact words, for it was broken and interrupted, and took much for granted that we had to elicit by questions, but this is the story she told:

"Hugo von Rothenstein, over two hundred years ago, rebuilt the castle that had always belonged in his family, and left it as it stands to-day, for the buildings themselves have never since been changed, though there are now gardens where there used to be walls and ditches. He lived much in foreign parts, now in this country and now in that, and sometimes years would go by before he returned. Only a part of the castle at that time could be lived in; the rest was old, and had gradually become almost a ruin. One spring, after a long absence, he appeared unexpectedly, and soon after, a great many men were at

work tearing down and replacing the oldest parts and adding new ones. A year after this time, when the south wing had been completed, he brought back a beautiful young Englishwoman as his bride. For a number of years they lived up at the Rothenstein in peace and happiness, while the one son that had been given to them was growing up, and by-and-by he, too, in his turn went away, as his father had done before him, to see the world outside. I do not know just where it was, but in another part of Germany he fell in love with a girl of his own rank, and came back and announced his intention of making her his wife. To his surprise and consternation, the father, who, it seems, had designs for him in a wholly different direction, absolutely refused to countenance it; and not only that, he set himself like flint against it, and forbade him passionately to have anything further to do in the matter.

"The son was, however, made of just as determined stuff as the father, and without more ado, as soon as he could get to her, married the girl out of hand. What he ought not to have done, in hope of forgiveness from one who did not know how to forgive, either in this life or after it;" and the old woman paused with a look on her face as if she, too, had been an actor in this drama two centuries ago. "He not long after brought back his young wife to the Rothenstein. In spite of the prayers and supplications of the mother, who threw herself on her knees before him, old Baron Hugo did not even allow his son to enter the castle, but cursed him outside like a dog, and not only him, but his descendants to the remotest generations. The son never returned again in his father's lifetime. The mother soon after died, it is said, of a broken heart, and the old Baron himself went abroad and finally was killed at Lutzen. A year or so after he was dead, the great picture of him that now hangs at the end of the picture gallery, over the fireplace, was sent from abroad, some say from Spain, where it was painted by one of their greatest artists; but mark my word," she added impressively, "no human artist painted that picture that has blighted the whole house for all these years, and nobody suspected it until I saw it with my own eyes."

Her vehemence had exhausted her, and it was some time before she went on.

"After his father's death, the son came back with his wife and a boy, their only child. The picture gallery at that time had not been completed, as I have heard, and the portrait of old Hugo hung in the long corridor. There, early one morning, they found the knight of the Rothenstein dead, pierced to the heart, they said and still say, by the sword that he even then held tight in his hand."

"It is a gloomy story that follows," old Marie added, wearily. "Old Baron Hugo's grandson finally completed the picture gallery, and the portrait was hung where it is to-day, but where it would not be, if I had my way. The Baron was only a man of forty, as you may still see on the stone in the chapel, when one day he was found dead, and, like his father, evidently by his own sword that lay beside him. This time, however, the deed had been done in the picture gallery. Neither in his own case nor in that of his father was there any apparent reason for such an act. They had both lived peaceful lives, without harassment or care.

"For six generations the story I have told you has been the same. My Hugo's great-grandfather, his grandfather, his father, and finally he himself, have all gone the same way—all have died alone from a sword thrust in the heart. A curse, everybody said, has fallen on the family, that impels them all to take their lives—old Baron Hugo's curse when he drove his son away—but they never thought of the accursed thing that I knew was the real cause of all this misery."

"My Hugo," continued the old woman, "was as fine and frank a lad as the old castle had ever seen. He always had a happy life, but sometimes I could not bear to watch him, for I knew how certain was the fate that hung over him. But he never suspected it, and grew up and went away, and then came back a man, full-grown and handsomer than his father or his grandfather, whom I remember to have seen as a child. And by-and-by he brought a wife to the Rothenstein, and they were very happy together, and two children were born. They are all away now, and have never been back since he died."

"The old man coolly wiped his sword, and put it back in the scabbard at his side."

It was a long time before she resumed her story: "Ten years ago this very day was his thirtieth birthday. They were all so happy. The Baroness and the children had surprised him with their gifts, and we had all congratulated him, I first of all. There was no invited company, but it was a holiday at the castle, and the flags were flying, and flowers had been placed everywhere, and there were to be lanterns out under the trees in the evening, that were never lighted. Late in the afternoon," her voice trembled almost to a whisper, "I was going alone along the corridor, past the door of the picture gallery. The long passage itself was empty, but when I was exactly opposite the door, I heard the quick stamp of a foot, and then the click of steel striking against steel. At first, I could not believe my ears, and I

stopped still and listened. All at once it came to me what it meant. O God! I thought, to-day! to-day! and though I could scarcely move, I trembled so, I threw myself against the door and burst it open. There, in the middle of the room—God! that I should ever have lived to see it!—stood my Hugo, his sword drawn in defense; and opposite him, his cold eye fixed upon him, and his rapier just ready to thrust, was the old Hugo of the picture there in the flesh again. And while I was looking, in an instant the thrust had been given, and my Hugo threw up his arms and fell, and even as he reeled, the old man coolly wiped his sword, and put it back in the scabbard at his side. Only then I shrieked at the horror of the thing, and fell fainting across the threshold where I stood.

"It was dark when I came to myself again, and sometime before I could realize what had happened, and give the alarm. It was too late. My Hugo was dead. Again, they whispered, the curse has fallen, and the Baron of the Rothenstein has taken his life. They would not listen to my story when I told them how he had fought for his life, where no human arm could prevail, and how foully he had been murdered under my very eyes. But as God is my witness, I saw him fall, and old Hugo von Rothenstein struck the blow!"

This was old Marie's story, and, though we questioned her more minutely, as to some of its points, nothing could cause her to vary its details, or could shake her belief in its truth.

We met the physician of the district once at Marie's cottage, and afterward took occasion to question him about her story, which we found he had heard. He had been called, it appeared, to the castle, as soon as the body of the Baron had been discovered, and it was true that Marie had first come upon it in the picture gallery, where it lay on the floor. There was nothing to show, he said, that he had not committed suicide, and the sword, an old French rapier that had been taken down from among the weapons in the room, lay a short distance from him, where he had flung it as he fell. "There was no blood on the blade," he added, thoughtfully, "as I remarked at the time, but that may be accounted for by purely natural causes, for, like many others in the collection, it had been oiled to keep off the rust."

Marie's story had made a profound impression upon us, and once more we questioned her about its incidents, but she shook her head, and said she should never tell it again. Later in the summer her health failed fast, and one day, on our way to her cottage, our friend, the physician, met us and told us she was dead. "And her story, doctor," we asked, "did you believe it?"

"She certainly believed it," he said, "and who shall say that it may not have been true?"

MILLIONAIRES.*

BY DR. LYMAN ALLEN.

IN beginning the consideration of questions pertaining to the disparity in the material conditions of the people, and the causes of this disparity, we will first observe men of greatest wealth, and the sources from which their vast accumulations have been derived; and perhaps in taking this general survey we may be able to learn some of the causes of poverty, by observing the sources of greatest individual wealth. When too much of the life current flows to the central organs of the body, the extremities become cold, and the patient has a chill. In like manner we may reasonably expect that when a large proportion of wealth—the life current of the nation—flows into the coffers of the few, the many must needs be impoverished by the drain upon the common source of supply. With the nation as with the individual, congestion at one point produces lack of blood at another.

Reliable information regarding the number of millionaires, and especially the amount and sources of individual wealth, are not readily obtainable. A statement of the amount of wealth of any of our great millionaires should be taken as approximate. We have, as a rule, no means of ascertaining with exactness the wealth of rich men in the United States, except after their death. In England, where an income tax is collected from the rich, it becomes the business of the Government to know the wealth of individuals. But we may learn the amount of the wealth of our rich men with sufficient accuracy for our comparisons.

Mr. Thomas G. Shearman, in his *Forum* article, has made an extended enumeration of some of our great millionaires, with an estimate of their individual wealth, which is probably as nearly correct as may be found. The *New York Tribune* has also furnished an extended list of men throughout the country who are reputed to be worth a million or more, but it does not give estimates of individual wealth, except in a few instances, so that its list is not satisfactory in this respect. There is a wide difference between a fortune of a million and one of a hundred millions. A notable fact in regard to millionaires is that the United States has furnished, during the last thirty years, a field for the accumulation of large fortunes vastly beyond that of any other nation or of any other period in history. Indeed, in that time individual fortunes have been amassed in the United States upon such a stupendous scale as to very far surpass any acquisition of wealth before known among men.

England is the great commercial and financial center of the business world, yet England, with her landed nobility who own vast estates, her great bankers, manufacturers and merchants, does not furnish millionaires to compare with those of our country. The noted bankers of England and France, whose names are familiar to American readers, do not nearly approach in the magnitude of their fortunes the colossal wealth of several rich Americans.

During these three decades, while wealth has greatly increased in the hands of the few, as a rule, the values of the farmers' lands, except in the newer States and in proximity to cities, have depreciated, and the proportion of farm mortgages and of tenant farmers has largely increased. This would seem to indicate that the

* This article is an abridgement of the first chapter of a volume by the author entitled "Political Problems," and soon to be published by the Californian Publishing Company.

causes which have made a few rich have made many poor. And not this alone, but the fact that along with this rapid accumulation of great fortunes we have an increase in the proportion of people who lack for the comforts of life, who are forced to the most exacting toil to maintain a bare existence or are unable to find sufficient employment to provide for a decent living; that with our illimitable sources and facilities for producing almost everything required for the comfort of mankind there should be so many who do not secure a fair share of the wealth produced—these facts are arresting the attention of the American people, and have incited the present upheaval in our political life.

With such notable and unquestionable facts, showing the existence of conditions which have produced and are still producing this wide inequality in the distribution of wealth, we may well consider what are the causes and what shall be the remedies for these evils.

In our search for millionaires we will first look among the farming classes, as they constitute the largest number of workers, and are the principal producers of wealth. Do we find them? Is there a considerable proportion of farmers who have become millionaires? No. There is not. We might search diligently and would find but few instances of men who have made a million in any ordinary farming enterprise. Men have made millions by securing large tracts of cheap lands, especially of Government lands, by fraudulent entries or by collusion of dishonest Government agents and holding for advanced values; by herding large flocks of cattle or sheep upon the public domain; and in some western States by growing grain upon an extended scale. Many farmers become "well-to-do;" they acquire thousands, but not millions.

Who, then, are the millionaires, and how did they make their money?

They are men who manage the railway and telegraph lines and express companies; men who control the production and distribution of coal, and oil, lumber and refined sugar; those engaged in manufactures of iron, steel, glass, cordage; those engaged in mining silver, gold, copper and lead; bankers, brokers, speculators; those who have been made rich by rise of real estate in cities; men who are in the position to dictate the prices people must pay for their meat and many other articles of prime necessity; these and others who have to a large extent a monopoly of the business in which they are engaged, and are enabled to exact exorbitant charges for the services rendered the people.

By far the larger number of great American millionaires, and especially those whose fortunes have been acquired during the last three decades, are men who have made their money mainly in constructing, capitalizing, managing and consolidating railway lines. Perhaps one-half of the total acquisition of the notably great fortunes in that time have been made in that way. These are the men whose absorption of a large proportion of the profits of labor has been a chief cause for close times among so many people.

It is probable that a list of fifty individuals, including estates, could be made, whose combined wealth would aggregate $1,500,000,000 mainly amassed in railroad affairs. This list would include Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wm. K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Leland Stanford, John I. Blair, Colis P. Huntington, G. B. Roberts, F. W. Vanderbilt, Russell Sage, Calvin S. Brice, Charles M. McGhee, Chauncey M. Depew, Chester W. Chapin, John H. Inman, Samuel Sloan, Samuel Thomas, Timothy Hopkins, Frederick L. Ames, James I. Hill, Erastus Corning, Austin Corbin and J. Rogers Maxwell, and the estates of Charles Crocker, Thomas A. Scott, J. W. Garrett, Moses Taylor, Mark Hopkins, Nathaniel Thayer, E. F. Drake,

William L. Scott, William Thaw, Horace F. Clark and Sidney Dillon.

Also smaller fortunes have been made by a much larger number of men in a similar way, and by men who were also engaged in banking, mining or other business, and a considerable part of whose wealth was acquired in railway investments. No very definite estimate can be made of the aggregate wealth possessed by these lesser railway millionaires, but we may fairly assume that, taking altogether the men who have made large fortunes in railway affairs, their total wealth acquired by this means amounts to at least one-half as much as the present total value of all the railways of the country—about $2,500,000,000 or $3,000,000,000.

But, be this as it may, the indisputable fact remains, that much the largest number of our great millionaires are railway men, and this fact is a significant one for the American people. It shows that the question of cheaper transportation is the greatest economic problem before the American people. It means that a large amount of wealth has been taken from its legitimate channels by men who have been managers of what should be national highways, by exacting extortionate tolls upon the traffic over these highways and thus taxing the industries of the whole country, and is now piled up in these colossal fortunes. It does not stand for legitimate earnings, savings or profits.

For the farmer this wealth has stood for low prices of wheat and cattle and corn, and for high prices of coal and tools and lumber. It stands for mortgages on many farms. For the mechanic, laborer and tradesman it has added to the cost of his food, his tools and his home, and has deprived him of many comforts and luxuries which he should have had, in order to swell the vast fortunes of these railway millionaires.

The average earnings of able-bodied mechanics, farmers and laborers in the United States, those who are fortunate and have work, is less than $500 a year. The average savings of such men who are ordinarily thrifty is less than $100 a year. Mr. Jay Gould has amassed a fortune of about $100,000,000, in the past thirty years, by managing and manipulating railway properties. This fortune represents an amount equal to the total earnings of 200,000 busy men for one year; it represents an amount equal to the total savings of 1,000,000 busy and thrifty men for one year. As the majority of men do not earn or save so much, and as many do not have steady or profitable employment, such a fortune is a greater sum than the total savings of 100,000 ordinary men in a lifetime.

If Ferdinand and Isabella had decreed that Christopher Columbus and his heirs after him should receive a perpetual pension of $250,000 annually from the Spanish Government as a reward for his great service in the discovery of a new world, and the amount had been regularly paid from 1492 to this date, the total payments would have amounted to a sum no greater than the present wealth of a Gould, Vanderbilt or Stanford.

As we investigate the problem of our railway management, we shall find that there are many ways in connection with it by which the few are enriched and the many impoverished. As indicated by the proportion of our great millionaires who are railway men, we will find that the present methods of railway management in our country are one of the chief causes for the disparity in the conditions of the people, and one which we have not as yet begun materially to remedy. The railway problem is an important one, and one which urgently demands the attention of the people. The subject is treated at length in several chapters of this work.

John Jacob Astor, William Waldorf Astor and Mrs. William Astor are supposed to be the three wealthiest persons of one family in the world, with possessions valued at about

$100,000,000 each. John Jacob Astor, founder of the Astor estate, made a great fortune for his time, by merchandising and in the fur trade, and this fortune, invested in New York real estate in early times, has grown to be the largest estate held in one family, unless it be that of the Vanderbilts.

Commodore Vanderbilt got his start in life in the steamboat business, but he early embarked in railway management and made the bulk of his fortune in that line of business. He was the first of the great railway managers, and was a notable financier. Although the Astor estate had grown to many millions before Vanderbilt was fairly started on the road to wealth, yet the Vanderbilt estate, now owned principally by three sons, amounts to nearly or quite as much as the wealth of the Astors.

The most notable group of millionaires next to the railway managers is composed of the Standard Oil men. Mr. John D. Rockefeller stands with J. J. Astor, William Waldorf Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William K. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and Leland Stanford, having wealth in the neighborhood of $100,000,000. John D. Rockefeller, Wm. Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler, O. H. Payne, John H. Flagler, Oliver B. Jennings and others, including the estate of Charles Pratt, representing the Standard Oil Trust, have a combined wealth of about $300,000,000.

There is a considerable number of millionaires who have made their fortunes mainly in banking and in merchandising, but there is no instance of a fortune having been made in either of these lines which amounts to even one-half as much as those of the great railway kings, unless we except the Astor estate, and this was not, for it was built up mainly by the rise in value of New York real estate. Neither bankers, merchants, nor men engaged in any other ordinary calling, where there is no special opportunity for controlling an entire line of trade, have furnished any very marked examples of great millionaires. The most prominent of these are A. T. Stewart, H. B. Claflin, John V. Farwell and Marshall Field among merchants, and F. A. Drexel, A. J. Drexel, J. S. Morgan, J. P. Morgan, and the Seligmans among bankers. But neither of these amassed a fortune amounting to but little more than one-fourth as much as those of the great railway magnates, although requiring a longer period of time in acquisition.

The Oil Trust, the Dressed Beef Trust, the Sugar Trust, some protected manufacturing and mining industries and other combinations of capital aside from the railway, telegraph and express lines have often exercised great power in obtaining legislation in their interests. Great wealth in the hands of a few men represents a great and very dangerous power over productive, financial and commercial interests, over legislation and over the conduct of government.

It is this vast power which capitalists and combinations of capitalists have, not only over almost every material interest throughout the land, but over large bodies of mechanics and laborers, over whole communities of men and women in manufacturing and mining districts, that has brought the burning question of the "irrepressible conflict" between capital and labor to a point where it is imperative that the State and national governments shall come in and decide by legislation and by arbitration all differences between such large contending interests. These large fortunes and this vast power in the hands of a few men have been built up, have been made possible, through and by the direct aid of the government and of the whole people: by franchises, subsidies, bounties, privileges, loans and credits; by high tariffs and by the protecting hand of a strong government.

That which the government creates it should control. We should not construct engines that we cannot man-

age when built. We should not help men to build great highways by granting franchises, special privileges and bounties, and when built submit to a direct tax from the men we have aided, by allowing them to "charge what the traffic will bear." If we subsidize favored industries by aid of high protective tariffs which act as a direct tax upon all consumers of the products of such industries, we should at least see that the laborers engaged in them, those who make the wares, should have a fair proportion of the profits. Not only the *industry*, but the laborer engaged in it should be protected. It should not be left entirely to capital to say what reward labor shall receive.

Our country should no longer be disgraced and the well-being of the laboring masses jeopardized by strikes and lockouts; by riot, murder and wholesale destruction of property; by the exactions of powerful corporations on the one hand, or the clamors of noisy and unreasonable leaders among employes on the other. It is high time that instead of all this we should have a reign of reason, law and order, and that the questions of rights and compensations between employer and employed shall be decided and enforced by competent authority.

The ultimate solution of this labor question, so far as regards the differences between great corporations and their armies of employes, will not, however, be found along lines so far suggested. In the case of the transportation problem the results of legislation and commissions have been found to be only palliative, and the solution of the question is to be found only in the line advocated in the several chapters on that question in "Political Problems." So in regard to this labor problem, the results of legislation and commissions will be found to be but palliative, and the final solution of the question must come along the same line as will the final remedy for the burdens resulting from our present system of corporate management of the railways. But, as a present remedy, government arbitration should be resorted to wherever the differences between the conflicting interests cannot be otherwise amicably settled.

We have also the political plutocrats—men who have amassed wealth by managing politics; by getting fat places and holding them for all the money that could be made out of them; by levying tribute upon the people; by jobbery and plunder. Of such is the political "boss," and some of these have been able to place themselves in the United States Senate.

Most of the men who have made great fortunes in the past thirty years have been enabled to do so by direct aid of the people; by grants of land; by credits, subsidies, loans; by franchises and special privileges and immunities; by laws which favored monopolies; and by combinations of capital and power which acted to destroy competition and afford clear fields for the operations of great trusts. The railways have been, to a large extent, built by subsidies and favors from the people. The Standard Oil men got special rebates on freight charges from the railways, which alone would have enabled them to kill all competition. And so by subsidy, special privilege, jobbery and combine are many millionaires made.

It is not a crime to be rich. A man may be a millionaire and not be a villain. It does not always follow that a man has swindled the people in accumulating a million, but it does follow that he has obtained wealth which he has, as a rule, not earned, and is not justly entitled to. And it follows that the people are not wise in offering premiums to the millionaire industry, in voluntarily paying tribute to it, in furnishing special inducements for its growth. It is among the industries which we do not need to "nurse." It is not on the "infant" list.

The problem of how to favor the millions, and how not to favor the

millionaires, is coming to be an important question with the American people, and will, in the process of time, be considered by American statesmen. There are many questions which bear upon this problem and become a part of it, and a large part of this work is devoted to a consideration of some of these questions. We can plainly show how we have been as a people, systematically, blindly going on laboring to enrich the few and impoverish the many, and how we may and should cease to do evil in these ways, and learn to do well by lightening the burdens, smoothing the rugged pathway and adding to the comfort and the store of the toiling, care-oppressed millions.

A remedy for the perpetuation of millionaire estates by the transmission of wealth from parent to child may be found in a graduated tax upon legacies, making a heavy tax on the estates of millionaires. This subject is treated in the chapters on taxation.

HIGH TIDE.

BY AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

The rounded moon, sole mistress of the tides,
  Fathoms the fog that strove to hide her face,
And, trailing riven vapors, slowly glides
  Across the blue unbounded fields of space;
Now, as she casts aside her radiant veil,
  Shamed by the naked splendor of her state,
The stars grow wan, the planets shrink and pale,
  And, where the waters seemed to sleep but late,
White-crested waves—each one her votary—
Fling wreathes of foam in mad idolatry,
Or sink to sudden silence as they lie
Rapt in a swoon of utmost ecstasy.

The sleeping earth, transfigured by her gleams,
  Smiles in a dream. The silent mountains, though
Austere by day, grow warm now in her beams,
  As if a heart throbbed 'neath their shroud of snow.
Higher she sails; and showers of silver light
  Bathe all the world! The billows leap and break
And fret the quiet of the hallowed night,
  Spending her strength for her great beauty's sake.
All ugliness is banished by her power—
Earth's boundaries have vanished. 'Tis the hour
When Thought can seek exalted solitudes
Where Peace, the hidden soul of Beauty, broods!

TWO THANKSGIVINGS.

BY FRANCIS PEYTON.

THE first snowstorm of the New England winter had come and gone. The old landmarks had struggled bravely, but had gradually disappeared from sight. The firs were bowed with their load of white, and the barren branches of the poplars changed into huge pompons, grim and ghostly. Where meadows and pastures had been, the snow stretched away as white as ermine, gleaming in the moonlight, completely covering the fences, reaching up to the distant hills, and even capping the summits most exposed to the blasts with a deep blanket of snow.

Not a night to be abroad, yet up the hill toiled a sleigh, its bells jangling merrily on the frosty air, bearing a stranger, who, after many years, had come back to spend a New Hampshire Thanksgiving at the old home. How eagerly he plied the old driver with questions regarding the friends of other days! How he scanned the familiar landscape! Not even the mask of snow could deceive him. Yonder was the pasture into which he had often led the sheep to salt. Beyond were the same old chestnut trees, God bless them! every one a friend, and he wondered if his name, cut on a sturdy limb twenty years ago, was still there. Down the hill was the pond he had dammed, year after year, to insure skating; and beyond, the apple orchard, and the old square red house, back from the road. Emotion fairly overcame him, and his eyes filled with tears of joy as the lights of the old home gleamed brightly through the small window panes, and a moment later burst gladly out through the open door, as the inmates, who had been listening for the sleigh-bells, came out with a mighty shout to welcome the son who had come home again. How he was handed from one to another; buffeted this way and that by loving hands; introduced to new cousins, who were shy; clasped in stout embrace by old boyhood friends, who had staid by their farms; and finally, flushed and filled with joy, deposited in the big chair, before the roaring fire with the old mother by his side, and the rest all about him. How dear it all was! In the great world from which he came, everything was changing from day to day; but here was the same old home. The very fire seemed to crackle a welcome, and the great brass andirons gleamed a recognition. The tall clock in the corner, with the impossible moon and the short-legged crane flying in a red sea, had the exact tick it had ten years ago. Even the rag carpets were in their place; how well he remembered the pattern! The small secretary, behind whose green baize curtains was the old library, was in its place, not a crack or scratch on the mahogany; and he knew that the big leather-covered Bible, the bell, "Fox's Martyrs" and the "Friends' Review" were on the shelf, just as when he left. There was no change here; a few more wrinkles in the dear old face, a few more gray hairs—that was all.

Later came the trip around the house, every portion of which had to be inspected, from the parlor with its horsehair furniture, which was rarely used except on ceremonial occasions, to his old bedroom with the very bed in which he had slept in feathers, three feet deep by actual measurement. Out into the great kitchen they went, into the dairy, where many a time he had skimmed the milk with the big clam shell, and laughingly did it now, just to see how it seemed. Then up into

the attic they trooped—what a chamber of wonders this had always been! The seasoned wood gave out a rich, pungent odor; he would have known it anywhere. There were the nails in the big beams he had driven, as a boy, and where his winter coat and scarf were hung. The floor was strewn with oil and hickory nuts, that fairly cracked their sides in the general merriment. In the corner was the spinning-wheel which the grandmother to come on the morrow had used, and near it stood his own cradle, still as good as old mahogany could be. Overhead hung chains of dried apples in remarkable tints of terra cotta; yards of onions depended in fantastic festoons, while here and there, upon hooks and nails, were ancient articles of wear: an old coat worn by a great-grandfather, in the Revolution, in whose ample folds he had often masqueraded as a boy; a sword and belt used by a later generation in the civil war, ancient dresses—bewildering watered silks, taken out for the occasion, about which hung faint odors of mignonette. Here a trunk bound in iron clamps, covered with cowhide, piled and packed with letters and old books, treasures of past generations—how the memories floated out with the indescribable odor, as he raised the lid! Then came the supper bell, and they trooped down into the old dining-room, and ate from the same blue dishes that graced the china closet in his youth.

Later they gathered around the great log fire, that seemed to blaze a welcome. The wind arose, as the night grew apace, caught the fluffy snow and whisked it around the house with a gleeful sound. Now they heard it down in the chestnut grove, roaring on, growing louder and louder until it reached the house, shrieking beneath the eaves, rushing down the chimney, buffeting the sparks this way and that, creeping beneath the very doors, driving in the snow in grotesque figurings on the floor, then away in a wild chase after snowy wraiths, over the fields, to lose itself among the distant hills. How the fire blazed and sparkled, while the little panes of glass in the windows gradually became covered with castles, minarets and towers of frost, to the delight of the little ones!

Now came the corn poppers, and red, burnished ears of corn were like magic changed into fluffy balls of white. What a cracking of hickory nuts on upturned flatirons! How the candy turned from brown to gold in vigorous hands until the laughter and the popping fairly drowned the noise of the gale that roared about the house! What stories were told of strange things in far-off lands, of wonders never dreamt of before; and then a real ghost story that made even the old folks draw nearer the fire and start nervously as the wind came screaming, blustering under the eaves to die away in a plaintive moan. Then the bedtime. How they laughed as the young folks disappeared in the wealth of feathers, in the old four posters to sleep, where their eyes first opened to the day!

Thanksgiving morning in New England, the greatest day of the year. The snow plough was early at work with all the young folks aboard, the four yokes of oxen steaming in their endeavors to break the drift, moving slowly on amid joyous shouts and laughter. As the sun rose higher, the old skating pond was visited; the snow was swept by a score of brooms in eager hands, and soon curious skates with rounded points tipped with brass acorns, which had been hanging for years in the old attic, were bearing them about the pond, and the delights of youth renewed. Then came the inspection of the great red barn, bursting with hay, a hunt into the loft, a well-paid search for eggs, a visit to the livestock, and finally, the old sleigh was dragged out, and the event of the day begun.

The houses in the village are an eighth of a mile apart, every occupant is a cousin, and the horses are rounded

up at each until the old sleigh fairly groans with the burden. Who shall describe the New England Thanksgiving dinner? The steaming turkey, the countless kinds of pie—apple, custard, mince, cranberry, lemon and Washington; the fragrant apple sauce, the biscuit, cookies, brown bread and beans; the young porker as natural as life, with a lemon in his mouth; the foaming cider, very hard, from the fourth barrel on the right in the cellar for the old folks, and very mild from barrel number one, for the others; the smiles and laughter, the universal good nature, the thankfulness of it all—who shall describe it? It can only be experienced in these old New England homes from which has radiated much of the goodness and godliness that has made American homes all over the land what they are, what they ever will be.

ANOTHER THANKSGIVING.

It was but a few weeks after Thanksgiving in California. Bountiful rains had come in October, instead of lagging on until the mission bells told of Christmas time, as was their custom, and not only man but all nature gave thanks. A year before, a young girl had spent Thanksgiving day among the New Hampshire hills, and had looked out upon the deep snow of an Eastern winter. To-day she stood beneath the blue sky of California, her mind reverting to the events and surroundings of the previous year, in silent wonderment at the contrast. She stood in a field that King Midas might have touched; a blaze of golden yellow stretched away in every direction, a veritable field of the cloth of gold. The color came from the poppies that covered the ground, extending in sinuous trails to the foot of distant mountains, whose summits were white with snow. From a distance the flowers presented a tint of fiery hue, so deep that she was told in days gone by the mariners on the distant ocean recognized the glow, and knew the slopes as the land of fire. At her feet the floral showing was seen to be made up of many kinds. There were violets shyly nodding in the breeze—pale cream cups—of exquisite design, from the gaudy painter's brush, the wild heliotrope that filled the air with fragrance, and many more bewildering to the eye. It was the beginning of winter, and in the old New England home great snow flakes were slowly sailing through the air, the advance guards of the snow storm. Here, also, winter was coming, and this wealth of flowers was the greeting, but how strange a winter—green not white—was its emblem. On either side groves of oranges and lemons stretched away, their boughs supporting green globes that would soon take on the tints of the poppy. Some were in blossom, and the soft wind wafted the odor across the field of flowers, the incense of nature, while the white petals falling changed the earth to a creamy white, the snowflakes of this California winter. From where she stood, silenced by the very wonder of it all, a land literally of milk and honey stretched away; vineyards but recently shorn of their tons of grapes, groves of the olive with its ever-green leaves, the tall eucalyptus, graceful pepper, palms, bananas, and a host of others, as far as the eye could see, covering the land with verdure.

Here were fields of grain, the bursting seeds suggesting the coming crop of wheat and barley that would be ripening, perhaps, at Christmas-time. Not far away a rancher was following the plow, turning up the rich earth at the very time when the Eastern farmer had housed his implements, and was devoting his energies to securing wood with which to fight the long, cold winter; yet winter was here. The flowers were the messengers. The carol of the meadowlark told the story. The mockingbird in the grove echoed it, and a host of songsters, that made joyous every grove and field, were demonstrative

evidence of the presence of this California winter; no need surely to announce this a day of thanksgiving, when all nature sang the anthem, "Who was not glad, who did not give thanks?" Scores of homes among these orange groves bore men and women, husbands, wives and mothers, who had come over the mountains, weary at heart, despairing, leaving some loved one to go to California in search of health, and had found it. Men and women, who had looked death in the face not many years ago in the East, were now more than thankful for the new lease of life the pure air this Californian home had given them.

Here all was joyous and full of life. There was no snow, yet the young girl had but to raise her eyes and see the snow of an Eastern winter on the distant peaks, and the gay load of young people who were riding by waving their flowers, and she knew were going to ascend the range, and leave their garlands in the snow banks. Every one was a-field. The cañons were filled with picnickers—a May-day festival, it might have been. Then came the dinner at the old Spanish ranch. How strange it was! The grim, whitewashed adobe, the red-tiled roofs, the horses with their curious saddles, bearing the guests of the day; then the dinner, the tomales so mysterious, delicious fryoles, red peppers biting, and many more; then the fruit, the grapes of kinds bewildering; then the games, during which the young men performed various feats of horsemanship; the javelin was thrown with consummate skill. Others rode at the rings, picked coins from the ground, rode their fiery mustangs at a dead wall, stopping just in time, and giving many more trials of skill and endurance. As night came on, the notes of the guitar floated in, as "La Paloma" was played in the ramada, and soon the measures of the Spanish dance were being stepped, and golden showers from the cascarones of the gallants glistened as they fell. Here the old tales were told as the night grew apace—stories of Father Junipero, Micheltorena and Alvarado, and more. The wind, too, sighed beneath the tiled eaves, as it had a year ago in New England, but the sound was the rustle of banana leaves, and the shadow on the window-pane was a rose, hanging from the adobe wall.

NIGHT.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE.

Night in her sable mantle cloaks the world,
And folds it closely to her loving breast:
The gaily-tinted sunset flag is furled;
Its last faint hue has died from out the west.
Stilled is the tumult of the noisy day,
And labor's ever fretful voice is dumb:
Anxieties grow dim and fade away,
And God seems nearer now that Night is come.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

No. III.

BY EX-GOVERNOR LIONEL A. SHELDON.

MR. BLAINE was early slated for the first place in the Cabinet. His selection was not publicly announced, but it was generally understood that it had been made for a considerable time before inauguration day. This fact greatly increased the difficulties which surrounded General Garfield in making a Cabinet. Not that Mr. Blaine was not personally a fit man for the position; on the contrary his eminent ability was conceded on all hands. He had twice made campaigns to be nominated for the presidency and had failed. It could not have been otherwise than that he had incurred obligations and had created enmities. He is a man of an aggressive spirit as well as of great ability. Such a man moves directly to the point sought to be reached, and is inclined quite as much to override as to conciliate. Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay were marked instances of men who possessed these characteristics; and while such men have earnest and active friends, they have as earnest and active opponents. John Quincy Adams and Mr. Lincoln furnished the only precedents of appointing rival presidential candidates to the Cabinet; but it was done by the latter when the country was in the greatest peril, and when men were coerced by public sentiment to be self-abnegating. And yet Mr. Lincoln's administration was not a little disturbed by the machinations of some of his Cabinet. Mr. Blaine's philippic against Mr. Conkling, in the House of Representatives, had made the latter an irreconcilable foe, and he was a man of great influence and power. Mr. Conkling was hardly reconciled to the position in which defeat in the Chicago Convention placed him; and when he became satisfied that his enemy was to head the Cabinet, he felt that he had been subjected to an unendurable humiliation. If Mr. Lowell, who had no factional or personal antagonisms, had been recalled from the Court of St. James and placed in the State Department, and General Grant had been appointed to succeed him, there would have been little trouble in making a Cabinet; there would have been no factional quarrels with the dire result that followed. Mr. Conkling could not have antagonized an administration that thus honored General Grant, and Mr. Lowell would have brought no controversies with him. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Conkling would have remained in the Senate to fight out their personal battles, if they felt so disposed, and the administration would have been free from the pressure of extraneous obligations and enmities. I felt at the time that Mr. Blaine's selection for the first or any place in the Cabinet was a mistake, and I do not say this from any feeling of hostility to Mr. Blaine; on the contrary I admire and most highly regard him. During the entire term of his speakership I was a member of the House of Representatives and was the recipient of many favors from him; and in the Chicago Convention of 1880 I voted for him thirty-four times, and only abandoned him on the thirty-fifth and last ballot when I voted for Garfield.

No man has ever lived who had a more generous and grateful nature than General Garfield, especially one who for so long a time had been in public life. He and Blaine entered Congress at the same time, and served

together continuously till the latter entered the Senate. They were friends, and Garfield actively supported Blaine for speaker, to which place he was chosen at the beginning of the forty-first Congress. After my election to that Congress, Garfield wrote and requested me to favor Mr. Blaine. He was appointed to the chairmanship of Appropriations of the forty-second Congress, to succeed Mr. Dawes, who had been made chairman of Ways and Means.

At the beginning of the forty-third Congress an effort was made to induce Speaker Blaine to place Mr. Wheeler, of New York, at the head of Appropriations, and put Garfield back to the chairmanship of Banking and Currency. He regarded the movement with some anxiety, for the pressure was supposed to be considerable. It did not, however, have any effect upon the Speaker, and when the committees were announced Garfield said to me: "Blaine has withstood the pressure and has shown that he is faithful to his friends." Garfield was a splendid mathematician, but a poor politician. He applied mathematics to the question of Blaine's appointment to the State Department. He said: "Blaine in the Chicago Convention had the delegates from nearly two-thirds of the reliable Republican Congressional districts;" and from this fact he argued that he was the choice, as between him and all the other candidates originally before that convention, of a majority of the Republican voters. The idea that it is as essential to successful administration to avoid, by reasonable action, arousing the antagonism of a considerable minority of a party, as it is to give reasonable satisfaction to the majority, seemed to have had no weight with him, if indeed it occurred to him at all. The friends of Blaine would have been satisfied with the selection of any fair men, except those who were controlled solely by considerations of patronage. It was feared by the Stalwarts that Blaine's influence would be actively exerted to their disadvantage, if not from his own disposition, through the pressure of those who had exerted themselves to secure his nomination to the presidency. The break from the New York delegation had been effected through the influence of Blaine and in his interest. The censorious and severe spirit of Conkling could have no other effect than to embitter the New York factions towards each other. The new President had hardly taken his seat before the contest opened in Washington. Mr. James was easily forced to an acknowledgment of his adhesion to the fortunes of Conkling and the Stalwarts. He did not possess the strength to resist the forceful will and great intellect of Conkling. The Stalwarts did their utmost to make James a power in the Cabinet, in their interest, but he had not the qualities that would make him effectively serviceable where ability and stamina are both called into requisition. Mr. Blaine was watchful for the interests of his New York friends. It was but natural that he should have acted thus, for they had placed him under obligations by their previous adherence to his fortunes. It was a New York conflict with more or less ramification throughout the country.

The President had become impressed with the idea that Conkling intended to make war under any circumstances. That he had a following of no mean magnitude was very apparent. There are always disappointments when there are more applicants than offices, and there are also some who carry their disappointments so far as to become refractory. Such was the case at this time, and the followers of Mr. Conkling received large reinforcements from that class. The scramble for place was tremendous; seemingly it was beyond all precedent. The election of Garfield, it was believed, assured an abandonment of the hybrid policy of Hayes, and a return to Republicanism; hence

it was almost like an administration of one party being succeeded by that of another. There is no doubt that Garfield was under obligations to the supporters of Blaine for his nomination, but the Grant men had given him their best efforts at the polls. The question was how to get along with New York. Neither faction was backward in demands. In numbers, in that State, the Stalwarts were vastly in the majority, and had done their full share in carrying the election. Stalwarts were given a member of the Cabinet; the French Mission; the Second Assistant Postmaster-General; the postoffices in New York and Albany; the Marshals in the northern and southern districts; the attorneys in the eastern and southern districts, and the Collector of Customs at Buffalo. Mr. Conkling was not satisfied, and claimed that he had not recommended them. Just what he wanted, it was difficult to determine, unless it was to have said to him that he could control the whole patronage of New York. He manifested his disposition, however, to antagonize and thwart the "Half-breeds," and in turn some of them were quite willing to do what would especially exasperate Mr. Conkling. The liberality displayed towards the Stalwarts was chiefly to do what was just towards them, and incidentally to gain Stalwart support in case Conkling should become openly hostile.

The Senate on the 25th of March entered into a deadlock, both parties having an equal number of Senators, and it continued till the 1st of May. The nomination of Mr. Robertson to the collectorship of customs at New York, which was sent to the Senate on the day the deadlock was entered upon, embittered Mr. Conkling and his followers beyond measure. This nomination was precipitately made and under tremendous pressure. The numerous appointments given the Stalwarts excited their opponents in New York and in other States. Protests against turning that State over to Conkling came from many sources, and statements to the effect that the course pursued would disintegrate the party and ruin the administration were made by many of the sincerest friends of the President. Information had been given him which led him to believe that Senator Platt was under obligation to support the confirmation of Robertson, and that this obligation was assumed at the time of his election to the Senate. The contest waxed warmer, as time progressed, and all unconfirmed New York nominations were withdrawn except Robertson's. Conkling and Platt resigned, and sought re-election from the New York Legislature which was in session. They were defeated, and supporters of the administration were chosen.

Near the end of Mr. Hayes' administration frauds had been discovered in the "star route" mail service. President Garfield at once ordered the investigation of the voluminous charges that had been made, and agents were put vigorously at work investigating them. This soon became known and "star routers" joined in the attacks upon the President and Blaine. The talk on the streets and in the hotels of Washington was denunciatory in the extreme, and some of the newspapers were bitter. The Washington *Republican* belched forth abuse day after day. The half-crazed Guiteau, who was a disappointed applicant for a consulship, was cognizant of the feeling thus manifested, and evidently conceived the idea that the assassination of Garfield would be popular, and that if he should be instrumental in making Arthur President, he would not only receive immunity, but would be honored.

During his short and unhappy term, Garfield had to deal wholly with the distribution of patronage. It was not only uncongenial to him, but it was a work for which he was unfitted, from the absence of experience and the want of taste. His kindly nature and his

disposition to oblige, and make others happy, often made him appear wanting in firmness, and were almost weaknesses. He possessed great personal courage, and when principle was involved he was as stubborn and energetic in combat as was ever a Roundhead or Puritan. Yet in other matters he could be pushed by appeal or pressure of friends to do what was not wisest. While the campaign was progressing he was full of interest as to the issues involved, but after the election was over, and he was forced to give his mind to the arrangement of appointments, he lost buoyancy, and seemed like one fed on innutritious food. There was no session of Congress except the customary executive session of the Senate, and hence he had no opportunity to make known the policies he favored upon the public questions of the day, beyond such generalities as appear in his inaugural address. He had enlarged and well-defined views, for he had been an active participant in Congressional debates for eighteen years, and had profoundly studied commercial, financial and economic questions. He possessed the largest information. He was for readjustment and reform of the tariff laws to the extent of removing excrescences, crudities, and incongruities, adapting them to present conditions, and reducing duties so that no more revenue should be collected than was necessary to supply the legitimate needs of a vigorous administration; and so adjusting them as to protect labor and stimulate all practicable industries. He was for building up our export trade through encouragement to our merchant marine, believing that no nation can successfully engage in competitive traffic without adequate means of transportation. He looked upon the Southern countries on this continent as the most promising fields in which to develop our export trade, and he partially elaborated a plan of reciprocity with those countries. Before and after inauguration he employed every moment that could be snatched from consideration of the distasteful subject of patronage in the study of the policies he would recommend to Congress and the country. He was ambitious that his administration should stand high in history, and he did not think that could be achieved by skill in patronage distribution, but only through the enactment of wise laws and an able and honest discharge of administrative duties. If he had lived, his first message to Congress would have disclosed knowledge and wisdom that would have placed it on a level of the best production of any of his predecessors. In this field he would have been a master spirit. The study of great questions was congenial to him, and was the sphere in which his intellectual power was most conspicuous.

In the Convention, before the country in the campaign and during his brief administration, Garfield, Blaine and Conkling were conspicuous names. In fact, for several years, each had been famous, having been prominent in Congress, and recognized as a man of unusual ability. They were nearly the same age, Conkling being the oldest, and Garfield the youngest. They were unlike in capacities and characteristics. All the advantages for early training Garfield created for himself; the others were more fortunately situated. They resembled in qualities the great English trio, consisting of Burke, Fox and Pitt. The nearer we approach the mountain the less lofty it appears; so it is when we scan the characters of men; and hence it may seem presumptuous to compare the three men so near us, with the three historical characters of England of nearly a century ago. Garfield was like Burke in learning, in comprehension, and philosophical grandeur of mind. Blaine was a Fox in debate, and Conkling possessed the linguistic power and aristocratic spirit of Pitt. They were all orators. Garfield was analytical, profound and often sublime. As was said of Brougham, "he snatched

a beam from every science to strengthen and embellish his work." Blaine is direct, pungent, electrifying and skillful in parries and thrusts. Conkling was a trained elocutionist, cultured and ornate in phraseology. As a reasoner he did not excel, but in treatment of antagonists he was supercilious and severe. John Randolph of Roanoke, alone in our history, stands as a rival of Blaine in philippic. Garfield made no study of political management; his idea of influencing the people was through argument, and in producing conviction. He did not indulge in *ad captandum*, and was a poor judge of what would move any but the thinking classes. Conkling believed in leadership to which a party should yield unquestioned obedience. He was intolerant to those in his party who differed with him. Blaine is a master in knowledge of human character, and comprehended what will favorably strike the public mind. He is gifted in knowledge of grand political strategy. He controlled to no small extent through the positiveness of his character, and yet he is tolerant and conciliatory. All three were sincere in their convictions. Blaine and Conkling could not work in unison any more than two batteries positively charged can be brought into harmony. Blaine has elements that adapt him to the work of diplomacy, but Conkling was deficient except in imperiousness, which under some circumstances, may be a useful quality. Blaine had more versatility. As speaker, he had wonderful control over the House of Representatives, through his knowledge of parliamentary law, and his power to attach men to him. He was accommodating and liberal to opponents, but when necessary he ruled with a strong hand. Blaine draws to himself through his charm of manner, but Conkling repelled through his autocratic bearing. Blaine sparkled with wit and humor, but there was too much asperity in Conkling to indulge in them. Blaine is approachable and companionable, but Conkling was quite the reverse. Both were combatative, when the gauntlet was thrown down. Garfield was unostentatious and genial, though when absorbed in work, at times, he appeared to lack courtesy. He was rarely humorous, except in intercourse with family and friends. He enjoyed a joke and a witticism, but his speeches are remarkably destitute of the humorous. Garfield was a great legislator, and his footprints are numerous upon the statutes enacted during his long service in Congress. Blaine was for years a journalist and possessed the wide range of knowledge gained by the higher order of the class. Conkling was a lawyer of thorough and comprehensive reading, and had considerable practice before he entered politics. Garfield was never in general practice, but had made a study of jurisprudence, and had practiced enough in important cases to have become a forensic debater of reputation. It aided in developing his analytical power, for which his speeches in Congress and on the stump are distinguished. Both Blaine and Garfield were splendid mathematicians. All these were learned, but Garfield was the ripest scholar. He was a natural educator, and spent several years in teaching. All were patriots, but Garfield demonstrated his patriotism in military and civic services. Blaine and Conkling aspired to the presidency, and the former made vigorous and persistent efforts to attain it. The presidency came to Garfield without effort on his part, but he was not without ambition to achieve it.

FOLLOWING THE BLACK-TAILED DEER.

BY DONALD MASON.

"WILL meet you with the dogs at Black cañon at 4.30!" This telegram explained my presence in the San Juan Valley, one Thanksgiving at the stillest time of night, between three and four. I had three miles before me, and my horse, fresh and full of spirit, bounded away, his clean-cut hoofs ringing out upon the night air with a musical and exhilarating sound.

There was no moon, and the sky was filled with stars that fairly elbowed each other in their efforts to be seen. Away to the south, the valley was covered with a veil of silvery fog that had crept in silently from the sea, and above which the white peaks of the ranges rose like grim ghosts. There had been a slight frost, and the road was white and clear before me, while the air was redolent with the fresh odors from the numerous flowery shrubs that lined the road. On the right, rose the lofty peaks of the Sierras; beyond the slope of the valley to the left the rounded summits of the foot-hills. For a mile, not a sound but the pounding of ringing hoofs; a stillness that was oppressive. Then as I neared the opening of the cañon, there came on the still air the musical note of a hound I knew. Then the silvery tone of a horn broke the stillness, and a few moments later I pulled up and received the best of welcomes from my friend and his famous pack of foxhounds—hounds who would rather hunt than eat, which is saying a deal for a dog. The pack was eager and anxious to be off; so we drove up the cañon, then turned up to the hills that constitute a lofty spur, and came to a halt on a narrow cañon that wound away—a green river of verdure up into the range. My companion was an old hunter who knew the great range from the desert to the sea, and to whom the trails of the black-tailed deer were as familiar as the roads of the adjacent valley.

His plan was to send me up the main ridge, or hogback, on my horse, while he took to the cañon with the dogs; in brief, I, as the guest, was to have all the sport, while he, generous soul, did the work. The dogs were eager to be away. Some ran around with nose aloft, scenting the morning air; others renewed old acquaintance with me, while old Jack tested his mandolin-like voice in musical and fitful baying.

Finally we were off, soon plunging into the narrow trail that wound away up the cañon. The trail had evidently not been used for some time. The branches of wild lilac had grown over it and it soon became a case of butting on the part of the horse, and lying flat with head upon his neck. I allowed him to push ahead, trusting to his sagacity. Twice I was completely swept away by a heavy limb of manzanita; and finally, when carried away on a steep grade, I seized the tail of my faithful steed and allowed him to pull me up a slope which might not inaptly have been compared to the roof of a house. Resting, climbing, stopping to cut away branches, we moved on, the horse never failing but once, when the treacherous disintegrating rock gave way and he fell, rolling completely over, while I slipped off and followed to help him up. A terrific climb it was, our only stimulus the occasional bay of a hound that came from the deep cañon below. After a final burst we came out upon a nob clear of brush, a vantage-point of the coyote, 2,000 feet above the sea.

The view well repaid the climb, as

I was high above the valley, looking down upon the sea of cloud that seemed to fill it up from range to range. To the east great pencils of pink were beginning to pierce the sky. The notes of the blue shrike caught the air, and all Nature seemed to feel the coming day. Gradually the eastern sky became lighter, and the blue changed from purple to gray; then a flush of crimson that suffused plain, valley and mountain; and the sun, a globe of fiery light, rose over the mountains. Like a living thing, it brought a change in all Nature. The deep shadows of the cañons slunk away like evil things; floods of light were poured into darksome places, and the great range developed from shadowy indistinctness into stern reality, with its mass of ranges, cañons and peaks.

As I sat on the saddle and took in this transformation-scene, the sharp, quick bay of a hound came like an electric shock. I felt the horse start, and we both knew from the peculiar intonation of the bay that it meant something. The assumption was correct, as following quick and fast came other sounds, the joyous notes of the pack, some high, some low, others deep and musical—all constituting a requiem of sounds calculated to send the blood wildly through the veins, and bring a glow to the cheek. A deer had been started, and the dogs were wild. A babel of sounds told that the scent was hot; up it came rising from the deep gulch into which the sun now poured, and here and there a waving bush far below told of the onward flight.

The proposition now was to discern the deer, by Nature so deftly garbed that it found almost absolute protection in the scrub. Louder came the baying; then a shout from my companion, while here and there the blue shrikes that found a home in the brake could be seen darting out of the scrub, and diving down still deeper into the cañon. Louder grew the music of the dogs; I could distinguish their voices, especially that of old Rex, whose tuneful note was now pitched at a key that told that he was not far behind a black-tailed deer. Fiercer grew the babel of sounds, and suddenly out from the wild lilac, with a gallant burst, came a buck. With a mighty spring he cleared a bowlder, and dashed along a little clearing upon the edge of a precipice. So far away was it, so deep down in the cañon that the buck appeared not larger than a big dog; and none but a chance shot could hit the flying animal, and the chance was mine. The horse was as rigid as the rock upon which he stood, and aiming a little ahead of the fleeting shadow, I fired; and wonder of wonders! down went my game—no, only a stumble. Up again, and with a gallant leap he is away, while I worked my repeating "forty-four-Colt" as it never worked before. Down again, and now the hounds have struck the blood and are filling the narrow cañon with their melody. What a sound it was, rising on the still air, making the blood quicken, and my horse quiver with excitement! Up again; for I must have hit the gaining animal twice. It is away again, to fall, and turn and lower its graceful antlers against old Rex, who plunges on in savage delight; and a moment later, dogs and buck are rolling down through the brush in a final fight to death. Such is one feature of deer hunting in the Southern Sierras.

The dogs take the bottom of the cañon, while the hunter holds to the ridge near the summit, and kills his game at long range, the latter having a fair chance for his life. The black-tailed deer is still common in the mountains, but prefers the close thickets where the grease wood, manzanita and wild lilac grow thickly, from which the game can only be driven out by a faithful pack of hounds; and to sit on the saddle on some exposed spur and watch the chance, and participate in it, is far ahead of the "jack-light" methods employed in the Adi-

rondacks, where the deer has no chance for its life.

In an hour my companion appeared with the buck upon his shoulder. He had packed it down one side of the cañon and up the other, and threw it down, while the dogs dropped with contentment on their faces.

"I saw a singular sight here once," he said, as pipes were lighted. "Beyond here, there is a fall of about forty feet where the water from the upper range comes down, apparently rushing out of a hole in the rock. I had followed a deer down the stream from the north side of the mountains, and was sitting among the brush, just as we are now, when I heard a rush; and the next second, before I could grasp my rifle, the largest buck I ever saw dashed by and directly behind it came a mountain lion. The buck sprang into the stream, and in a moment was at the edge of the fall with high rocks on either side; there was no time to stop; I fancied it hesitated a second; saw its ears drop; then the plucky animal took the leap, sprang over the fifty-foot fall, which meant death on the rocks below; but instead of falling it landed nearly thirty feet away on the almost perpendicular side of the cañon wall, and clung on the roots and vines from which it slowly slipped to the bottom.

"Did I shoot? No indeed; I took off my hat, astonished my dog by giving a cheer, and as the lion stopped, too cowardly to take the leap, I poured bullets enough into it to ensure its skin as a rug in my study today."

The deer hunter in California must be a good climber; must from the very condition of things give the little animal fair play; and when the game is honestly followed there is no better sport in the country.

DREAM OF CALIFORNIA.

BY WM. T. BUMSTEAD.

O South-land, O dream-land, with cycles of green;
O moonlight enchanted by mocking-bird's song;
Cool sea winds, fair mountains, the fruit-lands between;
The pepper trees' shade, and the sunny days long.

Hesperia, Orient, strangely are blended;
Far sea-voices echo the Mission Bells' chimes.
Fond hopes are renewed and lone heart-aches are ended,
Where rose-arbors shelter sweet friends of old times.

O land of my love, in thy heart may I rest;
My hopes are thy bounties, my dreams are of thee;
Thy medleys of fragrance are borne from the west;
In spirit I follow the sun to the sea.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

SINCE the attractive city of Riverside has been described time and again by those who have lived long within its borders, it may be of interest to know how it impresses those who merely visit it, as did the writer, for the purpose of testing the truth or falsity of the glowing, indeed marvelous tales told of its beauties and productive soil.

Readers of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," as translated, will doubtless recollect this passage:

Knowest thou the land where the lemon trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?

If Goethe were living now, and had traveled, he would answer his own rapturous query and say: "Why, certainly! that's Riverside, California, U. S. A.," and he would only speak the bare truth; for, besides lemon and orange, laurel, myrtle and rose, every flower of temperate and semi-tropical climes, whether the lovely violet, the humble mignonette and honeysuckle, the gardenia, myosotis, jasemine, magnolia, verbena, and hosts of other sweet-scented flowers too numerous to mention (which would need a florist's catalogue to properly recapitulate), this industrious, thriving city and district produce every sort of cereal, vines galore, guava, apples, pears, cherries, luscious watermelons, tons of such deciduous fruits as apricots, nectarines and peaches, nuts, walnuts, peanuts, olives and strawberries, for ten months out of the twelve! For has it not at least three hundred sunny days out of the three hundred and sixty-five? And though on "Boxing Day," 1891, little icicles did nip the evergreen grivellias and pepper trees that shade its wide avenues and roads, at noon of that day was not the sun shining, and was not the air as balmy and delicious as a midsummer day in June, in England, when all are making hay?

Up to 1870, this Garden of Eden was a wild waste, a dusty desert of decomposed granite; and save that the self-same soil is singularly free from stones to a depth of many, many feet, one might think that the poet, John Phillips, had it in his mind when he wrote these lines:

Rough unweildly earth, nor to the plough,
Nor to the cattle kind, with sandy stones,
And gravel o'er abounding.

And to say truth, there are stones and big ones, too, in the very center of and round about Riverside; and they are so big that they are termed foothills or sierritas (little sierras or mountains), and some are named "Rubideau" or "Roubidoux Mountain," and "Pachappa," and some are unnamed, so far as I know, and they are all granite; while yet another, called by the Indians "Catalmakay," by the Mexicans, *Cerrito Solo*, meaning "little lone mountain," (for fifty years ago California was part of Mexico) and Slover Mountain now, is one solid mass of beautiful marble of varying hues, from white to green and black, and of such uncommon hardness and closeness of grain that ink won't stain it! But, as Rudyard Kipling would say, "That's another story."

And why was this land so desolate; and what has operated such a miraculous transformation scene in the last two decades?

Rain was so scarce that agriculture was said to be impossible; and the

late landowners had hereabouts large ranches or ranges (the ranch is now synonym for a farm) of many square miles in extent, on which browsed herds of sheep and cattle.

About the beginning of this century, the then owner induced some Mexicans to settle along the Cienegas (or water marshes) at the foot of the Slover Mountain, where the topsy-turvy Santa Ana washes it to keep off the redskins, who used to raid the old don's flocks and herds; and in turn the Mexicans became robbers and worse; for did not they one day kill on their mountain a reputed old miser named Slover, to get his wealth, though they found none? And because of it the mountain is termed "Slover" to this day.

A few of the redskins' descendants are now living at Riverside, within half a mile of the City Hall, under the lea of the Roubidoux Mountain, overlooking a lovely part of the Santa Ana Valley. After much persuasion, and by sundry bribes of "quarters," dimes and nickels, I induced a few of them to come out of their winter huts and be photographed. See the old buck "Umbri," with his little grandson; the asthmatical squaw squatting on her haunches; and "Fred Hall," as the lame man with two sticks, sitting in a chair, calls himself now. They do nothing the livelong day but sleep and feed; and as the land was, so with them is it still around their camp, dusty and desolate.

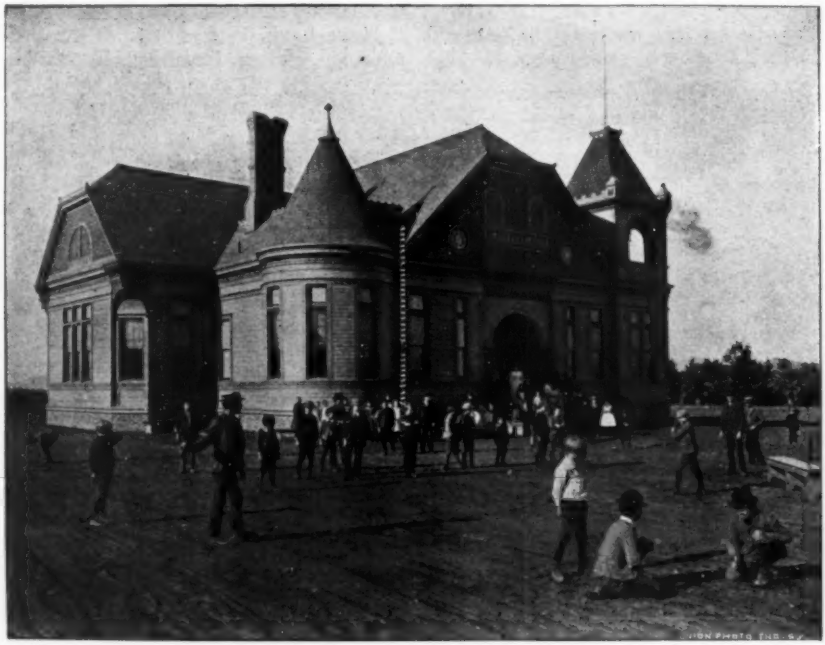
How have dust and ashes become smiling gardens, fruitful fields, and a prosperous community of many thousands in so short a time? What has worked the miracle? But one word answers it—mud.

The Riverside Water Supply.

Readers of W. Grant Allen's very interesting paper in last December's "Cornhill Magazine," will at once understand me. Says Mr. Allen: "Mud is the most valuable material in the world. It is by mud we live; without it, we should die; mud is filling up the lakes; mud created Egypt, and mud created Lombardy." Likewise, by turning Jurupa (pronounced Huroopa) dust into Riverside mud, (Jurupa was the name of this place till the 14th of December, 1870,)

by scientific irrigation the barren has brought forth abundantly, wonderfully! aye, so wonderfully that I fear to write the exact truth.

Norfolk and Eastern County farmers, Lowland men, so skillful in agriculture, will say, "An acre of ground produce $50.00 (£10) a year net profit? Nonsense; impossible!" But it is not nonsense; it is far below the truth; you must, if you please, multiply it by ten and then you are getting near exactitude.



A Riverside School.

Yes, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and owners of real estate whose good arable land in England and Scotland will not produce now more than 30s. (or $7.50) an acre to your hard-working tenant, or more than three per cent a year interest by way of income for yourselves, here in this former desert land, the house of the ruthless redskin, migratory Mexican, and the cunning coyote (or wild dog); here a community of men, of whom the pioneers were not farmers or laborers, but doctors, lawyers, merchants, bankers and business men, teachers and preachers, not mere striplings, but men advanced in years; here, I say, by turning dust into mud do hundreds now live comfortably, each on a ten or twenty-acre farm or so; and in the main, through the culture of fruit, but mostly of oranges. And all this by irrigation, carefully done and scientifically applied.

I am not going into a dissertation on irrigation and orange growing, but if anyone wishes to settle at Riverside, let him write to the City Clerk there, with one shilling (or twenty-five cents) worth of postage stamps, and ask for the Board of Trade's "Illustrated Pamphlet," of 1888. He will then see how the city and district are gov-

erned by a board of five trustees, a city clerk, a recorder, a city engineer, a marshal and superintendent of streets; that it has gas and electric works and a water company; a tramway company, a fire department, and a military company; about a dozen churches of the various principal denominations, including an English Episcopal Church and rectory; three or four banks, a commodious and not inelegant opera-house; many packing-houses handling citrus and other fruits; cold-storage and ice works, lemon-curing establishments and fruit-canneries; two daily and two weekly newspapers; many drygoods stores (linen drapers' shops), hardware (iron-mongers') shops, bakeries, planing mills, druggists, tobacconists, furniture, tin, plumbing, and jewelry stores; five hotels, five large boarding-houses, several restaurants, job-masters' shops, livery-stables, steam laundries, smiths' and carpenters' shops; doctors, dentists, lawyers, photographers, insurance and other agents; numerous branches of Free Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the Republic, and kindred orders, all with flourishing lodges of the different degrees; a Young Men's Christian Association in a handsome brick-built home of its own, with some two hundred subscribing members; a Women's Christian Temperance Union; a Woman's Relief Corps—all successful and flourishing to this day.

The aforesaid pamphlet will also give full information respecting the three independent systems of irrigation here that water the country, and the artesian well-water for domestic supply; full information as to the staple industry; respecting the market prices of land, whether cultivated or not, with the best kinds of orchards, orange, lemon trees, and raisin vines for planting. It also contains pictures of apricot and raisin drying; of irrigation in the groves, ranches and gardens; of the sorting and packing of its thousands of boxes of oranges yearly; and it will tell how the city and district from their fruit alone enjoy an annual income of $1,500,000 (£300,000), which is constantly increasing.

The pamphlet will also give sundry views of the irrigating works of many of the comfortable homes of its prosperous people of whom a goodly number are English.

If I were to speak more definitely and give fuller particulars and names, the carping critic would say that I have been paid to "write up" this place, but I haven't; I am giving you my genuine impressions, resulting from a personal visit, and from inquiry, inspection, and view taken on the spot, in January, 1892.

It should be said by way of parenthesis, that unimproved lands with water-rights and guaranteed titles are selling from $250 to $500 (that is, from £50 to £100 an acre) according to location; land in profit brings from $1,000 (£200) to $3,000 (£600) an acre, according to position and the age and bearing of the trees on it.

I believe that English squires and clergymen with sons to start in the world, who desire a healthy, pleasant, useful life, where they can thrive, can only do one thing better than write for further particulars, and that is, take a trip across and see! From Southampton and Liverpool the regular mail steamers to New York do the distance in a week; and from New York several railway systems reach Los Angeles in five or six days. At Los Angeles take a peep. It is a delightful city; to my mind, the brightest spot in the California State. Then go to Colton Station, on the Southern Pacific Railway, and thence by "motor" or steam tram-line to Riverside; or by the Santa Fé Railway to Riverside direct. The distance from Los Angeles to Riverside is about sixty miles. The cost of the journey will be nothing to speak of, when one is desirous of giving a son a fair start in life; besides, if nothing come of it, the scenes on the way there

The Grand Drive of Riverside, Magnolia Avenue.

and back, if a return journey be made, which I take leave to doubt, will alone be well worth the money.

This is not a rough, unkempt neighborhood, quite the reverse. There are a cricket club, a very flourishing tennis club, of at least one hundred members, where the lady members in turn, every Saturday afternoon hold a reception in their pavilion, and offer tea, coffee, cake, ices, etc., to their guests and co-members. There is also a popular dancing set called the "Cotillion Club," governed by a committee of three ladies and three gentlemen, giving some thirteen dances every rainy season, when a string band from Los Angeles discourses bright music, and the ladies appear *décolletes*, and the gentlemen in evening dress, as in London.

Here there are no four seasons, as in the old country, but merely two, the wet and the dry. The wet begins about October and ends in March; but it rains generally at night, and often it does not rain at all for two or three weeks at a time; and the rain here is more like our April showers at home than the downpour of the Tropics. In fact, the rainy season is the nicest time of the year; then wondrous flowers start up everywhere in the most unexpected places; everywhere the dusty halo of the dry season makes way for an enchanting verdure.

There is a gun-club here, and a comfortable whist-club. But the Americans as a nation won't play scientific whist as we understand it. At present, they flatter themselves they know the game, and they are in the lamentable condition described by King Solomon in Proverbs, xxvi, 12.

There is also plenty of sport in quail-shooting, hunting jack-rabbits (a sort of hare with its fore legs as long as its hind legs), killing coyotes; also bear, if you would like to go a day or two's journey into the mountains.

The temperature in summer sometimes rises high, but it is not oppressive, and every day about noon a cool breeze springs up and fans deliciously the sunburnt cheek. But there are no thunderstorms, and sunstroke is unknown, the air is so dry. In winter time, at rare intervals, say once in twelve or fifteen years, there is a cold snap for a day or two; and for a few hours between sunset and sunrise the thermometer may fall to 28° F.; and some old residents can perhaps recall a drop of 22° F.; but, as soon as the sun rises, the cold flies, and the thermometer at midday will hover between 70° and 80° F.; in fact, the weather then is so deliciously agreeable that mere existence is a joy.

The dry air cures many incipient cases of consumption; and instead of becoming dots in God's acre (and there is a prettily placed cemetery here called "Olive Wood") the people thrive and become healthy men and women, active citizens and useful members of society.

Riverside is a great temperance place; it has only two saloons (or public houses), and these are threatened with extinction. For the government of the city there are its charter and some one hundred and twenty or more ordinances, which fill an octavo book of some six score pages; but let me quote part of Ordinance No. 8, "Concerning Drunkenness." "The Board of Trustees of the City of Riverside ordains as follows:

"Whoever shall be found within the limits of the city in a state of intoxication in any public place, or in any dram-shop, or in any place open to public view shall be arrested by the marshal, and on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not exceeding $20.00 (4£), and in default of payment thereof be imprisoned and made to work on the streets under the direction of the marshal, until the fine be satisfied, at the rate of $1.00 (4 s.) per day for each day's work." Passed Dec. 13th, 1883.

I should say that Riverside is beautifully located; it occupies a vast

mesa (tableland), or a sort of loamy and stoneless soil, through which courses the ofttimes tumultuous Santa Ana River, and in its center the city is about 850 feet above sea level. It is most picturesquely set amongst mountain ranges, which are snow-capped till late in June, and some have snow-peaks all the year round.

An Irrigating Ditch.

Here the mountains, after the Spanish mode, are called "sierras," and surround the district thus: San Bernardino, with its giant "Grayback" over 11,000 feet high, to the north; the Temescal range to the south; the San Jacinto (pronounced Hacinto, meaning Hyacinth) to the east, and the Cucamonga range to the west. A few paragraphs may here be fitly devoted to some important historical facts.

When "Uncle" Pryor Russell, a "forty-niner" who still resides in Riverside, secured several barrels of Tahiti oranges that had decayed during shipment to San Francisco, and planted the seeds from which came the first Riverside orange groves, it proved to be the nucleus of wonderful things.

That was twenty years ago, when the California Silk Culture Association, disheartened by the death of their leader, Louis Provost, only three months after their incorporation, decided to abandon their enterprise, and their lands were purchased by the Riverside Colony.

The beginning was only a sheep pasture, dry and barren, but situated in a beautiful valley through which ran the Santa Ana River; and the handful of men who composed the colony originated the idea of constructing canals and conducting water from the river to the otherwise unproductive land. They had little more than their energy and faith for their capital, and no assurance of success; but there

were men of sterling worth at the head—one of the original stockholders being the newly elected United States Senator, C. N. Felton—and all things are possible to him who believes. How well they succeeded is best told in the statement that last year fifteen hundred carloads of oranges were shipped from their six thousand highly cultivated acres, and a million dollars of unused money was lying in the two banks, while the fame of Riverside oranges is known throughout civilization. Many of the orchards give a yearly return of $500 per acre, and the population of the place numbers about 5,000 people.

The valley declines gently from the foothills to the river, and although the first canal was carried as high up on the plain as was possible to conduct the water from the river at the point from which it was taken, there was still a larger area of equally fine land above the canal that could not be reached. A few families took claims on "Dry Side," as it was called, believing in a vague way that water might some time be developed and make it valuable, but with no idea how. It furnished them homes, while they obtained a livelihood in Riverside proper.

Mathew Gage, a native of Ireland, came to Riverside from Kingston, Canada, in 1881, and purchased a young orange grove, also engaging in the jewelry business in the village. The level plain above the canal had a great fascination for him, and almost immediately he secured a claim thereon and began thinking out a method, not only of irrigating it, but for the improvement of the whole tract, nearly all of which he purchased.

The year following his arrival he began to act; but like all great schemes, this developed slowly; and it was only after three years of negotiation that real work began, in October, 1885. A year later, water was delivered, and the new addition became East Riverside.

But where did the water come from? Mr. Gage had purchased some land southeast of San Bernardino, and about twenty miles from Riverside in the Artesian belt found at the foot of the San Bernardino mountains; and on this a number of wells had been sunk with the result of an abundant flow.

Obstacles were met at every turn, perhaps the most formidable being lack of funds and adverse public opinion. A friend relates that while the scheme was yet in embryo Mr. Gage drove with him over the tract, and laid his plans before him with an eloquence and enthusiasm that won his admiration, but which seemed wholly impracticable. To his query as to how the funds were to be obtained to accomplish all this, that gentleman replied in his inimitable way, quoting from Shakspeare: "We'll fight with gentle words till time doth lend us friends, and friends their helpful swords." And so he did. Gradually convincing capitalists of the plausibility of his undertaking, he secured small loans, worked until that was gone and increased development secured larger amounts—until a total of nearly a million and a half dollars had been expended—but increased the value of the twelve thousand acres of practically worthless land (including Arlington Heights) to six million dollars; and the men who had been farsighted enough to take claims on that tract received their share of the benefits. The average price per acre, under the Gage canal, is $500 for unimproved land, some bringing as high as $800, and there are now more than four hundred homes where five years ago was scarcely half a dozen.

In the early part of 1890 Mr. Gage interested English capital and effected a sale of his canal, land and water rights, including a right in the Santa Ana River, in addition to the streams arising from springs on the artesian lands, to the Riverside Trust Company (limited) of London, he himself retaining a large share of the stock and becoming managing director.

The new company is spending half a million more in development, the number of artesian wells having been increased to fifty, and they are continually sinking others. The main canal, which has sixteen tunnels aggregating nearly a mile and a quarter in all, and thirteen flumes amounting to a mile, is now twenty-five miles in length, with ninety-five miles of distributing mains and one hundred and forty-four miles of laterals.

Residence of O. T. Dyer, Manager of the Riverside Banking Company.

Arlington Heights is a tract of six thousand acres of Government land joining Riverside in the south, which Mr. Gage purchased some time ago, and which was included in the transfer to the English Syndicate, that is only just being developed. The cost of improvements on this tract is $400,000, water having been piped to each block, and this season nearly two thousand acres will be planted to oranges, five hundred of which are being planted by the company. The Riverside Company has purchased 500 acres at $400 per acre, for orange trees, and 500 acres have been sold to private parties for immediate improvement.

The company is also improving the tract of 3,000 acres, called Victoria, on which the water supply is obtained, though none of this land is placed on the market.

The amount of irrigable land in Riverside has been at least doubled by Mr. Gage's great achievement, and only time is required to make it as beautiful, if not more so, as productive

and as valuable as that which has become world famous.

Nearly all prophesied failure, and the work was made harder—at times well nigh impossible—by the incredulity and lack of sympathy and assistance of his fellow men. Yet Mr. Gage, at a banquet given in his honor after the completion of the work, refused to take all the credit to himself, but paid a feeling tribute to his wife, who, he said, had always aided and encouraged him; and no small share of his success was due to her hopeful confidence and support.

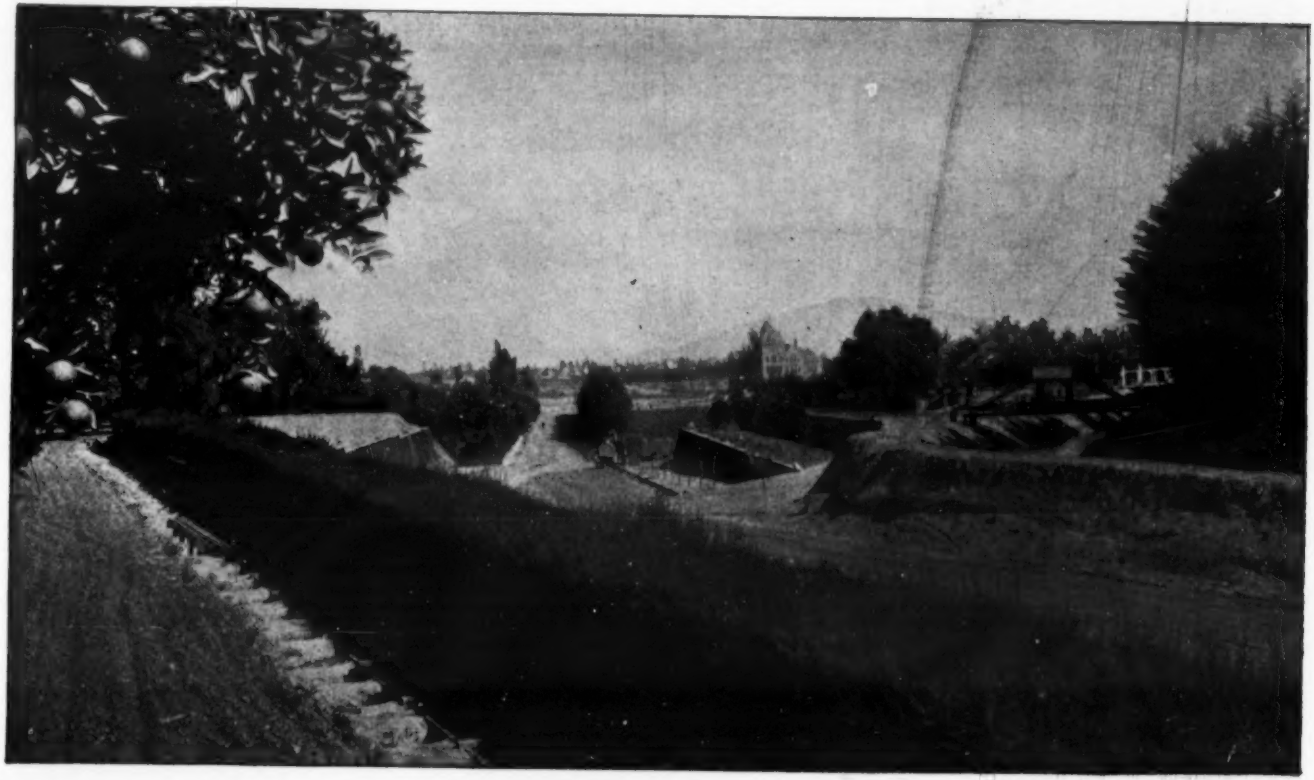
Mr. and Mrs. Gage are still young; and although he is as deeply immersed in business as ever, they find time to enjoy, with their family of little people, the prosperity which has come to them, and through them, to the many beautiful homes made possible by the Gage Canal System.

Very great credit is due to its founders in the way Riverside is laid out. Its streets, or roads, and avenues are at right angles to each other; it abounds in beautiful, umbrageous roads, and the Magnolia avenue should and will soon be world famous. It is twelve miles long, and a hundred and thirty-two feet wide; it has a double carriage-drive, shaded the entire route with pepper, Australian grivellias and eucalyptus trees, all evergreen. It is also adorned with numerous fan-palms, aloes and other sub-tropical plants; and on either side are beautiful houses, each ensconced in orange groves that are in bearing, and which yield beauty, fragrance and wealth to their fortunate and industrious possessors. For a distance of seven miles from the City Hall a tramline gives handy means of access to the public up and down the avenue as far as the hamlet of Arlington. No one visiting Riverside should miss a drive through this avenue.

Though planted only in 1879, the trees are already some 50 or 60 feet high; everything grows here with asparagus-like celerity; irrigating canals keep the trees well watered and the avenue free from dust; and though I have visited many lands and three continents, I cannot recall any carriage-drive to equal it. Its name is certainly on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; but it was baptized before its trees were planted, the wish being father to the thought that magnolias would prevail numerically; but they do not flourish here exceedingly well, and instead are the trees above named; but at each of its many cross-ways there are six magnolia trees to aid the orange-groves and rose-gardens in embalming the perhaps too heavily scented air, when all the trees are in their gorgeously-bountiful bloom.

Another avenue equally fine, and named the "Victoria," has been laid out about a mile off, and nearly parallel with the Magnolia avenue, by the Riverside Trust Company, Limited, an English Company, with headquarters in London, which is the owner of one of the irrigating systems here; beside some 6,000 acres of land on a tract called the "Arlington Heights." This year it will plant Victoria avenue with trees to vie with the Magnolia avenue; and thus add to the many beauties and attractions of this pleasant place, which is even now quite a health resort for folks afflicted with bronchitis and asthma, or with incipient phthisis. This company, too, has just built and opened Victoria Bridge to the public, which bridge is about 500 feet long and 65 feet high, across the Tequesquite arroya, to connect the Victoria avenue with the outside city. An "arroya," it may be explained, is a hollow place or large gulch; a gulch is a wash-out caused by some storm-overflow of water. "Tequesquite" is an Indian word meaning soap.

The water supply of Riverside is taken from the tumultuous Santa Ana River, so full of silt (as are nearly all the Californian rivers) that it is said to flow "bottom-upwards," and, though nearly eternal and certainly perennial snows are forever thawing and adding to its volume, it rolls along more like



In the Suburbs of Riverside.

liquid sand forming broad "ciengas" hither and thither, and having a very shallow appearance. Californian rivers are curiosities, if not abortions, as while all have heads many have no mouths, in the summer.

To get its perfect wealth for irrigating purposes a tunnel will be driven through and under water down to the hard rock-bed, and the water drawn off into flumes or conduits for irrigating needs. Artesian wells tap the underflow and utilize various tributary springs.

The value of irrigation over rain is this: the farmer may get the rain when he needs it or he may not; or, the rain while benefiting one crop spoils another. But irrigation-water is turned on only when and exactly for the time and in the quantity needed for a farm, ranch, orchard, field or spot.

There is one feature in the city government which is of supreme importance to *pater-familias* with a family of children; and that is the number and equipment of its schools; for all are good and all are free; but boys and girls mingle together at every one; the classes are of both sexes. This is the rule from the kindergarten to the high or grammar school.

The High School, the pride and glory of the city, recently built, is of brick, and cost an outlay of $75,000 (£23,000). Here, the heads of schools are termed superintendents, even when they are women; while the assistant masters (as we call them at Eaton, Harrow, Rugby and all our crack schools) are termed professors.

Riverside claims undying fame for its oranges, and more particularly for its golden-hued ones of a seedless variety, sweet and pulpy, known as the "Washington navel." The Washington State horticultural authorities originally sent to a Mr. Tibbets, a rancher here, two spores that they had received from Bahia in Brazil; and from the two trees growing from these spores have sprung Riverside's wealth and celebrity. For the first eight years, Mrs. Tibbets tells me, her husband gave away all the grafts; but now he sells them; and though the trees are fifteen or sixteen years old, they look small, as they have been so cut back for buds with which to ingraft other trees. The "navel" being seedless can be propagated only by grafting.

A Riverside man was perfectly astonished when I said that hardly anyone in London had ever heard of Riverside, still less of its navel oranges. The price these fetch seems preposterous when one reflects how cheap are all sorts of juicy, pulpy and seedless oranges in London; but here, last season, the ordinary price wholesale for navels was three cents (one penny ha'penny) *on the trees!* The buyer having to pluck, pack and market them, and pay the railway charge or freight.

The following table, contributed by the editor of the Riverside *Daily Press*, shows the shipment of oranges from Riverside since 1880 (when it first began to produce oranges) down to the 7th of January, 1892:

Crop of	Carloads.
1880–81	15
1881–82	42
1882–83	45
1883–84	50
1884–85	456
1885–86	506
1886–87	375
1887–88	725
1888–89	982
1889–90	1500
1890–91	1446

Note.—286 boxes make one carload.

1891—Dec. shipments, 59 cars, 16,874 boxes
1892—Jan. 1—7 " 40 " 11,440 boxes

Each box contains 96 to 226 oranges, according to size of fruit; the boxes used are of uniform size and shape—a double cube.

On the 20th of December, 1891, the market quotations for oranges in San Francisco, by commission merchants and wholesale buyers were as follows:

Description.	Size.	Price per box in Dollars.
Fancy Seedlings....	128 to 126,	$2.25 to $2.50
Choice Seedlings...	128 " 226,	1.50 " 2.00
F'cy Bright Navels..	112 " 200,	3.00 " 3.25
Choice " " ..	112 " 200,	2.50 " 2.75
Mt. Seedlings.....	128 " 226,	(no quota'n)
Mt. Navels.....	96 " 176,	"
Riv'sde F'cy Navels,	96 " 176,	3.25 to 3.50
" Choice "	96 " 176,	2.50 " 2.75
Mediterra'n Sweets.	128 " 226,	(no quota'n)
Malta Blood.....	128 " 226,	"
Paper rind.....	128 " 226,	"

NOTE.—Sizes larger than 112 and smaller than 250 per box of seedling oranges (oranges with seeds) are quoted 25c (or 1s.) per box less.

The oranges are graded by an automatic machine, and are wrapped separately in tissue paper with the grower's name or brand printed thereon.

Mr. Jas. W. Hewetson, of Oliphant avenue, Pachappa Grove, Riverside, a Canadian Scotchman, whom I called upon to receive authentic information, told me that last year he sold the crop on the trees of 430 seedling trees, nearly twenty years old, and covering six acres of his land, to the Earl's Fruit Company, of Los Angeles, for $7,500 (£1,500).

On one tree the fruit weighed 1200 lbs. (nearly 11 cwt). About a hundred of the trees average twenty boxes each (the older the tree, up to a hundred years, the greater the yield).

Mr. Hewetson bought his whole grove, six years ago, of Mr. M. J. Twogood, one of the pioneers of Riverside. He has since bought and planted some twenty more acres with navels, Malta bloods and Mediterranean sweets, etc. Last year they netted him a large income, and he showed me the diploma, dated Sept. 1, 1890, awarded to him by "The 28th District Agricultural Association of San Bernardino," certifying that his net crop was $517.65 (£103 11s.) an acre. Mr. Hewetson fertilizes pretty heavily, using about a ton of various manures to the acre. He says that the orange skin gets a deep red hue when fertilized, and that it has a pale yellow look when "hungry."

Irrigation near Riverside—Artesian Wells.

He thoroughly irrigates his land about seven times a year, according to the season. He grows nothing between the trees, and the soil is carefully cultivated to prevent caking after the irrigation. He employs but one man, who does all the work, and is paid $55 (£11) a month, and has a house, rent free.

When Mr. Hewetson came here six years ago, he was a constant martyr to asthma; now he enjoys outdoor life every day, and sleeps in his bed every night. He and his daughter, every year, go away for a three-months' trip to Canada or Scotland.

At the World's Industrial Cotton and Centennial Exposition, New Orleans, 1875, Riverside, in competition against all comers, including Florida, gained the highest prizes awarded, both for oranges and lemons, to wit:

First.—A gold medal for the best twenty varieties of oranges grown in California.

Second.—A gold medal for the twenty best varieties of oranges grown in the United States.

Third.—A gold medal for the best twenty varieties of oranges grown in the world.

Fourth.—A silver medal, the highest prize awarded, for the best display of lemons against the world. One reason why Riverside oranges command such high prices exemplifies the old adage that

> Late fruit keeps well,
> And late fruit sells well.

And Riverside oranges are at their best in April and May, when other oranges are exhausted. Though the orange is yellow at Christmas, don't suppose that it is ripe; no orange tastes so well or is so juicy as one which has hung for several months on the boughs after turning yellow. It was upon the advice of Judge Brown that the syndicate of enterprising men who started the first orange-growing colony at Jurupa, (as Riverside was known until the 14th of December, 1870) settled here. To quote his own words: "I was the first one who had the courage to say: 'Here will I dwell.'"

At that time all was desert, but the worthy Judge and his family industriously tilled and improved his location; he built a nice residence, made a pleasant garden with water running through it; and planted orange groves; and at the end of five years, on payment solely of $50.00 (or £10) the Government fees for registration, he was the absolute owner of 80 acres and all on it. And now this land yields the Judge an annual income of not less than £100 or $500.00 an acre! Last year Riverside exported 266,192 boxes of oranges and received for dried fruits over half a million dollars.

Practically, the industrious man can here have a harvest of one kind or another, for ten months out of the twelve. Though the land is naturally fertile, to get best results he must fertilize with sheep and stable manure, or bone-meal nitrates; experience will soon teach in what proportions. To fence his land let him plant the graceful and quick-growing Monterey cypress. When clipped, it outrivals the best yew hedge. Does he need fuel? Let him plant eucalyptus trees, and in two years' time the loppings from them will give him all the fuel he needs. Does he need food for his horse? Let him plant alfalfa (a sort of vetch). He can have five crops a year. One lady I met had seven luxurious crops of it last year on one field. Should a settler wish to leave the dry summer heat here, in a few hours he can have balmy breezes, and inhale ozone at many places on the coast or its adjacent islands, finding good hotels, in some instances perfect palaces; or he can have the enjoyment of mountain air up the many beautiful ranges that prevent the storms from elsewhere coming here.

Mr. Gladstone was once considerably scoffed at by some newspapers because he advised the Cheshire farmers to

cultivate and preserve fruit. Does anyone wish to get a quick return for his work on small farms? Let him come here and start market-gardening; and in making preserves and orange marmalade, there would seem to be fortunes to be made, as nearly all the marmalade sold in America is imported.

The soil of Southern California, with irrigation, will grow anything,

Name.	Time of Harvesting.
Currants	May and June.
Figs	July to January.
Gooseberries	June.
Grapes	Middle of June to Dec.
Guava	Whole year nearly.
Japanese persimmon	November.
Lemons	All the year round.
Limes	" " "
Loquats	Mid May to Mid June.
Muskmelons	July to October.
Mulberries	July to November.
Nectarines	August.

In the Bed of the Santa Ana River.

and yield a thousandfold; and the industry of fruit-raising has variety enough to create constant interest and an ever-present market. The following table, which I have carefully selected and verified, shows the range of Riverside products:

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA PRODUCTS.

Name.	Time of Harvesting.
Almonds	October.
Apples	July to November.
Apricots	Middle of June to Sept.
Blackberries	" " "
Cherries	June.
Olives	December to January.
Oranges	Christmas to July.
Pears	July to November.
Peaches	Mid June to January.
Plums and Prunes	June to November.
Pomegranites	September to Dec.
Quince	October to December.
Raisins	September to November
Raspberries	Mid June to January.
Strawberries	Nearly all the year.
Watermelons	July to October.

All these are grown, or can be, at Riverside.

There is one serious drawback to the well-to-do, and that is, there are no good domestic servants. For a

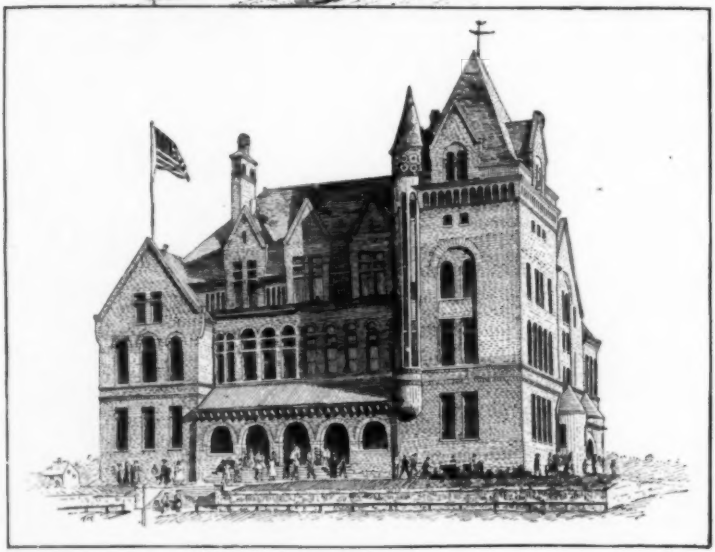
Baptist Church.

Catholic Church.

All Saints Episcopal Church.

Universalist Church.

Congregational Church.



1—Grammar School. 2—High School. 3—Grammar School.

good general servant who can be obliging and cook plain food in a wholesome way, people here will gladly pay $25 to $30, £5 to £6 per month, and "all found," but no beer; and they would, too, after a period be willing to refund the cost of voyage, if the help proved satisfactory.

For the English reader, let me say that California is 770 miles long and 330 miles broad; that its land surface is 157,801 square miles; that it is out of debt; that it has already the largest wealth per head of any State in the Union; that it has 30,000,000 acres of arable land; that it has 72,189,644 acres of public land surveyed, while its unsurveyed public lands have a total of 28,802,966 acres; that it is the only raisin-producing State in North America; and that in 1890 it produced crops as follows:

Raisins	40,000,000	lbs.
Prunes	25,000,000	"
Dried Fruits	66,318,000	"
Green Fruits	105,000,000	"
Hops	42,000,000	"
Barley	10,000,000	"
Honey	60,000,000	"

It exported flour to the amount of 1,096,933 barrels.

It had in vines and raisin grapes 225,000 acres, which represent an invested capital of $80,000,000 or £16,000,000. Of wine it produced 3,200,000 gallons; it had a wheat crop of 27,000,000 centals, of which it exported upward of 16,000,000 centals, in exchange for $17,000,000, and upwards.

Its bean crop is 1,000,000 centals; it is the leading producer of almonds, nuts, peanuts, walnuts, etc. The olive and the lemon are now being scientifically cultivated in South California, and will soon be some of its most valuable products. Small fruits, such as strawberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, cherries, etc., quickly yield a large return on a small capital outlay; and vegetable growing offers lucrative business to patient seekers after independence.

California's wool product in 1891 was 33,183,175 pounds, and it exported 21,022 flasks of quicksilver. It has millions of sheep, pigs, cows, oxen, and other cattle; and over a quarter of a million of horses, and it breeds some of the fastest trotting horses in the world.

Though the population is only equal to almost one-fourth of the metropolis of London (the exact figures 1,208,130, according to the census of 1891) its annual expenditure on public schools is very nearly £1,250,000 or $6,250,000, and upwards of 200,000 children daily attend school, and receive gratis the very best of education.

It has several universities at which, also, the education is free, the only cost being for books and board, the latest addition being the Leland Stanford Jr. University, at Palo Alto, opened Michaelmas, 1891, as a gift to the State by Senator Stanford, and a monument to his late son and only child; and he is endowing it with $20,000,000 (£4,000,000).

In the North the tendency is to have large ranches of 5,000 acres and upward; so the soil belongs to a few and the population is sparse. In the South, however, there are more of ten-acre farms than of twenty. And owners of orange groves of 80 or 100 acres are rare.

Traveling through the Highlands, the mountain scenery is grand! There, trains have been nicknamed the "Panorama," as they pass the fertile vales, picturesque glades, beautiful orange groves of the San Gabriel, San Bernardino and Santa Ana valleys.

In conclusion, let me adopt David Mallet's parody of the prayer of Agur, the son of Jakeh. (See Prov. xxx, 5–9.)

O! grant me heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends.

OUR COMMERCIAL GROWTH AND THE TARIFF.

FROM A REPUBLICAN STANDPOINT.

BY RICHARD H. McDONALD, JR.

PRODUCTIONS in this country are of wide range and abundant, through favorable climatic conditions, exceeding fertility of soil, and the energy and intelligence of the people. The United States is the greatest producing nation in the world, especially of articles of food, and of materials which enter into manufactures. Americans consume more per capita than any other people, yet we produce surpluses of nearly all the necessaries of life and of many luxuries. If her bleak and Asiatic possessions are taken into account, Russia alone is larger in contiguous territory; but in number of enlightened population the United States leads every other nation. The same is true as to seacoasts and number of capacious harbors. In domestic commerce we stand first, but in international trade we are third, Great Britain being first and Germany second. Our natural advantages entitle us to leadership in foreign as well as in internal trade.

The foreign commerce of Great Britain, through duplication of accounts, is undoubtedly considerably exaggerated. Aside from iron and tin ores, the British Isles are not great producers of raw materials for manufacturing. They are largely procured from their dependencies and other countries, and when wrought into forms for consumption, are exported. This is especially the case as to cotton, wool, hides, jute, and many other raw materials. Great Britain also imports tea, coffee, spices, breadstuffs and provisions for exportation. They are taken up on the import side of accounts, in the one case, and entered on the export side, in the other. The same is true in Germany, only to a less extent.

There is very little exported from this country that is not wholly produced here. If duplication were eliminated from British and German accounts, our position in international trade would be relatively higher and possibly highest; but our foreign trade is far less than it ought to be, or would be, if proper efforts were made

to develop it. To find markets for their surplus products, is of the highest importance to any people, and especially to us, since we have passed the colonizing period, and have gained a position in which we are able to produce almost without limit. Our industries have already reached immense proportion, and are destined to the greatest development in the future, if proper efforts are made. On the whole, our productions are not likely to be reduced but increased, and there will be greater necessity for larger markets.

Ever since the Phœnicians gained great wealth from commerce, the magnitude of foreign trade has been deemed a measure of a nation's material prosperity; whether such traffic is beneficial or not, depends upon its character. A nation which imports more for consumption than it exports cannot prosper any more than the individual who consumes more than he produces. Great Britain rapidly gained wealth for two hundred and fifty years, for the reason, mainly, that generally she was able to secure balances of trade in her favor. As commonly understood, a balance of trade is the difference arising from an exchange of commodities which is met with cash. An individual who buys what he should produce, grows poorer; and so it is with the people. Nations, like individuals, are at times obliged to purchase more than they sell. The farmer must do this while he is erecting necessary buildings and preparing his new farm for cultivation; and this country was similarly situated in its young and colonizing days. That necessity no longer exists, for the preparatory period has passed away. In the early days, there were statesmen who forecast the future and urged policies that would avoid depletion through adverse balances of trade. The policy pursued from Washington to Polk was measurably successful in preventing diminution of our money resources. There were adverse balances of trade, which resulted in no grievous harm, because virgin wealth was so great; but commendable efforts were put forth to build up manufacturing to supply home wants, and a merchant marine capable of doing our own transportation on the high seas.

In 1846, a new policy was inaugurated which checked industrial growth, and the War of the Rebellion swept our shipping from the sea. For thirty years from and after 1846, balances of trade were uniformly against us, and the country would have been greatly distressed for money, had it not been for the phenomenal production of gold in California. For fifteen years, which was a period of peace, there was a continual outflow of gold from this country, caused in large part by depression of manufacturing industries, through the influence of the Tariff Act of that year; and from 1861 to 1865, balances resulted from the necessity to purchase raw materials in Europe. In 1862, the policy which was advocated by Washington, and all the Presidents down to Polk, was restored, but time was required to put our industries on a footing that would enable them to produce sufficient to supply domestic demands. Conditions were extraordinary, as a large labor force was employed in war, and consumption was unusual, for war is destruction. For years after the conflict closed, the energies of the people were devoted to colonizing and developing new regions, to building railroads, and making other internal improvements. Ten years after the war were required to place ourselves in a condition to overcome adverse balances, and turn the tide in our favor. This result would not have been achieved so soon, but for the remarkable increase of agricultural productions and exceptional demand for them in Europe. Had the principle of the tariff of 1846 been restored at the close of the war, and continuously adhered to, there would not now be large and diversified manufacturing industries in this country; and however immense our

agricultural productions, there could scarcely have been any foreign demand for them which would have paid for imported manufactures. The protective principle having been preserved, our industries have thrived. For the first time in thirty years, at the end of the fiscal year of 1877, a handsome balance appeared in our favor, and the tide has flowed our way ever since, except in 1888, and 1889; but from June 30, 1876, to June 30, 1892, the net aggregate of balances in our favor was $1,762,000,000. Our gold resources have been increased $500,000,000; some of our securities held abroad have been paid off, and others have been purchased, and brought home; so that interest on them is paid here, instead of to holders on the other side of the Atlantic. After years of suspension of specie payment, the Government has been able to enter upon and maintain a gold paying basis, and to make treasury and national bank notes circulable everywhere at par with gold. Our policy has had the effect, also, to place foreign countries in financial straits. The Bank of England, a little more than a year ago, was obliged to obtain $70,000,000 in gold from this country and for which a premium was paid. There is to-day a gold stringency in several of the leading nations of Europe, and if favorable balances of trade continue, the result will be to compel monometalist nations of Europe to resort to some international standard of value additional to that of gold. Silver's hope rests upon the maintenance of the protective principle in tariff legislation. It contributes materially to an increase of our domestic circulating medium, which is so much needed, and by a kind of money which all nations regard as the best. Results so beneficial have been achieved without the aid of an adequate merchant marine; in fact we have been so dependent on foreigners and rivals for transportation, that in the last fiscal year six-sevenths of our foreign commerce were carried in foreign bottoms.

There has been in this country over-production of cotton, breadstuffs and provisions, but under-production in some lines of manufacture. For fifteen years anterior to the enactment of the McKinley law, we annually imported, on the average, merchandise to the value of $300,000,000 or $400,000,000 consisting chiefly of manufactures which we should have produced for ourselves. Nearly three-fourths of our exports are products of agriculture, and if mineral illuminating oils are included, they constitute a larger percentage. We import more manufactures than we export, which shows that we do not on the whole manufacture sufficient to supply domestic consumption. It is therefore wise that we should develop those industries in which we are deficient, to supply home wants to the utmost practicable extent. This will lessen importation and consequently enlarge balances of trade in our favor. The time has come when this policy also should be pursued with a view to larger exportation of manufactures. We have relied too much on exporting products of agriculture. Indeed, our people have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade. Because we produce some things that other countries do not or cannot, they have been quite content to let others come to us. The most effective work could not have been done in developing export trade, for the want of transportation of our own. A fallacious idea has prevailed as to the best markets for our surplus agricultural products. Because Great Britain has hitherto been the largest buyer of our food articles and raw materials, there are those who believe our best interest lies in promoting trade with that country; but she need not come to us for articles of food or for raw materials, except cotton. The United Kingdom and Ireland produce wheat enough to supply their people to the extent of 2½ bushels

to the person. Per capita consumption in the United States, where nearly all the population daily eat wheat bread, is but 5 bushels, while in those countries it is a rarity to more than a moiety of the people. India and Australia export from 45,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels of wheat per annum, and they are dependencies of Great Britain. British America exports wheat, and there are such railway and steamship facilities that the mother country can obtain it there at less cost than from us. The Argentine Republic exports 12,000,000 bushels, which are taken largely in exchange for British manufactures. Austria-Hungary, France, Italy and Spain are exporters of wheat, and Russia, on the average, exports 25,000,000 bushels more than we do. Ordinarily, Germany raises breadstuffs enough for her own people. Europe, on the average, produces 1,250,000,000 bushels of wheat, which is sufficient for the people of that continent. It is not to any great extent that Great Britain buys of us to feed her own people, but she does purchase largely to supply countries to which we should export directly. She is a dealer, and finding out what all countries want, she arranges to supply them. She can do this, because she has the means of transportation, her tonnage being equal to that of all other nations combined. European people must have our cotton, because nothing yet produced in the world can take its place. If we manufacture it, all other nations would be compelled to accept it in fabric, as they now do in the bale. What a vast field for employment would be opened to our people, and what immense wealth would come to the country, if all our cotton were manufactured at home and then sold abroad!

The best trade is that between nations whose productions are different. It would not be sensible for one farmer to seek to sell to another whose products are the same as his own. There is not much of importance produced in Europe, which we do not or cannot produce, and therefore the people over there need not buy of us, barring cotton, nor we of them, to any great extent, except there is an unusual condition, such as poor crops or a state of war. There is an adverse balance of trade with France because we buy her wines and silks; with Germany, because we buy her sugar; and with Italy, because we import her fruits—all of which we are able to produce for ourselves. These are only some of the commodities imported from those countries, and with which we should supply ourselves. If our industries, manufacturing and agricultural, were properly diversified and enlarged, there would be little that we should need of European produce. We have been expending, annually, $15,000,000 for oranges, lemons, raisins, olives, figs, preserved fruits and nuts, which California alone can produce in sufficient quantities to supply the whole country. The protection afforded by the McKinley law will shortly enable us to avoid this outlay, and cause the fifteen million dollars to be paid to Californians and Floridians, instead of foreigners.

Generally, in trade with Great Britain, there is a large balance of trade in our favor; in 1891, it amounted to $250,000,000, yet in that year we shipped her $60,000,000 in gold which were used to square our trade accounts with other countries. We send more gold there than to all other nations, because trade balances of the world are paid in London. Through English banks we pay balances to Germany, France and other European States, and also to Brazil, Cuba, the East and West Indies, Mexico, the northern States of South America, Central America, China, Japan and many other countries. The gold of the world concenters in London, and is there distributed, because Great Britain through her ubiquitous merchant marine has control of the channels of commerce. The gold standard

of value originated in that country, and it will be maintained so long as she remains the commercial clearing house of the world.

Adverse balances of trade do not arise in Europe as a whole, but in countries elsewhere. In 1891, we bought of Brazil (I use round numbers) $83,000,000, and sold her $14,000,000: of Cuba $64,000,000, and sold her $12,000,000; of Mexico $41,000,000 and sold her $14,000,000; of the Central American States $9,500,000, and sold them $6,000,000; of the Hawaiian Islands $14,000,000, and sold them $5,000,000. The balance against us in China was $10,500,000 and in Japan $14,000,000. Outside of Europe the aggregate of balances against us was about $200,000,000. In 1892, the aggregate was considerably less, because, through reciprocity in large part, our exports were increased $145,000,000. Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, Central America, China, Japan, the East and West Indies, Hawaiian and Phillipine Islands, Oceanica, and the northern States of South America produce many things that we cannot, and which we consume; and we produce much that they cannot. None of them raise largely of breadstuffs and provisions, nor do they manufacture except in a comparatively small way and to supply a few wants. Conditions in those countries forbid, or are unfavorable to manufacturing on an extensive scale. Trade with them consists almost wholly of an exchange of commodities. It is in enlargement of direct trade with them that all danger of adverse balances will be removed. Considering these facts, one cannot be otherwise than impressed with the importance of making vigorous efforts to manufacture in larger quantity and in greater variety, in order to be able to supply those countries.

It was but natural that in the past the greatest efforts should have been made to find markets abroad for the products of agriculture, because the country had little else to sell. The farmers did not for a long time seem to understand that domestic markets are better for them than foreign, or that it is best for both that producer and consumer should live near each other in order to save the cost of transportation. A thousand artisans or laborers in this country will consume more than the same number in Europe, because they receive more wages and can afford to live better. Therefore, producers of breadstuffs, provisions, fruits and vegetables, and raw materials should favor the policy that will increase the number of consumers at home and transfer the surplus labor from the field to the shop and mill. If this policy is pursued, the day is not distant when the country will not be over-burdened with agricultural products. Consumption is rapidly approaching equality with production. When it has reached that point, it will be important that we should be able to pay for the necessaries of life, which must be procured in other lands, with manufactures. Because there were large surpluses of farm products, the McKinley law was framed and adopted by the Republican party so as to give better protection to agriculture than any previous tariff measure. While nearly three-fourths of our exports are agricultural products, nearly one-half in value is cotton. All our surpluses of food articles, which will stand transportation for a considerable distance, can be disposed of to countries south and west to better advantage than to other parts of the world. Reciprocity is based upon the idea of developing such a trade. In many lines our ability to produce raw materials is practically limitless, and agriculturists will find it immensely to their interest to produce sugar, wool, hides and fruits, which we now largely import.

The legislation of the fifty-first Congress is admirably adapted to the growth of industry and commerce without the imposition of unnecessary burdens upon the people. The Tariff

Act places in the non-dutiable schedules all necessaries of life impracticable of production at home. High duties are put upon luxuries, because they are mainly consumed by those who are able to bear the expense. Upon such commodities as we can reasonably produce, the duties are just high enough to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, which difference is chiefly, if not wholly, one of wages. Such duties simply equalize conditions and render monopoly in production impossible either at home or abroad. The only departure from this principle is in imposing higher duties to protect new and infantile industries until they are able to compete with foreign producers. Benefits are bestowed upon agriculturists and manufacturers with impartiality. If, as General Hancock said, the tariff is a local question, California is more interested in it than almost any part of the nation. There are numerous industries which are benefited by protection; and in looking through the McKinley law, one cannot avoid being impressed with the idea that the Republican Congress which enacted it legislated liberally with reference to the interest of California, the empire Pacific State. This will appear more clearly and forcibly by contrasting the law with the Act of 1883 and the Mills bill. The duties are raised on wool, brandy, sparkling wines, grapes, raisins, figs, nuts, and generally on green and preserved fruits; particularly is this true in contrast with the Mills bill. There is hardly a California industry that is not protected. The spirit of the law is to assure compensatory wages to the laborer, and to capital reasonable remuneration.

The legislation of that Congress would have been incomplete if the Tariff Act had not been supplemented by one that encourages the creation of an American merchant marine. The benefits of industrial legislation would not be realized in full measure, unless something were done to give impetus to commercial development. It is not far from the exact truth to say, that we are paying to foreign shipowners $100,000,000 per annum for transportation of our passengers and freight upon the high seas. It is an outlay that should be avoided; a depletion that should not be endured. No nation can succeed in competitive traffic which must depend upon rivals for the means of transportation. Ships are handmaids to foreign commerce. The carrying trade upon the seas is controlled by European nations. To them the cost of transportation is less than to Americans, because the wages of their seamen are less; and added to this is the fact that the principal maritime powers afford pecuniary aid to their steamship lines engaged in trade between the great distributing centers of the world. Great Britain does this through postal estimates, France by tonnage bounties, and Germany, Italy and Spain, by direct subsidies. These are the conditions under which our people must compete for a status in the carrying trade upon the seas. It has been proposed to admit foreign built ships to an American registry. Such a measure would be but slightly beneficial, as the difference in the cost of construction is now but eight per cent, according to the statement of Senator Gorman of Maryland recently made in the Senate; and it would be unwise, because to purchase foreign ships, instead of building them at home, would give employment to foreign instead of American mechanics, involving the payment of money to other people when it should be expended at home. We now have yards, established under difficulty and great expense, which are capable of turning out the best quality of ships, and we are able to produce shipbuilding materials in the greatest abundance. The fifty-first Congress authorized the Postmaster-General to contract for carrying the mail for a series of years, and to pay liberally for the service, in order to induce Amer-

icans to put competitive lines upon the ocean; and one of the conditions is, that the Government may take the ships for naval uses, in case of war. It is a measure which is necessary, because other nations grant pecuniary assistance to their steamship lines. If the law is permitted to stand, and is faithfully executed, it will tend strongly to the creation of a merchant marine worthy a nation of our greatness and power. Its value can hardly be overestimated. All the ship-owners and officers will be interested solicitors of trade for their countrymen. Our exportations will be direct and we cannot be embarrassed by rivals.

The policy thus inaugurated, if adhered to, will give larger employment to our people, strengthen our finances, assure an honorable and influential position in the world's commerce, a power in diplomacy, and a position in the politics of nations, to which we are entitled from our unequaled wealth, from the intelligence of the people and the freedom of our institutions.

THE CONQUEROR WORM.

BY ROSE MAYNARD DAVID.

But who created thee, thou vampire Worm?
What need was voiced that thou, too, should'st appear
In hideous form of matter animate,
With power to crumble the deserted throne—
Base scavenger of transitory fame
Existing where we once invested mind,
And trembling held as lord of that domain—

What funeral processes are yours
Thou tiniest form of law immutable!
Consuming buried hopes toward greater ends—
Manipulate bold atoms into dust—
E'en empty shells where once have reigned vast powers,
You enter there and devastate all form,
Reducing all unto thine own, O Worm!

Brave forager of unknown darks and depths!
No mystery remains proof to your lens,
The first and last in germ of life extant;
Of form the one eternally to endure
There's nothing holds to self its purposed power
More lasting, omnipresent, than thou art.

We crown you king and conqueror of earth!
This myriad peopled pedestal, your throne!

OUR COMMERCIAL GROWTH AND THE TARIFF.*

FROM A DEMOCRATIC STANDPOINT.

BY HON. STEPHEN M. WHITE.

THE Editor of THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has requested me to give an abstract of my views relative to the very interesting article by Mr. R. H. McDonald Jr., entitled: "Commercial Growth the result of a Republican Tariff"

Mr. McDonald says much which cannot be successfully disputed, and which, I conceive, points to a conclusion differing radically from that which he has reached. I quote: "Ever since the Phœnicians gained great wealth from commerce, the magnitude of foreign trade has been deemed the measure of a nation's material prosperity." Again, "Results so beneficial have been achieved without the aid of an adequate merchant marine. In fact, we have been so dependent upon foreigners and rivals for transportation, that in the last fiscal year six-sevenths of our foreign commerce were carried in foreign bottoms." Again: "We have relied too much on exporting products of agriculture. Indeed, our people have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade. Because we produce some things that other countries do not or cannot, they have been quite content to let others come to us. The most effective work could not have been done for the want of transportation." The summary given of our trade balances with Brazil, Cuba, Mexico, the Central American States, the Hawaiian Islands, China and Japan, is not encouraging, and does not indicate "commercial growth." I will endeavor to follow Mr. McDonald's argument, and ascertain whether he is justified in sounding the praises of the McKinley bill, and other kindred Republican fiscal legislation. He states: "The policy pursued from Washington to Polk was measurably successful in preventing diminution of our money resources." Also: "In 1846, a new policy was inaugurated which checked industrial growth, and the War of the Rebellion swept our shipping from the sea. * * * In 1862, the policy which was advo-

*In the preparation of this article, I have freely consulted Mr. Moffet's very able tariff articles, also the valuable statistical information lately published in the "Examiner," and several publications of Hon. David A. Wells.

cated by Washington and all the other Presidents down to Polk, was restored."

Much has been written during this campaign with reference to the policy alleged to have been advocated by Washington and other Presidents. Every student knows, or ought to know, that no such tariff as the present was thought of in our earlier history. No one then dreamed that in hours of tranquillity the power of the Federal Government would be deliberately used to make rich men richer and poor men poorer. Republican leaders direct our attention to the preamble of the Tariff Act of 1789; viz: "Whereas, it is necessary for the support of this Government, for the discharge of the debts of the United States and the encouragement and protection of manufactures, that duties be laid, etc." This preamble must be interpreted by the Act which accompanied it. The duties there prescribed ranged from 5 to 15 per cent. It is therefore patent that it was the idea of "the fathers" that manufacturers might receive such protection as incidentally followed a tariff for revenue only. The Democracy proposes no such moderate tariff as that to which Washington gave his indorsement. The schedule there approved would now be called rank free trade. The tariff of 1790 averaged 11 per cent; that of 1791, 13½ per cent. In 1809, the severest duty was 24¾ per cent. An investigation of all of our revenue acts will prove that it was not until the year 1816, immediately after the close of the war of 1812, that a substantial effort was made in the protection line; and yet the enactments there adopted, with possibly one or two exceptions, were less protective than the Mills Bill. Formerly, whenever protection was spoken of reference was had to real "infant industries." The bogus infantile creations of protective Republicanism had not been developed. But the policy of President Washington, mild as it was, did not meet the unqualified acquiescence of the statesmen of his time. Mr. Jefferson withdrew from the Cabinet, in 1793, upon the distinct ground that he would not be held even indirectly responsible for the doctrine of Alexander Hamilton, as announced in that statesman's report on manufactures. But even Hamilton did not believe in never-ending protection. His idea, as expressed in his report, was that while the payment of bounties for the encouragement of new industrial undertakings was advisable, their "continuance on manufactures long established was most questionable." When this Republic was younger, and it was impossible to know, and not very easy to surmise the best policy to be adopted, especially upon tariff subjects, views were sometimes expressed the inaccurate character of which experience has made apparent.

I challenge the correctness of Mr. McDonald's statement that the policy inaugurated in 1846 checked industrial growth, or had any other effect than to promote national progress. In the ten years which elapsed between 1850 and 1860, our national wealth doubled. It has required thirty years of Republican rule to reach a similar result. In 1850, the per capita estimate of wealth was $261; in 1860, $384; while at the end of thirty years from 1850, there was an advance of only $3.00—$387. During the ten-year period above mentioned, the appreciation in farms was 10½ per cent. During the succeeding twenty years it was but 2½ per cent. But possibly Mr. McDonald refers specially to manufactures, in his attack upon the Democratic tariff. If so, the facts do not bear him out. In 1850, the capital employed in manufactures was $533,000,000 (round figures). In 1860, the amount had increased to $1,009,000,000. Thus it will be observed that the capital invested in manufactures during that low-tariff decade almost doubled; and the same may be said regarding the wages paid and the number of employes engaged. In the succeeding twenty years of high tariff the capital in manufactures

but little more than doubled; while the commerce of our country, which, as Mr. McDonald says, since the days of the Phœnicians "has been deemed the measure of a nation's material prosperity," really prospered from 1850 to 1860, and has been, as he admits, in a sadly depressed state ever since. It is true that in 1857 there was a financial panic, but this was due to causes disconnected with tariff legislation. That very year Charles Sumner, Hamilton Fish and Henry Wilson voted for a reduced tariff. In the decade of 1850–1860 our exports increased 135 per cent. In the thirty succeeding years, or to 1890, the increase has been only 167 per cent. From 1850 to 1860 the amount exported much more than doubled, and this achievement was not repeated until 1879. The tonnage of United States vessels, in 1850, was 3,535,454; in 1860, 5,353,868. Tonnage in foreign trade, in 1850, 1,439,694; in 1860, 2,379,396. In 1890, the tonnage of United States vessels had fallen to 4,424,496, and the foreign trade tonnage to 928,062. This certainly is an appalling condition of affairs from a business standpoint.

Our Republican friends blame the war for these consequences. But the war is over. It was concluded many years ago. Prominent business men of the present day were born after the scene at Appomattox. There never was a country better situated to recuperate from the effects of a conflict than the United States; and yet we find, as Mr. McDonald very truly tells us, that now "six-sevenths of our foreign commerce are carried in foreign bottoms." We are promised that the McKinley bill will cure all this, but the evil exists, and it exists not only in spite of Republican legislation, but because of it. The Republican party was in power when the Rebellion terminated, and with the exception of Mr. Cleveland's incumbency it has held the government ever since. Why has it not done something for commerce for Lo! these many years? There is nothing backward or bashful about the ordinary McKinleyite. He is prepared to claim everything. The United States has progressed in defiance of Republican legislation. The corner-stone of the edifice may be placed upon the oak's expanding roots, the tree will grow, and will even shatter the unnatural superstructure; but the imposition of the burden will not facilitate healthy development. The forces of nature will in time prevail, without, however, accomplishing perfect or natural results. No one will deny that our country is beneficially located. Great rivers, grand lakes, numerous and splendid harbors, rich soil, minerals of all kinds in abundance; in short, all things suggestive of commercial greatness are ours. There is no inaptitude upon the part of our people. It is the fault of the Republican party that "they have not displayed their wonted energy in building up export trade." It has been possible for other countries to outstrip us and levy tribute upon us, to capture our carrying trade, simply because of pernicious legislation. Just before each session of Congress a number of wealthy Republican manufacturers meet and arrange for a new infant industry, whose continuous growth will bring about individual aggrandizement as the result of general taxation. These infants are to remain forever unweaned. They are not destined for death or even maturity. Take the condition of affairs in San Francisco. There are at this time in her bay and at Port Costa a number of vessels preparing to remove our grain crop. It is estimated that the fleet of 1891–2 will carry nearly $22,000,000 worth of wheat, and about $1,700,000,000 worth of flour; the total aggregating a freight capacity of over 438,000 tons, of the value of about $23,500,000. The cost of transporting this crop will be about $5,226,000, or nearly 25 per cent. of the total worth. The bulk of this transportation money goes into the pockets of

Englishmen, whose tariff system our Republican friends are daily criticising, but whose ability to earn money by means of that tariff system is recognized the world over. Mr. McDonald refers to the immense productive capacity of our country, and to the difficulty which England experiences in conducting her affairs, because the bulk of her exports consist of manufactures made to a large extent from imported articles. That we have immense natural advantages no one can dispute. But it is novel to claim that our prolific crops are the result of the McKinley bill. Our adversaries will maintain that favorable seasons (good winters, as we call them), are produced by Republican legislation, and that a drouth is sure to result from fear of Democratic supremacy.

Our tariff legislation is behind the age. The Protectionist insists that Democracy is seeking to bring the country down to the level of England; that we are imitators of the British free-traders, etc. In the first place, free trade is not advocated by the Democratic party. A tariff for revenue only, and that means a very large collection, is the insistence of Grover Cleveland. England, which is usually called a free trade country, raises one-fourth of her revenue from her custom houses. The actual receipts from taxes for the year ending March 31st, 1891, were $367,890,000, of which $97,400,000 were derived from customs duties, excise or internal revenue yielding $123,940,000. The United States, on the other hand, throws the burden of taxation upon imports as follows: Customs receipts, fiscal year 1891, $219,522,205; internal revenue, $145,686,250. For many years prior to 1842 the fiscal system of Great Britain was rigidly protective. The number of articles on the tariff list as late as 1840 exceeded 1,500, of which more than 400 were the raw materials of British manufactures. There were likewise export duties and prohibition of exports. Smuggling penalties were high, and there was no mercy displayed in enforcing the revenue laws. England then had a system of navigation laws upon which our present suicidal scheme was modeled. What was the issue? From 1815, when all the great wars in which she had been engaged were over, when she had as much influence over the affairs of the world as she has ever enjoyed, England proceeded under a protective tariff policy until 1842, and during the twenty-seven intervening years of comparative peace, her business affairs experienced such stagnation that bankruptcy was threatened. In 1815, her exports of manufactures and produce were £51,610,480; and in 1841 the increase was scarcely worth taking into account, the amount being £24,143 ($120,715). According to Mr. Noble, whose work upon English fiscal legislation is recognized authority, the effect of this condition of affairs, the legitimate result of the policy now imitated by the Republican party, was to close mills and workshops, depreciate property values, paralyze shipping and drive starving laborers to the poorhouse. In 1841, Sir Robert Peel took the first step toward reducing import duties, and by the Act of 1842 there was an abatement of the imposition upon seven hundred and fifty articles. The result was at once apparent. A deficiency in the national revenue of $12,105,000 in 1841 was converted into a surplus of $17,045,000 in 1845. The duties on wool, particularly, which had been maintained for more than two hundred years, were wholly repealed in 1844, and in 1845 more than four hundred articles, mostly raw materials, were added to the free list. British navigation laws of a restrictive character were abrogated in 1849, with the exception of several relating entirely to the coasting trade, and these were eliminated from the statute book in 1854. Mr. Disraeli bitterly opposed the repeal of the navigation laws, and declared with the high protectionists who had preceded him, and who prognosticated innumerable evils as the result of the acts of

the Peel Cabinet, that the nation was in danger. There was great opposition to any reduction of import duties. But the protest did not come from the poorer or middle classes, or from the body of the people. Mr. Justin McCarthy, the present leader of the Irish Home Rule Party, in his well-known work, "History of our own Times," says: "The corn laws, as all the world now admits, were a cruel burden on the poor and the working classes of England. They who were the uncompromising opponents of free trade at that time are proud to be its uncompromising zealots now. Indeed, there is no more chance for a reaction against free trade than there is against the rule of three." Says Mr. Gladstone: "When the free trade reform began, trade increased to a degree unexampled in the history of the world. Periods of distress have been due to special causes which were beyond human agency to deal with. Such times of hardship have become almost, if not absolutely, unknown, owing to the blessed effects of free trade. The country has made a great step forward and will not go back."

The expression "free trade" is used by these statesmen in a relative sense, since England has never ceased to collect a large custom revenue. Charles Sumner, the great Republican leader, wrote to Cobden congratulating him upon his fiscal victories. He said: "I am happy in your true success. You are the great volunteer with something in your hand better than a musket. This commercial treaty seems like a harbinger of glad tidings. Let that go into full operation and the war system must be discontinued." Does anyone believe that Charles Sumner, holding these views, would have supported the McKinley bill? He favored a war tariff in war; he would not have favored a war tariff in peace. Mr. Garfield did not hesitate to publicly declare that he favored that sort of a tariff which would ultimately lead to free trade. But what was the consequence of the repeal of the McKinley legislation of Great Britain? The effect was not only remarkable and favorable, but almost instantaneous. The aggregate exports and imports of Great Britain which were £123,312,000 in 1840 rose to £268,210,000 in 1854; £489,903,000 in 1865; £697,000,000 in 1880; and £748,000,000 ($3,744,715,000) in 1890. This must be admitted to be a pretty good showing. The population of the United Kingdom, on April 5th, 1891, was 37,888,153. The total area in square miles is 121,481, more than 36,000 square miles less than the State of California. And with this population Great Britain has a commerce equal to that of Austria, France, Germany and Italy combined, although the aggregate population of those countries is about 160,000,000. Prior to the removal of the restrictions on her commerce in 1842 the merchant marine tonnage of England had been long almost stationary. While it did not present, perhaps, such a woeful condition as that afforded by the United States, still no progress was observed. Between 1842 and 1849 there was a gain of nearly 450,000 tons. There was a rise from 3,485,000 tons in 1849 to 4,284,000 tons in 1854; 4,806,000 in 1861; 5,694,000 in 1871; 6,574,000 in 1880; and 7,759,000 in 1890. It is estimated that the total tonnage of the British merchant marine is now in excess of 10,000,000. Before the repeal of her ridiculous navigation laws from which ours have been practically copied, Great Britain was the proprietor of one-third of the shipping of the world. To-day she owns about two-thirds, and of the steam tonnage about 75 per cent. We are often referred to the extent of the deposits in our savings-banks; and Mr. McDonald alludes to our seemingly favorable balance of trade. He does not mention the trade balance in gold and silver for the last fifteen years.

It may be well in this connection to consider the relative condition of our savings-deposits. The natural advantages of the United States are, as we

all admit, remarkable and unrivaled. Hence, we ought to make an unequaled financial showing. The tax returns of England prove that the recipients of incomes of $5,000 and upwards are decreasing, while the increase in the number of those whose incomes are small is far greater than the percentage increase of population. This, of course, means more equality in distribution. The tendency of the United States appears to be the other way. It has been shown that between 25,000 and 30,000 persons out of a population of more than 60,000 own half the wealth of this Republic. The gold to which Mr. McDonald refers must have been and must be flowing into the pockets of this exclusive class. In 1890, the deposits in our savings-banks were $1,438,000,000, or in the ratio of $22.82 per head. The deposits, in 1888, in the savings-banks and provident institutions of England, were estimated at $1,075,000,000, or in the ratio of $28.28 per head. One among the many effects of the repeal in 1842, of the English McKinley measure, is found in the fact that there was then one able-bodied pauper to every 38 of the population of England and Wales. In 1890, the ratio was one in 300. Hence, there has evidently been a marked decrease in pauperism in England and Scotland. But if we are to believe the Census return for 1890, pauperism has increased in the United States; and I have the authority of Hon. David A. Wells for the statement that "there is not a city or town in England in which the percentage of returned pauperism is as large as the City of Hartford in New England." It is somewhat remarkable that, in 1885 one person in every 4,100 of the population of the British Isles was a convict. In 1890, the proportion in Massachusetts was one to every 461; and we are told that in this country many of our criminals escape. While it is true that numbers of our laborers receive excellent wages. this is not because of protective legislation. They are paid whatever their labor is worth in the market. Labor is not protected. The man who is running the so-called protected industry takes the benefits of legislation.

He pays his employé whatever the market rate may be. Indeed, if it were not for labor organizations, supplemented by the skill required in manufacturing institutions, those who constitute the actual bone and sinew of the land would indeed be poorly compensated. The fact is that the best-paid laborers in the United States are not in any way connected with protection, unless it be as tax contributors. But if the reward of toil has advanced in this country, it must be remembered that in England, since 1842, wages of all classes have gone forward 100 per cent; and some of our best statisticians claim that of recent years the advance has been more rapid there than in the United States. It might also be noted, as a circumstance tending to show general prosperity, that the amount of life insurance in Great Britain is greater than in any other country. It is no answer to all this to say: "Then if you are such an admirer of England, why do you not go there?" Ours is the greatest of nations, notwithstanding Congressional blunders. The foregoing figures are not the result of any admiration for Great Britain. I am merely stating facts. It is aggravating to a patriotic American to see his Government adopting a policy which must retard the country's growth. It is exasperating to find that a foreign land, possessing no natural advantages over us, and whose people are neither as skillful or persevering as those of the United States, can make such a favorable showing. When we reflect that England proper has a population of more than 540 to the square mile, and that our people number only 18 to the square mile; when we look about us and comprehend all that nature has done for us, and see how little we are doing for ourselves in economic matters; when we remember that with all our freedom and all our intelligence, we are

diverting vast wealth from the pockets of the masses into the coffers of selected millionaires, our sense of duty —our common sense—must bid us pause. That we are happier and better off than any other people is proof of our great endurance and our limitless resources.

Says Mr. McDonald: "The legislation of the fifty-first Congress is admirably adapted to the growth of industries and commerce. It does not impose unnecessary burdens on the people. * * * Upon such commodities as we can produce, the duties are only sufficiently high to make up the difference in the cost of production in this and foreign countries, which difference is mostly, if not wholly, one of wages." The McKinley bill, as I think I have shown, is admirably adapted to interfere with the growth of our commerce. The assertion that the tariff upon such commodities as we can reasonably produce is sufficiently high to make up the difference in the cost of production here and in foreign countries, which difference consists principally in wages, is a mistake. The Minneapolis platform announces this doctrine; but as there are many people who fail to practice what they preach, so the Republican party announces a rule in its platform which it has never carried out. Thus the duty on steel rails is fixed by the McKinley bill at $13.44 per ton. Mr. Carroll D. Wright, U.S. Commissioner of Labor, reported to the Senate on August 13, 1890, (See Senate Miscellaneous Documents, No. 212,) that the entire labor cost in this country of the production of a ton of steel rails is $11.59; so that if the British manufacturer gets all his labor for nothing, the McKinley bill gives Mr. Carnegie and his associates $1.85 per ton, besides the cost of freight, insurance, commissions, etc. But the cost to the British manufacturer to make the same material, as far as the labor is concerned, is $7.81; therefore, the labor cost of a ton of steel rails in the United States is $3.78 more than it is in England. So, if we accept the Republican platform theory, which seems to be adopted in the article which I am considering, the tariff ought to be $3.78 instead of $13.44. But taking into account not only labor cost, but all other differences, Commissioner Wright declares that the net cost in this country is $24.66 per ton, and in England $18.61 per ton—difference, $6.05; leaving a net tariff excess, over this aggregate difference, of $7.39. This is a mere sample of the insincerity of the tariff lords, and of the inaccuracy of those who advocate their interests.

Woolen clothing must be considered a necessary of life; yet, with the exception of spirituous liquors, it is made the principal source of revenue. One dollar out of every five in our tariff tax is exacted from this essential. Of all our revenue from taxation, more than one-ninth is drawn from taxes upon wool and woolen goods. It is estimated that $41,000,000 of taxes are gathered upon an importation of $60,000,000 worth of wool and woolens. In 1891, there were some $338,000,000 worth of woolen goods made in this country, which were protected by a duty under the McKinley bill exceeding $80.00 on the $100.00 worth; and yet wool-growing is not profitable. We have not sufficient raw material in this country to supply our wants. We cannot get what we need without paying extravagant duties. We must buy foreign-made articles, or purchase them from those who have secured the enactment of the McKinley bill. And somehow it happens that the legislation of the fifty-first Congress has not made the wool-growers happy. As to the assertion that raisins, oranges, etc., can be raised at a profit, because of Republican legislation, it may well be doubted whether much benefit is derived from the tariff thus imposed. But in any event, as the Democratic platform demands a tariff for revenue only, and as these articles must be considered luxuries, a high duty will be imposed upon imports of that class.

Although Mr. McKinley placed an additional half cent on imported raisins, yet the market price of the article has actually fallen. Probably this may be cited as an instance of the beneficial effect of protection. When a protected article becomes cheaper, our Republican brethren declare that its cheapness is due to protection. When it is high, they declare, on the other hand, that protection causes the high price. It will not be claimed, I imagine, that the object of the tariff on raisins is to reduce their value. As illustrating the McKinley method of establishing industries, Republicans are fond of declaring that all our tinware will soon be manufactured in the United States on account of the enormous duty imposed upon tinplate, and that the pearl-button business will rapidly attain large proportions.

What is meant by establishing or creating an industry? It is certain that the industry has not heretofore existed, because the market price of its product would not justify its maintenance. But why do such industries exist now? Manifestly for the reason that the law has increased the market price of their product by taxing the consumer. This may be beneficial to the handful engaged in the enterprise, but it is onerous to the people at large who are involuntarily supporting a class of persons who have no more claim upon the nation than those who raise wheat or corn or potatoes. The tin iniquity is familiar to all. Every man who has constructed the smallest tin roof, since the McKinley bill went into effect, can see the point. He knows that he pays more for his roof, and he knows that as a consumer he pays the tax. A very prominent merchant in New York, whose establishment is at 476 Broadway, made the following statement to the Committee on Ways and Means of the present House, regarding the difference in rates between the McKinley bill and the Act of March 3, 1883, as regards imported pearl-buttons: The foreign value of a given package in 1883 was $322.00; duty 25 per cent—$80.50. In 1890 the duty amounted to $1009.25. Another imported package of the same article in value amounted to $2,871, and the duty in 1883 was $717.75. The duty alone on the same package in 1890 was $5,020.89. Now, when the storekeeper on Broadway sells these buttons to the public, he does not sell them at a loss. Hence his patrons contribute this enormous sum for the benefit of a few gentlemen who have started a pearl-button establishment in Detroit. And still it is said that the McKinley bill "does not impose unnecessary burdens upon the people." I might multiply instances by the page and by the hour, but limited space forbids.

Republican protectionists assume to be very friendly to the American farmer, and declare that an additional tariff has been laid upon wheat for his benefit. But what advantage does the farmer derive from this additional tariff? Are not the wheat fleet and the flour fleet to which I have directed attention, preparing to sail to Liverpool? And does not the American farmer there meet the almost slave labor of India, and the miserably paid Russian? And are not the prices which he there receives, regulated by the English demand and supply? The farmer pays tariff on everything he uses, but he makes no profit by the legislation. There is nothing in it for him. If a San Diego rancher goes into Mexico and buys a mustang worth $30.00 there, he must pay $30.00 in order to bring his horse home. Thus he finds himself possessed of a $60.00 animal, which across the line is worth $30.00. The farmers through the country have been sold so often by the Republican party that they are protesting vigorously. If the wheat fleet already adverted to might go to Liverpool bearing the product of our soil (which grows not because of the McKinley bill,) there to receive in exchange the commodities which are needed at home, the materials which

farmers consume and require, and which are now practically barred out by law, would not the agriculturalist be benefited thereby?

Here may be illustrated the delusive character of the balance of trade argument in which protectionists indulge.

Let us assume that California's wheat crop is worth $23,000,000 in Liverpool, and that its owners instead of getting gold for it make a wise bargain with their English customers and take and bring home in exchange English goods worth $25,000,000. Here, evidently, the balance of trade appearing against us is $2,000,000, and yet that sum represents gain resulting from barter in excess of the gold value of the article sold.

The assertion made by Mr. McDonald to the effect that reciprocity is reducing our trade losses with South America is strongly confirmatory of the position which I have taken. The Republican party never thought of reciprocity until Mr. Blaine stamped it on the McKinley bill and declared that the time had come when the American producer must get some benefit. Reciprocity merely gives us a taste of the benefits of freer trade. We oppose the reciprocity features of the McKinley bill, among the reasons, because it is there sought to vest in the President dangerous powers, and because the retaliatory spirit of the enactment is unworthy of the age. If some of the unfortunate Republics south of us are compelled, in consequence of their requirements or improvidence, to make bread higher and scarcer to their people, then we will make leather and sugar higher to our people. Against such conduct Washington warned us in his farewell address. He said: "Harmony and a liberal intercourse with all nations are recommended by policy, humanity and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing."

Reciprocity, however, is valuable as demonstrating the benefits which would follow more generous legislation. Belgium, containing about the population of the Empire State, and smaller in area, shows imports and exports amounting annually to $582,000,000. It is true that Austria, Bulgaria, Italy, Portugal, Roumania and Servia do not surpass the United States in the proportion of commerce to population. But we must not, because we are doing better than Servia, become vain or boastful. The Republican idea seems to be to avoid trading with populous and rich nations. In 1891, the United Kingdom imported 4,838,991 quarters of wheat from the United States; very nearly 2,000,000 quarters in excess of that derived from Russia, and more than 2,000,000 quarters above the importation from India. One of the most iniquitous results of the Republican protective policy is found in the circumstance that our manufacturers sell many of the articles made by them in this country to foreigners far cheaper than they do to the tax-ridden American. Mr. Farquhar, who is one of the wealthiest and most successful manufacturers of agricultural implements in the United States, frankly admits this, but nevertheless declares that he prefers a modification of the tariff, as the free importation of raw materials would enable him to compete with British manufacturers anywhere. He says that he sells manufactured articles to consumers in South America and Mexico from ten to twenty-five per cent. cheaper than to his United States patrons.

The Ann Arbor Agricultural Implement Company, through its advertisements in the Spanish edition of the *American Mail*, offers standard agricultural implements at enormously reduced rates to Spanish consumers. A few of the relative prices are here given.

	Spanish Price.	American Price.
Advance Plow,.....	$9.00	18.00
Advance Plow,.....	4.00	8.00
Hay Tedder,.....	30.00	45.00
Mower,.....	40.00	65.00
Horse Rake,.....	17.00	25.00
Cumming Feed Cutter, No. 3	60.00	90.00
Ann Arbor Cutter, No. 2.....	28.00	40.00
Ann Arbor Cutter, No. 1.....	16.00	28.00
Clipper Cutter,.....	9.50	18.00
Lever Cutter,.....	4.25	8.00
Cultivator.....	22.00	30.00
Sweep,.....	60.00	90.00

Nearly all the large concerns in the country present similar records. And Mr. George Draper, a prominent Massachusetts manufacturer, so concedes in a pamphlet recently issued by the "American Protective Tariff League."

California Republicans have not always held the views which many of them now profess. In 1891, the Legislature of this State, which was largely Republican, passed a joint resolution requesting the removal of the tariff (truly called in the resolution *a tax*) upon grain-bags, burlaps, gunneys and gunney-cloth. (Statutes of 1891, page 525). But the Republicans in Congress heeded not the appeal.

The Democrats made an effort in the last Congress to procure the removal of the duty upon binding twine, but failed by reason of Republican opposition. President Jackson truly said (and he never did anything at the battle of New Orleans, or elsewhere, to indicate that he was very fond of England): "The corporations and wealthy individuals, who are engaged in large manufacturing establishments, desire a high tariff to increase their gains. Designing politicians will support it to conciliate their favor, and to obtain the means of a profuse expenditure for the purpose of purchasing influence in other quarters. * * * Do not allow yourselves, my fellow-citizens, to be misled on this subject. The Federal Government cannot collect a surplus for such purposes without violating the principles of the Constitution, and assuming powers which have not been granted. It is, moreover, a system of injustice, and if persisted in, will, inevitably, lead to corruption, and must end in ruin."

Republican protection is a fraud.

TRAFFIC IN WHITE GIRLS.

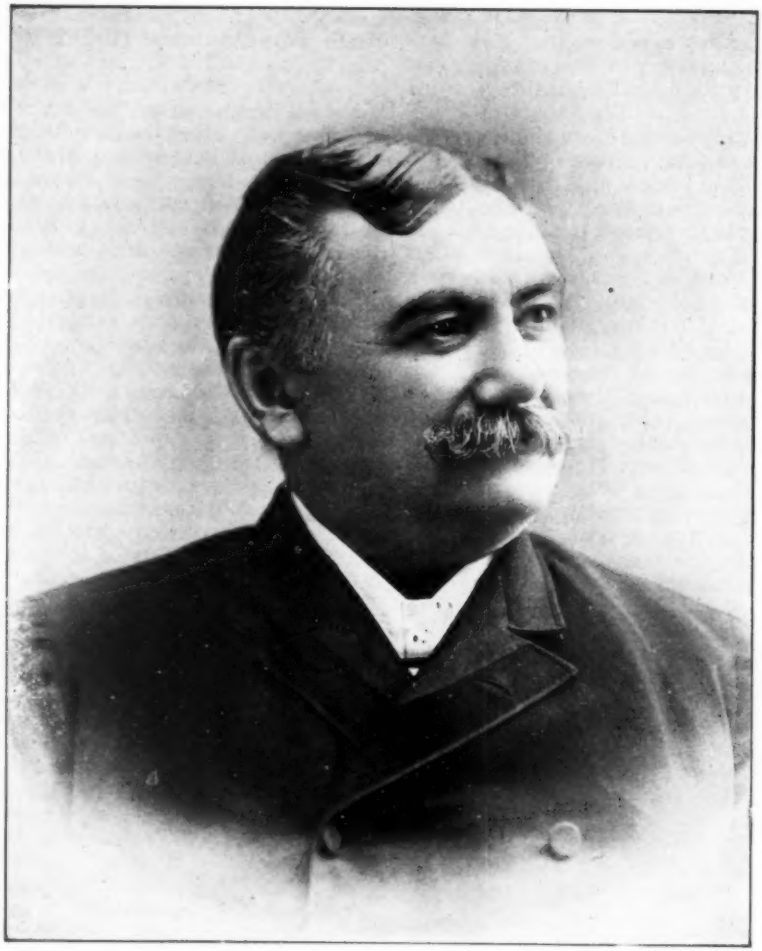
BY M. G. C. EDHOLM.

IN the February number of THE CALIFORNIAN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE appeared an article entitled "The Stain on the Flag," exposing the horrors of the life of Chinese slave-women. The purpose of this paper is to call the attention of the American people to the fact that we are not much better in this respect than the Chinese, and that there is maintained in all large cities in America and Europe a systematized traffic in white slaves almost, if not altogether equaling in horror the Chinese slavery. The only difference is that American and European nations call themselves civilized Christians, while the Chinese they denominate as barbarous heathens.

Two months in Florence Crittenton Mission in New York, founded by the famous evangelist and philanthropist, Charles N. Crittenton, for the rescue of erring girls, gave the writer an insight into the life of these white slaves that should bring a blush to manhood in America.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton whose Herculean labors for the rescue of erring girls is known around the world, and who spends through his Florence Crittenton Missions $25,000 a year to uplift these fallen ones, has stated that he learned from keepers of houses of infamy in Sacramento that just before the Legislature convened there was a special activity in the traffic of young girls, preparatory to the assembling of the State's Legislature. Every man of the world knows that the facts unblushingly admitted by the keepers of houses of ill-fame in Sacramento are repeated in every city of the United States, and fair young girls must in some way be secured as victims to be sacrificed to the lust of dissolute men. The average life of these girls is only five years, and then comes the horrible death from loathsome disease in a charity hospital and the nameless grave in the potter's field. With such an awful death-rate in the ranks of this army of victims the recruits must be many; and in America, Christian America! we have a body of men and women known as procurers, who make it the business of their lives to seduce, lure, ensnare, trap, drug and ruin innocent girls and imprison them in houses of prostitution. The proof that such a class of unclean vampires exists is found in the admissions of the law, which places heavy penalties upon their vile business, and in stories told by hundreds of victims who have escaped from the clutches of their captors to the refuge of Florence Crittenton Missions or other houses for the rescued. What we wish to impress, as the most important phase of this question, is that the traffic in girls is a business carried on systematically. If fathers and mothers knew this they would guard their daughters a thousand times more jealously than they do. Many fathers do know these facts, but they think so long as their own daughters are not molested the fate of thousands of other fathers' daughters need not concern them.

August Bebel in his profound work, "Woman in the Past, Present and Future," says: "The trade in woman's flesh has assumed enormous dimensions. It is carried on with a systematized organization on a most extensive scale, without attracting the attention of the police in the midst of all our culture and civilization. A host of brokers, agents, carriers of both sexes is engaged in the business with the same cold-bloodedness as though it were a question of any other article of sale. Birth certificates are forged and invoices made out, which



Charles N. Crittenton, Founder Florence Missions.

contain an exact description of the qualifications of the 'separate packages,' and which are handed to the carrier as a statement for the purchaser. The price depends, as in the case of other wares, on the quality, and the different categories are sorted and sent to different places and countries according to the tastes and demands of the customers. These agents make use of the most elaborate manipulations to avoid rousing the suspicion and incurring the pursuit of the police. And not unfrequently large sums are spent in closing the eyes of the officers of the law. Some such cases have become public, especially in Paris.

"Europe enjoys the reputation of stocking the woman market for the world. European women fill the harems of the Turks and the public brothels, from the interior of Siberia to Bombay, Singapore and New York." One writer, W. Joest, in his book of travels from Japan to Germany through Siberia, alluding to the German trade in girls, speaks as follows:

"People excite themselves, in our moral Germany, often enough about the slave-trade that is carried on by some West African Negro Prince, or about the condition of things in Cuba or Brazil. They would do better to take the beam out of their own eye, for in no country in the world is such a trade in white slaves carried on as in Germany and Austria; and from no country in the world are such numbers of these human wares exported. This enormous business is thoroughly organized. It is transacted by agents and commercial travelers, and if the ministers of Foreign Affairs were to demand reports from all the German Consuls very interesting statistical tables might be made out." Mr. Bebel, after quoting the above words, then says: "Similar complaints, too, have come from another quarter, which occasioned the German Reichstag, in its session of 1882–83, to pass a resolution requesting the Imperial Chancellor to unite with Holland in its endeavor to restrict and suppress this odious trade."

England and America cannot boast of much better morality, for the exposé in the *Pall Mall Gazette* by that splendid champion of womanhood, William T. Stead, proved the horrible traffic in girls for the lust of the English aristocracy, in which traffic mere children were bought and sold. This exposure thrilled the world with indignation at the awful evidence of truth. America, too, sustains just such a traffic, and thousands of girls are literally sold into the slavery of the brothel. An evangelist in New York City, once a dissipated man, but now dedicating his life to God, said he knew of one case where a drunken mother sold her own daughter to a rich libertine for $1,000; and he said, "I thought she was a big fool, for she might as well have gotten $2,000, for the girl was so pretty."

These girls are secured in various ways. Immoral literature is placed in the hands of hundreds of school children, and evil passions are aroused, often resulting in the ruin of girls and boys who their parents fondly imagine are as innocent as babes, of such foul sin. Anthony Comstock, the "Children's Friend," well known as the Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, by the destruction of immoral literature, has put out of existence tons of such utterly vile printed matter, and as utterly vile pictures, that make even a grown-up man shudder. The grand service this man has rendered humanity, risking his life again and again to bring to justice these foul corrupters of children's minds, can never be estimated. After the child's mind is debauched it is an easy matter to debauch the body, and thousands of our youth of both sexes are ruined by these vile books. Anthony Comstock could tell such tales of horror that every father and mother and teacher in our land would be on the alert against these pernicious books and their leprous vendors.

It is often supposed by the unthink-

ing that these girls willingly enter a life of shame. Such is not true. The Parisian Doctor Parent Duchatelet has made out an interesting statistical table containing an account of 5,000 erring girls, with a view to ascertaining the principal causes which drive

A. W. Dennett, Associate Founder of Florence Home.

girls to prostitution. He says: "Of these 5,000 girls, 1,440 had been driven to prostitution by want and misery; 1,250 had neither parents nor means of livelihood, and therefore belong to the first category; 80 prostituted themselves to support poor and aged parents; 1,400 were concubines deserted by their lovers; 400 girls were seduced by officers and soldiers and dragged to Paris; and 200 had been deserted by their lovers in an unfortunate condition. These figures and rubrics speak for themselves."

It is thus seen that 2,700, or more than half of these girls, were forced to sell themselves for bread, and nearly all the remainder were betrayed victims of seduction. Perhaps the whole question could not be better stated in a nutshell than by the author already quoted, August Bebel, whose great researches make his opinion authoritative:

"We only need to consider the miserable wages earned by the greater number of working women, wages upon which it is impossible to exist, and which the recipients are forced to eke out by prostitution to understand why things are as they are. Some employers are infamous enough to excuse the lowness of the salary by pointing to this means of indemnification. Such is the position of workwomen of all kinds, counting by hundreds of thousands. The Jus Primæ Noctis of feudal lords in the Middle Ages exists to-day in another shape. The sons of our cultured and well-to-do classes consider it for the most part their right to seduce and then desert the daughters of the people. These confiding and inexperienced girls, whose lives are friendless and

joyless, become too easily the victims of a brilliant and fascinating seducer. Disappointment and misery, and finally crime are the consequences. Suicide and infanticide among women are generally traceable to these causes. The numerous trials for child murder present a dark but instructive picture. A girl is led astray and heartlessly abandoned; helpless in desperation and shame she is driven to the last resource; she commits infant murder; is tried and condemned, and sentenced to final servitude or death. The unscrupulous man, the moral author of the crime, in reality the true murderer, is unpunished. He, probably, soon after marries the daughter of a "respectable family,' and becomes a much respected (?) man. There are many occupying positions of honor and dignity who have thus defiled their names and conscience. *If women had a word to say in legislation many things would be altered in these matters.*

"The cruellest procedure is that prescribed by French law which forbids inquiry after the father, and builds Foundling Houses instead. The decree of the convention, dated June 28th, 1793, runs as follows: 'The nation undertakes the physical and moral education of abandoned children. They will henceforth be designated as orphans. No other name will be allowed.' That was a convenient arrangement for the men who could thus throw their individual responsibility on the shoulders of the community without compromising themselves publicly or before their wives."

Mrs. E. G. Underhill, Matron Florence Home, New York.

While starvation wages and seduction are the two favorite methods of forcing and luring girls into this life of shame, other methods are resorted to by which thousands of innocent girls are dragged into this maelstrom of prostitution. One of these methods is mock marriage.

There are in the San Francisco Florence Crittenton Home, at 808 Twenty-fourth street, several girls whose lives are blighted, though they are as innocent of sin as any married woman, for they have been ruined by the men they trusted. They were enticed into a mock marriage, and too late found the husband a scoundrel of the deepest dye. And yet so tender-hearted are these dear girls toward the legal wife and children who would be disgraced by exposure that they refuse to prosecute the husband and place him behind penitentiary bars, where he deserves to be.

Miss Frances E. Willard, President World's and National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Hundreds of girls are snared by agents who place false advertisements for work in the daily papers. Girls who have their living to make innocently answer them. They are met at the depot by the wily agent, who drives them to a house of ill-fame. How is the girl to know from the outside appearance that the place is a house of infamy? She is taken to a room, a man is sent there and she is ruined. The girl is kept a prisoner behind locked doors, and there is no escape for her. Liquor is constantly applied, and she is made drunken until the appetite for drink conquers her and she gives up hope and sinks to the depths of prostitution. Then the doors may be freely opened, and thank God! many, who are as low as this, escape, turn their eyes to Florence Crittenton Missions and fly for their lives and are saved.

The reader may ask, "What about the police? Can't they rescue these girls if they want to get out?" In the first place, the cries of the girls cannot penetrate thick walls, and if they could, it is a well-known fact that many of the officers are bribed to allow these places to go on unmolested. These girls are assessed so much a week, the keeper boldly claiming that the money must be paid to prevent

the police from raiding the place. This is not true of all policemen. Thank God, many a true heart beats beneath the coat of blue with the glittering star, and many a girl has been rescued from ruin by the kindly protection of these officers of the law.

Another way in which these girls are kept prisoners is by the keeper of the house always holding them in debt. When they enter, their clothing is taken from them and locked up as security until the fancy clothing of ballet-dancers is paid for; and as extravagant prices are always charged, the poor girl doesn't get out of debt until her moral degradation is so complete that she utterly despairs of getting free.

Mr. Crittenton relates an instance of a little girl, only thirteen years of age, who jumped from the second story window of a bagnio, risking her life to escape. She was dressed in the ballet-dancer's costume, and, of course, she was arrested and taken to jail for being improperly dressed. The keeper of the house was sent for, who came and paid her fine, and the sobbing child was taken back to her doom under the very eyes of a judge who ought to have sent her to Florence Mission, instead of giving her back to this vulture in human shape. Surely Isaiah saw this awful social evil in prophetic vision when he wrote these significant words: "But this is a people robbed and spoiled; they are all of them snared in holes, and they are hid in prison houses: they are for a prey and none delivereth: for a spoil and none saith, restore."

These girls are not only prisoners, but slaves of the keepers, who take most of the money gained by sin, while the barbarities practiced upon them are so atrocious and cruel and disgusting, that the very paper would turn black in horror were their recital attempted. Kicks and blows, and cuts, and bruises, and oaths, and foul epithets, prove indeed to these poor girls that the "wages of sin is death." Surely God's word is true: "For it is a shame to even speak of those things which are done of them in secret;" "for the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

That the liquor traffic is largely the cause of the brothel, is manifest. Liquor everywhere. Liquor is used to make the innocent girls drunken, that seduction may be rendered easy. Drugged liquor is given to overcome the unwilling victim, and it is stated that within these "ladies' entrances" the man who wants to drug his companion need only wink at the barkeeper. The brothel is always connected with drink.

The great army of girls driven to prostitution by starvation wages can trace their downfall to drink, because hundreds of them are daughters of drunken fathers who do not support them, and the girls are thrown out in the street to take what they can get; and when starvation stares them in the face, and the lover promises marriage—and it is woman's nature to love and give herself to the man she loves—with a trusting heart she gives herself, and we all know the result. And yet, if the girl were getting fair wages for her work so that she could live, she would never yield herself till the marriage vow is taken.

Upon the heads of millionaires and employers, who are making money on the starvation wages of these dear girls, will be their blood. Let us not blame the girls. Let us blame the employers who defraud them. Let us blame the fathers that neglect their daughters for drink, and the saloon keepers who corrupt the fathers and the voters, and, alas! Christian voters, who license the saloon, the great cause of prostitution.

From the painful picture which the facts stated have drawn, let us turn to the more hopeful side of the case and speak of those efforts that contribute a remedy. There are a few doors of escape where these poor, outraged girls can find a chance to enter a better life. Florence Crittenton Mis-

sions signify to these poor slaves freedom, hope, happiness. The first Florence Mission was founded in New York City, April 19, 1883. The story of its founding thrills every heart that loves humanity and touches all eyes to tears, for it is a memorial of a precious little girl.

Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, a merchant prince in the City of New York,

Florence Crittenton.

reveled in joy, for his beautiful home on Fifth avenue was full of sunshine because a devoted wife and precious little ones lit it up with love. "Little Florence" was her father's idol. Her childish laugh was sweetest music to his ears. Her whispered love and baby kisses falling upon his lips, thrilled his soul, and as he clasped her close to his pulsing heart, no language can picture the delight that flooded his being.

By and by the angel of death entered that home. The little arms fell from about her father's neck, the little lips faltered, "Papa, sing 'The Sweet By-and-By;'" and with quivering voice the father sang the beautiful words, and the precious soul was wafted heavenward and caught the sweet strains "over there" in the heavenly choir where never a minor chord of pain breaks the celestial harmony.

When the clods fell on that little snowy casket and hid his darling's face, and sounded the death-knell of his earthly hopes, his heart broke, and for months he struggled in tears and pain in his great sorrow, until at last, in an upper chamber, where he "trod the wine-press alone," it was telegraphed to heaven, "Behold he prayeth." Then God said, "Surely he is my child." "I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord, thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Savior."

Then he rose from his knees with a wondrous peace lighting his life.

Like his divine Master he opened the "Book," and found this message: "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captive and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

So down into the slums of New York City he went, and found the poor, the broken-hearted, the captive, the blind and the bruised. In the missions he found hundreds of these human wrecks, these drunken boys, and girls sunk in the mire of prostitution, and through his loving sympathy many were restored to noble manhood and womanhood. One night, in talking to a poor, erring girl, he said in the words of Jesus: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." The weeping girl said: "Where can I go?" Quick as a flash the thought echoed in his own mind, "Where can she go? There is scarcely a door in New York, save the door of a brothel open to her." And then and there he determined as a memorial to his angel baby Florence, to found a home for other fathers' girls who are indeed a thousand times more lost than was his little girl.

The First Florence Crittenton Mission, 21-23 Bleecker St., New York City.

So down at 21–23 Bleecker street, in the very heart of the slums, rises Florence Crittenton Mission — converted from a brothel to a Bethel—as a lighthouse amid the breakers of sin. A beautiful illuminated sign bearing the words "Florence Crittenton Mission, Welcome," invites every broken-hearted one to enter a spacious double four-story house. On one side is the chapel, cozy, clean, beautiful. Above the pulpit is the life-size picture of little Florence, sweet-faced and innocent; and like a halo, the golden motto, "A little child shall lead them." And indeed, this little child has led thousands from the depths of sin to the heights of heaven. Across the hall are the inquiry rooms, where hundreds of souls have been "born again." Above are bedrooms and dormitories where are sheltered, on an average, forty girls, who have turned from a life of sin. Here food and clothing and medicine are freely given them, and above all, in warm, loving sympathy they are pointed to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." The sight at the dinner

table is beautiful. These poor desolate ones who feel they have not a friend on earth save the friends in Florence Mission, gather about the table laden with appetizing food. The heads are bowed a moment while

After dinner they repair to the chapel for a short service.

Behind the girls are the seats for the men, who nightly, by hundreds, crowd in, poor, drunken, defiled, and heart-sick. Upon the platform

Lady Henry Somerset, President British Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mother Prindle offers grace, in which a benediction on Mr. Charles N. Crittenton always finds a hearty "Amen;" then all sing a verse of some familiar hymn, often

At the cross! at the cross!
There I first saw the light
And the burden of my heart rolled away.
It was there by faith I received my sight
And now I am happy night and day.

are the workers. Often the ministers of the grand uptown churches are here to get a fresh baptism of power, for in no place in New York is there a greater evidence of the brooding Holy Spirit, than in Florence Crittenton Mission. Dear Mother Prindle James Johnston, J. Carpenter, A. S. Hatch, Jas. Sketchley, A. W. Milbury, J. H. Pierce, Mr. Vassar, Mr. Hoople, Mrs. Wall and others, with

Mrs. Elton as organist, lead the meetings in great power, and every night souls are converted.

Among the best workers in the inquiry room is "Sister Charlotte" Draper; herself rescued, she has wonderful power in leading to a better life her erring sisters. As a worker in the slums, she has had most marvelous success. In the brothels and dives she goes, always allowed by the keepers, and pleads tenderly with the girls and men to come to Florence Mission and the Christ who saved her. Her husband, Mr. Edwin Draper, is also a worker blessed with grand success; and not only do these practical helpers bring the poor ones back to God, but through the Christian Alliance they have provided a house and a wood-yard, and a broom factory, where men and women may earn their board and lodging; and so from the Florence Missions and their workers are constantly going forth the influences that bless and uplift fallen humanity.

Nor does the good thought of Mr. Crittenton stop at the rescue work; for he and Mr. A. W. Dennett, the noted caterer, support at 140 E. 14th street, New York, a Florence Crittenton Home for worthy working girls out of employment, or whose wages will not sustain them. Mrs. E. G. Underhill is the mother-hearted matron. She and her husband are ministers in the Friend Church, and every one of these girls finds friends indeed who love them as a father and

M. H. Vassar, a Worker in Florence Mission.

mother. Mr. A. W. Dennett, a few years ago, consecrated himself and his business to God's service, and he has been wonderfully blessed by his Master, having no less than a dozen large restaurants in the chief cities of the United States, every one of which is run on Christian principles, no liquor or tobacco being sold, and closing on Sunday; and every morning the employes gather for prayer before business. As he honors God, God blesses him, and he spends thousands every year in Florence Crittenton Home and other missions.

But Mr. Crittenton does not confine his benevolence to his native State of New York; for there are Florence Crittenton Missions in New Brunswick, New Jersey; in Sacramento, led by Rev. G. N. Ballantine and Rev. G. C. Gormer; in San Jose, under the supervision of a board of which Mrs. M. A. Knox is president, and Messrs. Wm. Chappell and T. H. Lawson have been able superintendents. And Mr. Crittenton has lately become president of the Pacific Rescue Home of San Francisco, which will hereafter bear his darling's name.

"Mother" Prindle, Matron of Florence Mission, New York.

This home has done a magnificent work in the past few years. Under the efficient work of the board composed of the following well-known

names: Chas. N. Crittenton, president; E. A. Girvin, vice-president; Jos. Moscrop, secretary; Mrs. C. H. Sykes, president of the board of lady managers. Rev. J. W. Ellsworth is the energetic business manager, and Mrs. Russell is the tender-hearted matron, loved by the girls like a mother. Hundreds of girls who have made their first misstep are helped out of their awful trouble, their little ones are tenderly cared for, and many are sent out for adoption to the best families. Nearly all the girls become Christians, and go forth into the world redeemed and noble women. Many a girl, many a girl's father and mother thank God for this blessed home, which has saved so many souls from death in the black waters of prostitution.

Mr. Adolph Sutro has lately given a large lot for the erection of a new home, since the old one is so overflowingly full, and the compassionate matrons cannot bear to turn away a single broken-hearted girl. All California should rally to the support of this home, for here are girls from all parts of the State. This institution appeals to philanthropic hearts; this home so sadly needs money. Will not the thousands in California who can afford to give sums of hundreds, or even the

Anthony Comstock, "the Children's Friend."

smallest pittance, contribute to this noble work?

Mr. George S. and Mrs. Carrie Judd Montgomery aid Mr. Crittenton largely in Florence Missions, and also gave to the Salvation Army the site for their Rescue Home at Beulah, California. Like Mr. Crittenton, too, they have presented gifts in the name of their baby girl, Faith Montgomery.

The co-operation of women and women's societies with Mr. Crittenton's Florence Missions disproves the old adage—"Woman is woman's worst enemy." Many societies have passed resolutions similar to this passed at the annual meeting of the Pacific Coast Woman's Press Association:

Resolved, That we heartily rejoice in the work for the rescue of erring girls, being done by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton and other philanthropists in founding Florence Missions.

But Mr. Crittenton wants to feel that after he has "gone home" these Florence Missions may still go on; and it is the dream of his life—a dream which is rapidly becoming a reality—to establish a Florence Crittenton Mission in every large city of the United States and Europe. And that they may flourish even after the inspiration of his presence has ceased, he is most wisely co-operating with that wonderfully grand organization, The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of which Miss Frances E. Willard is President and Lady Henry Somerset is one of the chief officers. Miss Willard is also National Superintendent of the Social Purity department, one of the most important of the forty departments sustained by this great organization; and most fitting is it that this excellent woman and the hosts she is leading should aid Mr. Crittenton in sustaining the Florence Missions, for these kind-hearted women have battled for years against legalizing prostitution, being led by Josephine Butler of England. California, too, was saved from the horrible sin of legalized vice, twenty years ago, before the W. C. T. U. was organized by that noble champion of her sex, Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens, now a National organizer of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, whose speeches in the past year for Florence Crittenton Missions have thrilled thousands into sympathy for these erring girls.

Mr. Crittenton finds a grand ally in this "White Ribbon" sisterhood, and will found a Florence Mission in large cities on condition that the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will so interest the public that they may be supported by the generous hearted in these cities. Surely this is but right, and a most liberal proposition. Had Mr. Crittenton the wealth of Crœsus fifty fold he could not alone rescue all the fallen girls, for alas! they are numbered by the million. God's way is that all may have a share in this blessed philanthropy. And who does not thrill with joy at the thought that his money given to these blessed missions may save hundreds of our precious girls from the horrors of the brothel?

That the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is most able to conduct such missions is well proved by the Julia Ames Anchorage of Chicago, founded by Miss Willard. The Refuge Home of Portland, largely supported by the W. C. T. U. women of Oregon, led by Mrs. Anna R. Riggs, State President; The "White Shield Home" of Tacoma, Washington; the "Open Door" of Omaha, Nebraska, superintended by that consecrated woman, Mrs. G. W. Clark, and many others—these are some of the institutions consecrated to the work. With the inspiration of Mr. Crittenton's leadership, no doubt the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will do such work for social purity that the very angels in heaven will rejoice with unspeakable gladness; for if there is joy in heaven over one soul redeemed, who can measure the volume of joy upon joy over these countless thousands?

Fig. 22—Bowl with Coiled Exterior and Painted Interior, Saint George.

THE PRE-COLUMBIANS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY J. J. PEATFIELD.

NEXT year will take place the celebration of an event, which did away forever with the mystery of the earth's shape, and opened a new world to commerce and enterprise. In this celebration all the civilized nations of the earth will participate, and every material production of human hand and brain will be represented by specimens, the best of their kind. Every agricultural, industrial, artistic and scientific occupation will have its mute delegate at the World's Fair. The past and present will be illustrated, and the future will be punctuated with suggestions. It is of the distant past that we propose to treat, or rather of one of its anthropological features.

At the World's Fair, while the farmer will wonder at the productions of climes foreign to his own; while the Asiatic mechanic will gaze with awe upon powerful and complicated machinery capable of driving thousands of tons across an ocean, and cutting inter-oceanic canals; while the retail dealer of a country store for the first time realizes the immensity of commerce as he cons one after another the fabrics of all nations; and while the public at large are wandering about in delight at the stupendous collection, the ethnologist and historian will be standing in thoughtful contemplation of specimens that represent the work, the ingenuity, and artistic taste of primitive man.

So great an interest is taken in aboriginal art in America, that the faculty of the Leland Stanford Jr. University is sending agents in all directions with the object of collecting specimens of ancient pottery and other relics bearing on the subject, for the purpose of sending them to the World's Fair. Nor is the Stanford University alone in this effort to exhibit to the visitors from many nations, and to the public, the objects of prehistoric art. Other institutions are equally interested and similarly engaged.

The origin and development of the

Fig. 1—Incised Pattern.

ceramic art have long occupied the attention of archæologists, whose skill

in deduction and accuracy of conclusions enable them to read the story of primitive peoples' progress in art, from unearthed relics as from a book. In arid regions, such as that occupied by the Zuñi, where water is scarce and found only in places far distant from one another, the first consideration with the primitive inhabitant was the transportation of water to the secure abodes which it is reasonable to suppose they were compelled to occupy by the pressure of hostile and stronger tribes. It was in these regions that aboriginal pottery was more highly developed than elsewhere, and in no other portion of the United States did it reach such a degree of perfection as it attained in the ancient Pueblo district. A moment's consideration will make it evident that the development of pottery depended mainly upon environment. In well-watered localities, where the transportation of water was of no vital importance, invention was little called upon to design convenient vessels; in the region of the Zuñi, however, the water supply was the prime necessity of life. It had to be brought from a distance, doubtless with intervals of hostile interruption, which necessitated the storage of considerable quantities of it. The want, therefore, of suitable and convenient vessels, sharpened the observation of those primitive men and evolved their ingenuity.

There is every reason to conclude that the earliest water vessels used by the Zuñi were sections of hollow canes and tubes of wood. In the hot and parching atmosphere in which they lived, the paunches and skins of animals, however useful elsewhere as water bottles, would be of little service, being liable to destruction by drying, and unfit to preserve water in a pure condition. The hollow cane and wooden tube were poor means of transportation and inadequate to the requirements; but nature offered another vessel already made and ready for the hand. This was the gourd, large in capacity and convenient in form, the shape of which has been used as a model in Indian pottery down to the present day. There was only one objection to this natural vessel, and that was its fragility. What more natural, then, than to strengthen it with a coarse kind of wicker work composed of flexible splints of fibrous plants? This was done, and basketry was developed therefrom.

This crude origin of the wicker art led in time to the construction of the

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

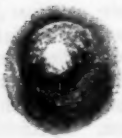


Fig. 6.

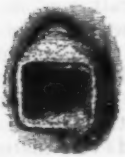


Fig. 7.

Examples of Relief Ornaments.

water-tight basketry of the southwest, which supplanted as a water receptacle the natural gourd. Let us now see how the ceramic art had its birth-cradle in basketry.

The ancestors of the Zuñi were wont to roast seeds, crickets and bits of meat in wicker trays coated inside with gritty clay. Mr. Frank Hamilton Cushing, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, visited, in 1881, among other Pueblo tribes, the Coçoninos, of Cataract Cañon, Arizona, and found that isolated people still using that ancient mode of dressing their food. He thus describes this archaic frying-pan and the mode of using it. "A round basket tray, either loosely or closely woven, is evenly coated inside with clay, into which has been kneaded a very large proportion of sand, to prevent contraction and consequent cracking from drying. This lining of clay is pressed, while still soft, into the basket as closely as possible with the hands, and then allowed to dry. The tray is thus made ready for use. The seeds or other substances to be parched are placed inside of it, together with a quantity of glowing wood coals. The operator, quickly squatting, grasps the tray at opposite edges, and, by a rapid spiral motion up and down, succeeds in keeping the coals and seeds constantly shifting places, and turning over as they dance after one another around and around the tray, meanwhile blowing or puffing the embers with every breath to keep them free from ashes and glowing at their hottest."

Fig. 8—Coiled Vase from a Cliff-house in Mancos Cañon, Colorado.

It is obvious that the constant,

heating of the clay lining, would cause it to grow hard, and instances would occur when the lining would become

Fig. 9—Vessel from the Tumulus at Saint George.

detached from the wicker work and a perfect earthen roasting vessel be produced. The occasional production of such a vessel, suitable in all ways and for all uses in cookery, would suggest the manufacture of similar serviceable utensils. It was but natural, after it was discovered that clay vessels when well burned would answer all the purposes of water utensils and cooking pots, that all kinds of earthen vessels would in time be manufactured. As regards the process, the ancient potter would soon find out that she could not use a mold in manufacturing her water-jars, which, for the purposes of transportation, required a narrow neck, and she naturally pursued the process she was accustomed to in manufacturing the basket bottle. Long, slender fillets or ropes of clay of various thicknesses, according to the sizes of the vessels to be manufactured, were rolled out, and, like the wisp of the basket, were coiled by the ancient Pueblo potters round centers, to form the bottoms of the utensils. At first the fillets were made to overlap each other very slightly; but, as the disk grew larger, and it was necessary to form the upper structure upon it as a base, the imbrication became greater and greater, the diameter of the vessel being increased at each successive coil until the greatest desired width was attained. As the potter progressed upward with her work, after this stage was reached, she kept contracting each coil more and more until the utensil assumed the desired height and shape. This process required both patience and skill. When one fillet or strip of clay rope was used up, another was joined to it with the greatest care, and each coil was firmly attached to the one already formed, by pressing together with the fingers the connecting edges at

Fig. 10—Vase from the Province of Tusayan.

short intervals as the coiling went on. This manipulation produced indenta-

tions or corrugations that bear a striking similarity to the stitches in basket work. The rim of the vessel was generally formed of a broad plain band thickening at the lip and somewhat recurved.

The art of making coil-worked pottery was not confined to the Pueblo Indians, but was practiced by many widely separated communities. Butel made out of wood and perfectly smooth, and an oval-shaped polished stone"—for smoothing and joining the layers together. Lastly, Mr. Wm. H. Holmes, of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, has specimens of coil-made ware from a number of the Eastern and Southern States. A specimen which he picked up at Avoca, North Carolina, exhibits no

Fig. 11—Vase from Parowan, Utah.

Dumont, in his *Mémoires sur la Louisiane*, published in Paris, 1753, mentions the skill and industry of the Indian girls and women in making pottery with their fingers, and describes their method of work, which is identical with that given above, with the exception that "they flattened the inside and the outside of the vase, which without this would be uneven." Professor Hartt states that the women of Santarem, in Brazil, employed the same system of manufacture, and Humboldt makes a similar statement with regard to the Indian tribes of the Orinoco. Captain John Moss, a resident for a long time in Colorado, informed Mr. E. A. Barber that the Ute Indians manufacture pottery at the present time under the coil system, though they employ tools—"a paddle overlapping, the attachment of the coils being accomplished by pressure and by drawing both edges of the superior coil down over the convex edge of the under coil. A section of this kind of coil-made pottery has the appearance of a series of heavy arches, of equal curvature, superimposed one upon the other. This mode of construction differs widely from that practiced by the ancient Pueblos. Mr. Holmes obtained similar specimens from the modern Pueblos, from Florida, Mexico and Brazil.

Having thus traced the ceramic art in America to its origin, and described the primitive mode of construction, "casting in regularly constructed molds being only practiced by the more cultured races, such as the Peruvians," as Mr. Holmes re-

marks, it remains to mark the development and progress of art through the medium of form and ornamentation.

The decorative art had originated

Fig. 12—Cup from Central Utah.

before pottery came into use. Personal adornment had undoubtedly preceded it, as well as ornamental designs in basket plaiting. Embellishment soon extended from the person to every article that the necessities of life compelled man to make use of. Man is an observant and an imitative animal, and long before the ideographic element of embellishment was developed in his mind, natural sources had supplied him with numerous styles of ornament. In the manufacture of earthenware, as, indeed, of all artificial things, there are two latent capabilities of giving rise to ornamentation, namely, the *constructional* and the *functional*. The *functional* suggestions arise from the necessary appendages of a utensil, such as handles, legs, etc.; the *constructional* are derived from the coil, the plait, the twist, and so forth. Moreover, during the process of construction, accidental suggestions arise from finger-marks, the marks of implements and other impressions.

But the earliest suggestions in the art of embellishment were derived from the features of natural utensils. The first articles used by primitive man for domestic use, such as the shells of mollusks or of fruits, were suggestive of decoration, and when similar articles began to be produced in plastic material, the workman would imitate the peculiarities of the natural model before him. The shell of a mollusk covered with spines would suggest a noded vessel in clay, while a ribbed or fluted fruit shell would give rise to a similarly formed vessel. Even the ornamental scroll may have had the sea-shell for its origin. The elements of aboriginal ornamental art were thus derived from three sources: First, from natural objects; second, from artificial objects, whether functional or constructional; and third, from suggestions arising from accidents attending construction.

It was not, therefore, in the potter's mind that the first ideas of decoration originated. They were derived, unconsciously, from nature; and taste being exercised later, a variety of objects gradually, in course of time, would be rudely ornamented. The first stage of ceramic ornamentation was the utilization of the coil for that purpose. It would not generally be supposed that the coil could be made to contribute to the beauty of a vessel,

Fig. 13—Vessel from Zuñi.

but under the skill of the Pueblo Indians, it formed a very prominent feature in decoration. The primitive

potter failed not to notice that the ridges produced by the layers of coils, and the corrugations formed by the pressure of her fingers gave a pleasing effect to the vessel, and therefrom she worked out a variety of decorative designs.

Numerous were the devices resorted to in order to decorate ribbed spirals, in which the indentations, caused by the joining of the edges of the coils, suggest the serpent, and the means of representing it.

That the Pueblo Indians had a decided taste for ornament is evidenced by attempts to elaborate intricate patterns, by means of thumb-nail indentations; and it is astonishing what beautiful designs and work were accomplished by this simple means. The checkered, wave-like and meandering patterns produced by indenta-

Fig. 14—Bowl, Tumulus at Saint George.

are avoided. The coil was often crimped from the top to the bottom of the vessel, while in other instances, the vessel was constructed of alternate bands of rib-like coil and crimped, or corrugated coil. This relief form of ornamentation is generally traceable to construction, the crenelated surfaces of the vases there represented being the result of the method of building, modified by artistic indentation.

The coil, in fact, had an important influence on ceramic decoration, and from it a great variety of surface ornamentation was attained by treating the coil when in place, while suggestions derived from it may readily be conceived to have originated the scroll and double scroll, and the ornamental use of individual fillets built on to the surfaces of vessels, while the sinuous forms which the coil assumes would

tion, which was not always performed with the thumb-nail and finger tips, a variety of implements being used, point alike to the skill, the ingenuity, and the patience of those primitive people. In the ancient Pueblo district, examples of incised designs and stamped figures are rare, while basket indentations, according to Mr. Holmes, "are in all cases the accidents of manufacture." The fragment (illustration, Fig. 1), was picked up by that gentleman on the site of an old Pueblo village, near Abiquiu, New Mexico. It is a portion of a small vase, which was covered by a simple pattern of intaglio lines, produced with a bone or wooden stylus.

With regard to functional suggestions, and their influence on the decorative art, they were derived from peculiar features in pottery, originating in utility, such as handles and

spouts, legs and feet, rims and bands. Handles, particularly, were copied in clay, from a variety of models, and underwent many and great modifications. Owing to the fragility of the material, however, in many instances they lost their functional utility, and degenerated into ornaments. In the same way, other functional features of earthenware gave rise to decoration.

Having thus given a brief outline of the views of archæologists, on the origin of ceramic ornament, we shall now consider the origin of form.

Mr. Holmes considers that there are three possible origins of form, namely, by accident, by imitation, and by invention. The origin by imitation is subdivided into imitation of natural models and imitation of artificial models. Forms suggested by accident are fruitful sources of progress, and it was by such suggestions that the use of clay was discovered, and the ceramic art was developed therefrom. "The accidental indentation of a mass of clay by the foot, or hand, or by a fruit, shell, or stone, while serving as an auxiliary in some simple art, may have suggested the making of a cup—the simplest form of a vessel." Clay used as a cement in repairing stone, wooden or wicker utensils may also have led to the formation of disks or cups, afterwards independently fashioned, and the forms of the utensils on which the clay was used would be impressed upon these newly constructed objects.

Fig. 15—Vase from Tumulus at Saint George.

Forms derived from imitation admit of great variety. At first the range of models in the ceramic art was very limited, and included only the small variety of domestic utensils used by primitive man. Later, closely associated objects were copied. Both the animal and vegetable kingdom liberally supplied natural originals. The seashore abounded with shells which furnished receptacles for food and drink; in woodland valleys grew the gourd and other vegetable productions, whose fruits supplied shells serviceable as natural vessels; and on the grassy plains and meadows the horns of cattle and other animals were found and utilized as utensils, and these were the natural originals which the primitive potter imitated.

Fig. 16—Red Pitcher, Tumulus at Saint George.

Of all these, however, the gourd furnished a greater proportionate number of models than any other original. It gave rise to many primitive shapes of vessels. According to the mode of cutting it, bowls of different dimensions, wide-mouthed vases, narrow-mouthed jars, and narrow-necked bottles could be obtained. By cutting

the body of the gourd longitudinally on one side of its axis, dippers with straight or curved handles were procured. And all these forms the potter has used as models. All tribes situated upon the seashore used shells as receptacles for food and water, and imitations of these are found in the relics of the ancient potter's art. Again the skins, paunches and bladders of animals were extensively employed in favorable regions, as vessels for the transportation of water and the preservation of seeds and other kinds of food, and they have had their influence on the forms of earthenware. Indeed any object that in its natural or slightly altered state is available as a utensil, has been utilized by primeval man and become a model for the potter.

Fig. 17—Handled Mug, Rio San Juan.

Most primitive peoples had manufactured vessels before the discovery of the ceramic art. Utensils wrought in stone and wood, and fabricated in wickerwork preceded the utilization of clay, and these constituted the potter's artificial originals. The field for the practice of her art became more extensive as these originals were imitated, and a multitude of new forms offered themselves as models. There is a great variety of form in basketry and other classes of woven vessels; and these arts being antecedent to pottery, have left indelible impressions upon ceramic forms. The earthenware of nearly all nations exhibits this secondary position to wickerwork.

As it was only in the later stages of the art that the invention of forms supplied originals, it is not necessary to consider that subject at present. With the above account of the origin of prehistoric pottery, its form and embellishment, we will now consider the development of the art.

We have seen that the most archaic method of construction was that of the coil. The most notable collection of this ware was made from a tumulus near St. George, Utah, where a large deposit of ancient relics was found. In 1876, a collector was sent out from the National Museum to investigate the deposit, the result of his work being of a most satisfactory nature. The mound was situated on the Santa Clara River, a tributary of the Rio Virgen, and had been an ancient village site or dwelling site. By the application of a jet of water the work of exhumation was successfully accomplished. A great number of skeletons were unearthed, and a profusion of earthen vessels was found. The discovery furnished an insight into the customs of the ancient people not hitherto obtained. Along with the remains of the dead were found earthen vases, no system of arrangement being observable. "With a single body there were sometimes as many as eight vases, the children having been in this respect more highly favored than the adults."

Coiled ware was succeeded by plain ware, which in turn was followed in the order of development by painted ware.

Plain or smooth vessels, as a rule, are heavy, rudely finished utensils, intended for the more ordinary domestic uses, as the storage of water and cooking of food. They appear in widely separated districts, and exhibit such uniformity of character that it is difficult to assign any such vessel to its proper family. In many cases plain ware is coiled ware smoothed down; that is, it is coil-built with the coils obliterated either by the hand or some smoothing implement. From Saint George and other localities examples of this coiled variety have been ob-

tained. Such vessels are plentiful in the province of Tusayan, and in many cases the successive stages of the wholly coiled, the partly coiled and plain ware proper are easily discernible.

Fig. 18—Vase of Eccentric Form, Tusayan.

Mr. Holmes remarks that, among the Mokis, the Zuñis, Acomas, Yumas, and others, similar vessels are in daily use at the present time. "They are employed in cooking the messes for feasts and large gatherings, for dyeing wool and for storing various household materials. The modern work is so like the ancient that it is difficult in many cases to distinguish the one from the other. There are other varieties of plain ware which include bowls, pots and bottles. The vessel represented by the illustration, (Fig. 15) on page 785, is in possession of the Salt Lake City Museum. The three nodes which give the vessel a sub-triangular shape, are very prominent and curve upward at the points, like horns. An upright handle is attached to the side of the neck.

We now arrive at that stage of ceramic art where development has reached the new and interesting features of decoration by means of colors. The varieties of ornament obtained by indentation and corrugation, by nodes, cones, and fillets applied to the surface, and other sparingly employed decorations in relief, are now supplanted by colored designs; and a great advance in aboriginal art has been made.

The colors used in the embellishment of painted ware were generally of a mineral character, and comprised white, black, red, and various shades of brown, which were applied by means of brushes. A high order of skill, on the part of the ancient artists, is not observable, though instances are found which indicate that the painter possessed a correct eye and skilled hand. The designs are painted on spaces of the vessels, tinted and polished for their reception, and in the case of wide-mouthed utensils, such as cups and bowls, the interior surface was chiefly decorated, while vessels with restricted necks had external decorations only.

Among primitive races there are two stages of ornament: the non-ideographic and the ideographic. Contact with the whites has been the cause of the Pueblo Indians reaching a third stage, by the introduction into modern decoration of life forms and pictorial delineations, a stage not reached in the natural course of development. In modern Pueblo decoration, ideographic, non-ideographic, and

Fig. 19—Vase of Eccentric Form, Tusayan.

purely pictorial characters are combined in a heterogeneous manner.

The non-ideographic forms of expression in archaic art were principally geometric, and embraced dots, straight lines, and angular and curvilinear

figures, which developed into checkers, zigzags, complex forms of meanders, with an infinite variety of combination. The ancient artist never worked in a hap-hazard manner, the design being well formed in the mind, and a clear conception being entertained of the vessel under his hand. In accommodating geometric figures to curved and uneven surfaces, there were no erasures. "This feature of the art," says Mr. Holmes, "shows it to be a native and spontaneous growth—the untrammeled working out of traditional conceptions by native gifts."

Widely distributed, and indeed covering the entire area known to have been occupied by the Pueblo Indians, is found a whitish ware, which is distinguished by pronounced peculiarities of color, form, and ornament, resulting, not from differences in time, race, and method of construction, but from varieties of environment. This group, and that of the archaic coiled ware, belong to the first great period of Pueblo ceramic art, and are closely associated in nearly every locality, the greater antiquity being generally conceded to the latter by archæologists.

White ware is easily recognized, even in small fragments, the color being generally gray within and white upon the surface. The forms of this earthenware are few and simple, and the ornamentation consists, for the most part, of geometric figures painted in black, and exceptionally in red. Very rarely was an attempt made by the ancient artist to represent a human or animal form, and the delineation of a vegetable form never occurs. The forms of this white ware comprised bowl-shaped vessels, ollas or pot-shaped vases, bottle-shaped vessels, which differed from the olla only as the neck was longer and narrower, and handled vessels. Two well-defined varieties of handles are exhibited in this ware: the cylindrical form, derived from the gourd when cut longitudinally, and the loop. The latter form is attached to the side of bowl-shaped vessels, in either a vertical or horizontal position, and is found of different dimensions, long or short, wide or narrow, simple or compound. In high-necked vases and bottles, long loop handles were placed vertically.

Fig. 20—Vase of Eccentric Form, Tusayan.

The rareness of the occurrence of life forms, in the decorative art of the primitive Pueblo Indians, is well illustrated by the fact that in the whole region of the Rio Virgen only one specimen bearing such delineation has been found. It was discovered in the Saint George tumulus, and is a rude oblong bowl, on the inner surface of which are painted two human figures, executed in the most primitive style. A checkered belt in black extends longitudinally along the bowl, at the sides of which, near the middle, are the figures whose angular forms are indicative of textile influence. The middle of the bowl is broken so that the feet of one figure and the head of the other are lost. (See illustration, Fig. 22, on page 789.)

From the tumulus at Saint George, a few of those red vessels, which so seldom occur, were obtained. They are bowls, the surfaces of which were washed with a bright red color. The designs are painted in black, and present such marked peculiarities that they have given rise to the idea that the vessels may have been utensils used in ceremonial observances. One

of the most characteristic vessels taken from the mound at Saint George is illustrated by Fig. 14, on page 784. The exterior is painted red; the rim has been brought to a sharp edge, and the design consists of an elaborately fretted line, so involved that the eye follows it with difficulty. From the same tumulus a fine red pitcher was also exhumed. The workmanship of this vessel is unusually good, the surface being even and well polished. The color is a strong red, the design, which is painted in black, consisting of a number of meandering lines, to which are added at intervals dentate figures, as seen in the illustration, Fig. 16, on page 785.

In the district of the Rio San Juan, the ceramic relics are more uniform in character and archaic in decoration than those of other districts. Few entire vessels of painted ware have been found in the section, but fragments are plentiful, and much has been done there to restore various forms. Bowls, in this region which is an extensive one, are very numerous, and exhibit great varieties in size, form, and ornamentation. Handled cups, of hemispherical shape, and mugs are common, bottle-shaped vessels and ollas being much less so.

The ancient provinces of Cibota and Tusayan, in the district of Colorado Chiquito, are very rich in ceramic relics, the latter-named province furnishing two or three distinct varieties of earthenware. Space will not admit of our making mention of more than a few specimens in illustration of eccentricity of form or peculiarity of design.

The vase (Fig. 19), is a well-finished, handsomely decorated cup of white ware of eccentric form, and having a handle apparently modeled after the curved neck of a gourd, the point touching, but not uniting with the body of the vessel. Fig. 18 is very simply decorated; the node next the handle, suggests the tail of a bird. A fine specimen of these vessels of eccentric form is Fig. 20, which decidedly suggests a skin, or intestine vessel. There is but a step from this form to that of the well-known moccasin shape of a later period of Pueblo art. The decoration is simple and unique, consisting of a meandering design in white, on a black ground.

Among the relics of Pueblo Indians, animal forms in pottery, which constitute the prominent feature of the ancient pottery of the Mississippi Valley, are rare, and received little attention by the primitive artist.

Fig. 22—Bowl with Human Figures, Tumulus at Saint George.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

GONE, YET WITH US.

WITH the ripening fruits and mellowing tints of autumn, our poet of nature and humanity falls from his bough in a ripe old age. It was fitting that this quiet son of Quaker fathers should be laid to rest in the sweet silence of flowers, laden with the speechless offerings of Friends.

Words must fail to bestow a worthy tribute to the name of Whittier. He was a child of Nature, and he voiced her sublime trinity—the good, the true and the beautiful. The companions of his youth, who tottered at his grave, had drunk of his spirit, and mourned with a cheerful heart. He had inspired a great nation. The children have felt the touch of his poet's heart. Out of sight, his life remains. No monument will rise from his grave. His song is his monument. Though dead, wherever his native tongue abounds, he will speak.

In a time when the power of wealth is supreme, it is refreshing to think this poet's life was no more sordid than the money-vine that crept over the ground around his old homestead. Among all the words that have been uttered over his fresh grave, none are more fitly chosen than those of Chicago's poet-preacher, Dr. Gunsaulus:

His were the sweet-voiced accents of the little child,
Learned of time's streamlets where eternal currents ran;
Ne'er by time's shadowed surface was his muse beguiled:
He was the prophet-psalmist of the common man.

Snowflakes of purest white from his New England skies
Come drifting soon to sparkle o'er our singer's tomb.
Calm sleeps their truest lyrist where his dreaming eyes
Saw rock-strewn field and hillock with the storm abloom.

Black arms upstretched to God, once manacled in chains,
In glad thanksgiving raptures praise the heaven that gave.
No more to clanking fetters freedom yields her gains:
Before his heart of song they melted from the slave.

THE RECENT STRIKES.

SINCE 1886, strikes have not been as frequent as before that date, until within the last three or four months. They had been so seldom and of such mild character, comparatively, that the hope had become generally entertained that they would soon disappear altogether. In the main, the American people are strongly in sympathy with the cause of labor, and the opinion has become widespread that organization is necessary to resist the exactions of capital. The recent strikes have tended to estrange the friends of labor and to bring pain to the lovers of peace and order.

It is true that capital is often exacting and oppressive, and it is equally true that labor organizations have at times acted in an indefensible manner. Formerly, they frequently fell under the control of irresponsible and reckless men, who ordered strikes in passion, through ignorance, or from sinister motives. Latterly, leadership has been improved by the selection of more intelligent and better men, who are capable, and are disposed to make a study of conditions, with a view to arranging that labor shall receive its fair share of produced wealth, and capital shall enjoy reasonable remuneration.

It is an indisputable right of every man to refuse to work when terms are unsatisfactory; and beyond the exercise of this right, strikers cannot be defended. The employer has an equal right to reject applications for employment. To interfere with others by force, when they are willing to work on the terms offered, is a moral crime; and to destroy property and life is heinous beyond measure, as it not only harms those directly affected, but indirectly damages those who are not parties to the controversy,

and even the destroyers themselves. It is true that wealth has become distributed out of proportion to ability to earn, but destructive acts have no tendency to equalize distribution. Organization, if it embraces the masses of the working people, will enable them to enforce such compensation for labor that capital will not secure more than it is justly entitled to. Our laws of descent and distribution are effective in breaking up ponderous estates, which are usually widely distributed before the third or even the second generation from the acquisitor passes from the stage of action.

If it is true, as is often charged, that the rich do not bear their share of the burdens of government, the laws can be changed to compel them, and officers can be chosen who will faithfully enforce them. Let the principle of taxation be so changed as to exempt homesteads of limited value. Graduated incomes and inheritances can be taxed. The first will recognize the principle that burdens shall be borne in proportion to ability, and the other that it is wisest that all should begin life under conditions as nearly equal as practicable.

It is a mistake to prescribe unchangeable scales of wages. They should be based upon equitable principles, and varied according to circumstances. Prices of raw materials and of manufactures go up and down, and so should wages. Because the manufacturer and railway carrier make a certain profit this year, this is no proof that they will be as fortunate next. Another fact to be considered is that capital always takes the hazard of loss, and labor takes none. Wages are paid whatever may be the results of the business; they are by the laws given preference over other liabilities. There is an absolutism in the management of labor organizations utterly inconsistent with the principles of popular government. Leaders seem to have power to order strikes and to declare them off at will. Chiefs meet and consult and make treaties very much like Czar and Kaiser. As the masses have not the leisure to devote to such investigations, it is well and necessary to have trusty persons to study markets and other conditions, that it may be known whether or not labor is receiving deserved remuneration.

A strike is a dangerous remedy unless it can be restricted to a refusal to work. There are bad men everywhere, and under excitement the evil-minded may induce the well-disposed to take part in disorderly proceedings. Violence is contagious, and the more people become familiarized with it the less intolerable it appears. Capital cannot get along without labor, and the converse of the proposition is also true. Labor and capital in a sense may be natural antagonisms, for the reason that their interests are conflicting; but they need not be arrayed against each other in hostility. If, as alleged, capital is always united and organized, it is enough for labor to do likewise. If the working people were equally united and organized, one would have no advantage over the other. If there are those who do not choose to enter labor organizations, they cannot be coerced. This is a free country. The question is not without difficulty. Conditions are quite different, since the distribution of products is speedier, and in large volume. Production is concentrated in larger plants, and associated labor has become a necessity and an economy. Capitalists and labor leaders must negotiate in a friendly spirit, and arrange terms that will be just to both. If this cannot be done the laws must provide means of arbitration on the principle that it is a duty of government to assure equity to every interest and class.

The affair in Tennessee was not a strike for higher wages or shorter hours of work. It was a rebellion, rather, against the law of the State, which authorizes the leasing of convict labor. This law is unwise. To work by the side of or in competition with convicted criminals is justly repulsive to free and intelligent men, who must regard such as if they were slave gangs or worse. Convict labor is sought because it is cheaper, and convicted criminals can be treated as if they have no rights, which men out of the penitentiary are bound to respect. They are often overworked and otherwise mistreated. Free laboring men have not infrequently carried their opposition to convict labor too far. The State should relieve the people from expense, as far as practicable, by requiring convicts to earn the cost of their keeping. Punishment is not for the purpose of making the punished

as miserable as possible, but for the protection of society, and it is intended, also, to be reformatory, as far as practicable. Convicts are healthier and happier when they are required to perform a reasonable amount of work. Statistics show that where they labor and acquire a trade, with which they can earn a living after release from imprisonment, a much less percentage commit the second crime and return to prison. This is important to the public. Convicts should be put to producing what will not unnecessarily compete with the products of free labor.

At Homestead, in Pennsylvania, and at Buffalo, New York, the strikes were on account of differences as to wages. When they could not be settled by the parties amicably, the strike should not have gone farther than to refuse to work. If there had been no danger to non-union men or to property, the Pinkertons would not have been called into service. Their employment under any circumstances would be improper. Employment of a private force to protect property is lawful, but it is the worst of practices. The law provides the *posse comitâtus*, and the organized militia, and officers to call out and command them. Protection to property and life is provided by the Government, and if officers and good citizens perform their duties, the protection will be ample.

The Governor of Pennsylvania was dilatory. He should have taken the request of the sheriff for assistance as sufficient proof that the means at his immediate command were inadequate. When too late, he acted efficiently. The Governor of Tennessee was so indecisive and irresolute that he may be justly chargeable with the loss of life that ensued. He acted like a demagogue, and not like a chief magistrate, who regards the faithful execution of the laws as his highest duty. The Governor of New York acted with promptness and efficiency. Peace officers, from governor down, are in duty bound to suppress violence and disorder whenever they appear. It is not their duty to inquire into the cause, but to take notice of the fact and to put an end to it promptly, and with impartiality. The courts must deal with differences afterwards, if there are any worthy of judicial consideration. When it becomes understood that violence will be dealt with promptly, and repressed with vigor, even the worst element of society will consider before overt acts of disorder are committed. When it is a certainty that all officers will do their duty regardless of personal consequences, mobs will be less frequent, and probably will soon disappear altogether. Any official who will subordinate the public to private interests, should be sent where he will be compelled to endure the agony of public and of his own disrespect.

SIGNALING MARS.

In the November number of the CALIFORNIAN, Professor Pierson has ably discouraged the hopes of those who think we shall before long exchange signals with our little reddish neighbor, Mars. Science is very sensitive to errors, and on page 679 a mistake was inadvertently made. Instead of saying, "Being half as far again distant from the sun, it (Mars) receives but a quarter of the heat that we do, etc.," the types should have said, "it receives but *one half* the heat, etc."

A NOTABLE CONVENTION.

By the time this issue of the CALIFORNIAN passes the Rocky Mountains, the National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, advertised for October 28th –November 4th, will be gathering at Denver. Among the distinguished reformers to be present will be Mr. Wm. T. Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, the great defender of woman's purity, whose startling exposures in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some years since, created consternation on both sides of the Atlantic; also, Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, the founder of Florence Crittenton Missions. The subject of social purity is expected to secure earnest attention; and the remarkable description given in this November CALIFORNIAN by Mrs. M. G. C. Edholm, press reporter of the W. C. T. U., will, it is believed, aid the objects of the convention, as well as open the eyes of thousands of careless readers. This article, while straightforward and pointed in its statement of facts, is phrased in language entirely respectable and chaste. It is time the public should know the proportions of a traffic that is a disgrace to humanity.

NEW BOOKS

THE SCHOOLMASTER IN LITERATURE opens to the teacher a new field of instruction. It leads him away from dry and drastic analysis and details of methods that reign supreme over the typical institute, and brings him into the presence of living models, bad and good. We are treated, not to a cold collation of theories and philosophical saws, but to a portrait gallery of schools and teachers, from quaint old Roger Asham's "Scholemaster" of the 16th century, to Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster," of the 19th century. Prose, play, poetry and fiction conspire to set before us the teacher as a man or a woman, instead of mere explanations of good and bad teaching. By the aid of literature—its genius, humanity, sentiment and wholeness—"The Schoolmaster in Literature" introduces us in succession to the *Émile* of Rousseau, the "Christopher and Eliza" of Pestalozzi, the "Trocinium" of Cowper, the "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre" of Goethe, the "Village Schoolmistress" of Mary Russell Mitford, the "Lowood School" of Charlotte Brontë, "Miss Pinkerton" of Thackeray, the "Rugby" of Thomas Hughes, "Dr. Blimber's School," "Salem House" and "Dotheboy's Hall" of Dickens, with the familiar sketches of Tom Tulliver's" experience by George Eliot, "Ichabod Crane" by Washington Irving, and "Malcolm" by George MacDonald.

We have often wished that Rousseau's *Émile* could receive a merited translation and be placed in the hands of our public school teachers. Rousseau originated the seed-thought for Pestalozzi; and the *Émile* contains the germ of the school at Bonnal. But since the teacher, like the pupil, learns better by example than by precept, he will find wholesome object lessons in Cornelia Blimber and poor little Paul Dombey. Take one glimpse of the Blimber school with little six-year-old Paul on the dissecting board:

"'Analysis of the character of P. Dombey. If my recollection serves me,' said Miss Blimber, breaking off, 'the word analysis as opposed to synthesis, is thus defined by Walker: *The resolution of an object, whether of the senses or of the intellect, into its first elements.* As opposed to synthesis, you observe. Now you know what analysis is, Dombey?'

"Dombey didn't seem to be absolutely blinded by the light let in upon his intellect, but he made Miss Blimber a little bow."

An example like this is better than a whole chapter of didactic lessons. Any teacher who studies such pictures of the false must turn away in disgust and seek a better way. Well does Edward Eggleston, in his pithy introduction to this group of school sketches remark, that "examinations for license to teach do not get at what is most valuable in the teacher." In our zeal to abandon the theories and methods of a barren past, we are in danger of turning our school-teachers into machines, cog-wheels and millstones. This book will touch the heart, the quality, the manhood and womanhood of the teacher. New York. Published by the American Book Company—Price, $1.40.

MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER, by Agnes Maule Machar, author of "Stories of New France," abounds in vivid descriptions of the Canadian Carnival and other provincial winter sports, including tobogganing, which is a passionate pastime for young folks in the Northwest. These accessories will excite interest in Eastern readers and awaken in our coast dwellers of Eastern origin a hankering for an old-fashioned northern winter; but to "Native Sons and Daughters" they will have little charm. The story is well told, but will fail to fascinate readers far away from its local surroundings. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

EDNA WILLIS LINN, who writes many genuine poems for periodical publications, with some common-place verses, has bravely surmounted the ordinary obstacles to public notice by bringing out a neat little volume of "Poems." The tendency of our new poets is to dwell upon subjective themes, and to reach for what is not palpable to the common mind and eye. Miss Linn's verse is fresh with real life and nature, and treats the lover of poetry to a pleasant contrast. Buffalo: C. W. Moulton.

A TRIP TO THE VENDOME AND CONGRESS SPRINGS.

BY LAURA BRIDE POWERS.

TALES of the wondrous beauty of the Garden City of the Coast had often penetrated into our sanctums at home. Often we had heard of the Elysian bowers that clustered around every home, howsoever humble; of the spreading sycamores that lined its suburban streets and by-ways; and of the unselfish abolition of fences and railings, whereby the pretty gardens became for the nonce the property of the passer-by.

Thither we were bowled on a bright May morning, leaving a large contingent of our brethren still in San Francisco. For an hour and a half we rolled along over a smooth, level country that lay comfortably between two ridges of the grass-grown hills and mountains, on which large herds of cattle and horses were contentedly grazing. Immense fields of waving grain lay on either side of us for great distances, but as we neared Santa Clara County these gave way to stretches of vineyard and orchard.

Numerous thriving towns and cities are located on the railroad, in many of which elegant suburban villas have been erected by city dwellers. Palo Alto, with its magnificently endowed university and its famous stock farm, we passed on our right, but no stop was made. On we sped until the coach door flew open, and the conductor launched forth a wholly unintelligible articulation which proved to be "San Jose," but as for me he might have announced it in Choctaw. What a pandemonium greeted us when the puffing engine pulled in. The bell was ringing vociferously; the clang, clang, of the electric gong was doing its utmost to drown the voice of its less aristocratic fellow-creature on the engine, while a perfect Babel of voices cried out, "Wants carriage?" "St. James," Hotel Vendome," "Baggage, sir?" Grasping our grips we made our way through the crowd to the 'bus of the Hotel Vendome, whither we had been directed, and soon were off.

Down First street for a few blocks, thence into a grove of pines and sycamores that towered skyward from the velvety lawns, interspersed here and there with beds of pansies in purple and gold, all gleaming and glinting in the morning sun, up to the hotel we were driven—a quaint Queen Anne structure of four stories, a charming compilation of gables, turrets, balconies and verandas.

Tired from our almost incessant travel, we were happy to find a retreat so inviting. The general ensemble of the hostelry and surroundings, the wide marble walks, shaded from the midday sun by intertwining branches, the trickling fountains and the rustic tête-à-têtes, put us strongly in mind of the old baronial hall of a good old English gentleman. Entering the lobby, to the right of which is the office, the same thought suggested itself. There on the left stood the wide-mouthed English fireplace, in which a log lay smoldering and spluttering. This is indisputably one of the prettiest vestibules we had met in our travels. Many were more splendid, but few were more attractive. The floor is composed of mosaics of pale blue, cream and chocolate, stretching away to the grand staircase on the left and the dining-hall in the rear. The wood finishing is of the popular Spanish cedar, with great beams running across the ceiling.

Having registered, still incog., with our accompanying bell-boy and bag-

gage, we were ushered into the elevator and taken to our apartments on the second floor. They were charmingly appointed, the finishings and decorations being in good taste and essentially comfortable. The view directly overlooking the park was a solace to a weary soul. The rose maze, teeming with the "Duchesse Brabant" and "Gold of Ophir" was just beneath our window, and each zephyr that blew into our rooms was laden with their sweet breath.

Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

Luncheon next claimed our attention, the balmy atmosphere of the valley already having had a visible effect upon our appetites. The menu was excellent, well served, and compared very favorably with our best Gotham hotels, which, by the way, a New Yorker maintains as a criterion, and to which he never fails to refer. Learning that a well-appointed stable had been established in connection with the hotel, we ordered a four-in-hand for an expeditious glance at the City of Roses, as we had but three days' leave of absence from our party.

Mr. Geo. Snell, our host, generously furnished us with such information as we desired about the points of interest, among which were Alum Rock, Congress Springs, the famous New Almaden quicksilver mines, the Leland Stanford Jr. University, the Santa Clara mission, established in 1777, and the great Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton. Our first drive was through the picturesque streets and past hundreds of charming homes, in whose gardens roses of every variety bloomed in prodigal profusion, then out to Alum Rock, a city reservation of four hundred acres, which it is every good tourist's duty to visit. When our trusty bays drew up in front of the hotel at six o'clock, the soft strains of a string orchestra within greeted our ears. It was dinner hour, and the guests were already descending into the dining-room. An animated scene greeted us, as the steward escorted us

to the seats we occupied at luncheon. What a memory of faces it is his fortune to possess.

The beauties of the dining hall were not half so apparent at lunch hour. Now, lighted by myriads of incandescents, the cream and white tones of the room appeared in all their pristine purity. The sun had not yet gone to rest and the drawn draperies of the western windows admitted the dying light in mellow tones through the cathedral glass. In each of the four fireplaces that stand on either side, great crackling logs burned cheerily.

The dinner menu was excellent, the wine good, the strains of the orchestra reaching our ears with delicious indistinctness, and we all with one accord pronounced "The Vendome" a charming resort, deserving the name and fame it has gained in the few years of its existence.

Outside of those of her metropolis, California has a hostelry of which she may justly feel proud. The ladies' parlors, with billiard room attached, are attractive apartments strongly suggestive of the private home of a cultured and wealthy family. The afternoon promenade along the corridors revealed a cosy reading-room in the left wing, opening out into a broad piazza. Opposite are the gentlemen's quarters, their club-rooms, etc., in a separate wing, connected by an enclosed corridor with the hotel proper. Here, also, is the music hall wherein are given all the musical events of the hotel. Surmounting the main hall, a sun parlor displays an admirable view of the valley, with its teeming orchards and vineyards. Mt. Hamilton can be seen proudly rearing its brow heavenward, fittingly crowned with the dome of the great Observatory.

Thither we were going on the morrow, the start to be made at seven A. M. Having heard many times of the perilous ride up the rugged mountain, inquiry elicited the information that our fears be instantly put aside, if our journey were made in the Vendome stage, driven by Mr. Ross, the veteran handler of the ribbons. In the many years of his mountain ascents an accident had never occurred of any moment. The road, we learned, is not surpassed in the state, having been constructed at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars appropriated by the Legislature. Sir Edwin Arnold aroused the ire of all good San Joseans by informing the public in his articles on California that the road was built at a cost of one thousand dollars by Santa Clara County.

We traversed the same road for a few miles as we took to Alum Rock on the preceding day, when, turning to the right, the ascent began. What a profusion of blue lupines! At times so thick they grew along the wayside, that in the distance it seemed that strips of blue sky had dropped from above and bordered the roadway. A slight mist hung over the valley at starting, but the dispelling rays of the sun soon had their effect — the gray pall was drawn aside further and further, enlarging the panorama at our feet. The ascent is scarcely perceptible, so gentle is the grade; yet on it goes, higher and higher, the horizon becoming more comprehensive at each bend, the vineyards and orchards less distinct, the dwellings mere dots. The waters of San Francisco Bay then came into view, even the blue hills of Marin County beyond were discernible, the great bend of the sky seeming to yoke the Pacific with Mt. Diablo, the guardian of Contra Costa. As on we went, the wealth of flora delighted us. Blue and white lupines, creamy buttercups, dainty baby-blue-eyes, all in sweet accord, dwelt side by side. Such damosels! Little wonder the proud prairie torch and the regal eschscholtzia paid them court, and bent low in token of their charms.

Plunging into a cañon lined on all sides with growths of chaparral and manzanitas, and studded here and there with huge moss-grown bowlders, and emerging into clear, bold space, where we were enabled to catch a glimpse of the shimmering waters of

the bay, we reached Smith's Creek for dinner. This inn is under the same management as the Vendome, and the menu is just as tempting. This was a surprise to us, but a welcome one, the bracing mountain air fitting us admirably for a good dinner. "Here we were strongly reminded of scenes in our Catskills. There ran the mountain stream revealing a multitude of speckled trout. In and out between the rocks they darted, sorely tempting the Waltons of our party from proforty-three feet above the level of the sea.

From the point, the largest telescope in the world nightly assaults the celestial world. While the earth is slumbering these solons on the mountain top are peering into the mysteries of the upper deep. It is claimed that the possibilities of astronomical observation are greater from this point than from any other in the world. The buildings are as substantial as the mountain itself, every device known

The Lobby.

ceeding further, particularly as a number of guests from the inn were indulging in the sport, and apparently meeting with great success. Here a relay of horses was obtained, and we made a fresh start, almost loathe to leave so charming a spot. Higher, yet higher, we went, the abyss of space on our right seeming almost illimitable. After making three hundred and sixty-five turns, we were at last at the top of the mountain, four thousand four hundred and

to mechanical skill having been brought into use in their construction and equipment. The ten-ton telescope can be moved and adjusted by a child, so perfect is its mechanical construction and its mounting. Below the stone pier on which it rests, lies the body of the founder of the Observatory, James Lick.

From the top of the dome, the view is indescribably beautiful, inspiring the beholder with awe as well as admiration. Truly the visit is well

worth the trip across the country; the impression that the tourist carries away will remain with him forever.

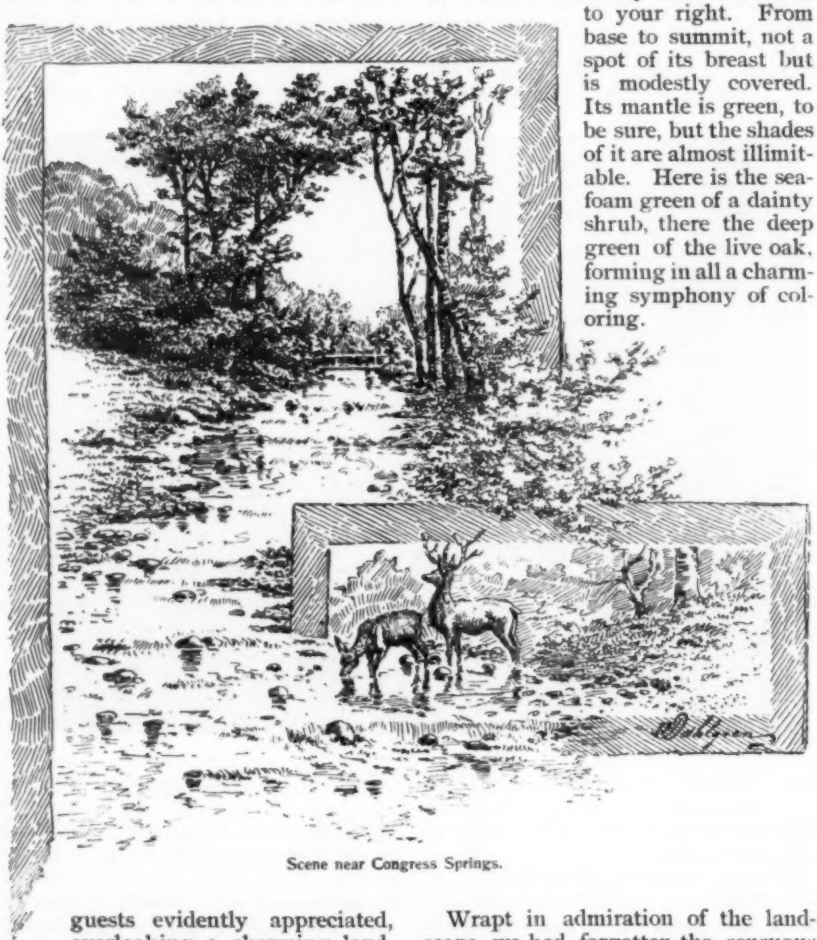
The lowering sun bade us put aside our glasses and prepare to return. Then the descent began. How the horses whizzed round the turns. In less than three hours we drew up in front of the Vendome, dusty and begrimed, but highly pleased with our day's outing, thus adding another chapter in our diaries of the wonders of California.

Ladies' Parlor.

The next morning dawned fresh as a watersprite. The air was redolent with the perfume of the moistened grass, while the birds chirped their morning carol to the sun. A pair of spanking bays, driven by the trustworthy Mr. Ross, pawed the gravel impatiently, waiting to start on their fourteen-mile drive to Congress Springs —a popular resort, said to be a counterpart of the famous Congress Springs of New York.

The road lay in a different direction from our previous drives, and was full of delights and surprises. The locality is famous for its deciduous fruit orchards, many of which were still in blossom. Each breeze, pregnant with the perfume of white and pink blossoms, brought back reminiscences of our boyhood days, when, at the juncture we would stand by with our hands thrust in our trousers' pockets, contemplating a royal feast ere many moons. We were not harassed in those days by such diabolical contrivances as barbed-wire fences. On we went, plunging into a grove of cottonwoods and oaks, through which a purling, foaming mountain stream had found its way. The foothills were still in their verdant Easter garb, the manzanitas and live oaks on the hills looking new-born but for their patri-

archal beards that wave in the breeze. We had reached the confines of the Springs almost without knowing it, the hotel bursting upon our view with startling suddenness, as we rounded a short bend. An inviting hostelry, with a wide veranda, sheltering numerous rustic seats, which the guests evidently appreciated, overlooking a charming landscape, designed only by nature. Judging from the multiplicity of vehicles in the sheds, we inferred that a number of lovers of rural delights had come hither for the day.



Scene near Congress Springs.

What an education to dwell among such lovely scenes! A wonder that California does not contribute more artists to the world than she does! Surely no spot on earth was more blessed than she with inspirations. My tourist friends, when you visit Congress Springs, behold that mountain that rises so suddenly from the cañon to your right. From base to summit, not a spot of its breast but is modestly covered. Its mantle is green, to be sure, but the shades of it are almost illimitable. Here is the sea-foam green of a dainty shrub, there the deep green of the live oak, forming in all a charming symphony of coloring.

Wrapt in admiration of the landscape, we had forgotten the sensuous requirements of our grosser selves till lunch hour had almost passed. Having discovered the oversight, our discussions on nature were hastily dropped, and we repaired at once to the dining-room, where a luncheon fit

for a king was spread before us. Sweet milk and cream, flaky bread that rivaled the whiteness of the platter it lay upon—the whole menu was dainty and tempting. Having finished the repast, Mr. Lewis A. Sage, the owner of this delightful spot, directed us through the arbor just in front of the house, and thence to the pathway to the spring, of which he seemed very proud. Tasting the waters, we readily associated them with our own Congress water of New York.

During our ramble we came upon one of the prettiest rustic scenes we had ever beheld. We afterwards learned that it had been perpetuated upon canvas. Following the main pathway, we came to a rustic bridge roofed in from the midday sun by a fretwork of boughs. Built of the limbs of trees, with their grotesque twistings and turnings, the green moss still clinging to them, the clear babbling stream beneath revealing a wealth of chalcedony, rose-quartz and other pretty pebbles, surely it was fit trysting place for Daphne and her lovers. Cool breezes played among the leaves, and the water nymphs danced in the dark eddies of the stream; the trout darted here and there in blissful unconsciousness of impending dangers; the lazy blue bottle buzzed his summer song. Modest cowslips grew in unmolested profusion along the banks hidden now and then from view by growths of fern. In this quiet glen, who would not wish to tarry? We sat on the bridge, saying little but thinking much of the possibilities of a sojourn here, with our trusty rod and line, and other accoutrements of country comforts; then in the warmth of the day, how pleasant to contemplate a plunge into the cool waters of the spring!

While we are thus soliloquizing, the merry laugh of young girls was heard in the distance, followed by shouts from boyish throats, and we knew a party of merry picknickers was approaching. Suddenly they burst upon us from behind a dense clump of cottonwoods, each of them laden with great branches of eschscholtzias whose brilliancy rivaled the orb of day. On investigating, we learned that the hillsides a short distance up stream were aflame with them.

Emerging from our sequestered nook, we were astonished to find the sun had shifted way off to the west, and was almost ready to sink behind the hills. With genuine regret, we headed our horses homeward, promising ourselves that if it were ever again our good fortune to visit California, our visit to Congress Springs would be measured by weeks instead of days.

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A PIONEER EDUCATOR OF OAKLAND.

BY C. I. P.

THE lives of men and women who have achieved marked success under great difficulties are always interesting to those who are students of humanity and are in sympathy with all progressive movements.

Among the educators of our State are many such who are deserving of notice and commendation, for no work can be greater than the conscientious training of youthful minds. Before a general mention of representative instructors, we would speak of the pioneer educator of Oakland, Mrs. M. K. Blake. This lady, we may state, is a descendant, on the maternal side, of Cotton Mather, and of those once famous physicians who bear the name of Kittredge. Her birth-place was Essex, New York, upon historic Lake Champlain. In school-girl days, she planned what has since proved her life work, a work for which she possessed great natural ability; and after a careful and thorough education was completed, she began her duties as teacher, while still very young. After a successful management of private schools in her native State, she came to Oakland in 1852, and as soon as its growth warranted the venture, her seminary for young ladies was opened. The date of its opening was the 8th of November, 1858. Although discouraged by friends, who considered success impossible in so new a country, Mrs. Blake, with characteristic determination, kept steadily on, and eventually succeeded in establishing her school upon its present secure basis. The years of its existence have been marked by the approval of its patrons, and the mental and spiritual advancement of the pupils.

Her pleasant home, 528 Eleventh street, Oakland, is carefully arranged for the comfort, convenience and health of the young girls and children, to whom it represents both home and school. Among the pupils are several daughters of former graduates, who have deemed it a privilege to place their children among the same happy surroundings which have marked their own school days.

The teachers employed, all college

graduates, are specially adapted to their work, which is thorough and progressive; and nothing needful to fit young girls for their life duties, happy birds, should not be passed unnoticed.

And over this spacious, healthful, well-ordered school, presides a woman

Mrs. Blake's School.

either mentally, socially or physically, is neglected. The kindergarten is a most interesting feature of the school. The great sunny rooms, the well-kept lawn and bright flowers seen from its windows, the broad porch where the little ones cluster like whose life of energy and perseverance must be a living example to those under her watchful, Christian charge, so well cared for, counseled and instructed, that in their temporary exile from home the place of a mother is well supplied.

W. C. PATTERSON.

BY WM. C. CARROLL.

AMONG the presidents of the Los Angeles Board of Trade, who have been prominent factors in the development of city and county, is W. C. Patterson, the subject of this sketch. He was first elected president of the board in 1891, and was re-elected in 1892 by a unanimous vote of the members of the board. The magnitude of this honor will be better conceived when it is known that Mr. Patterson is a comparatively recent arrival in this community, and that his innate modesty and tendency to retirement preclude the possibility of his in the least degree moving to secure one vote in his own behalf. It is a spontaneous expression of the esteem in which his business associates hold him.

W. C. Patterson came to Los Angeles, in January, 1888. Early in the same year, he went into business by opening a general commission house. He had brought with him many letters of introduction from his old home in Ohio, in which such men as Governor Foraker spoke of him in the highest terms of praise. A few months of experience proved to the merchants of Los Angeles that not a word had been said in commendation of Mr. Patterson which was not fully merited. In 1890, the Board of Trade elected him a director; in 1891, president, and re-elected him, in 1892. Experienced in business, naturally shrewd in mind, and thoroughly honest in character, Mr. Patterson has made friends day by day, as he has become known to the public. Always attentive to business, always courteous to customers, and scrupulously conscientious in the discharge of all his obligations to those with whom he has dealings, Mr. Patterson's business has grown at a rapid pace, and rests on a very solid basis. His stores at 110 North Los Angeles Street, are a busy scene, as a great volume of goods comes and goes at all hours of the day. Under his wise guidance the affairs of the Board of Trade are on the same firm foundation, and its usefulness is greatly enhanced, owing to the careful business methods pursued, and to the absolute fairness with which all interests are regarded.

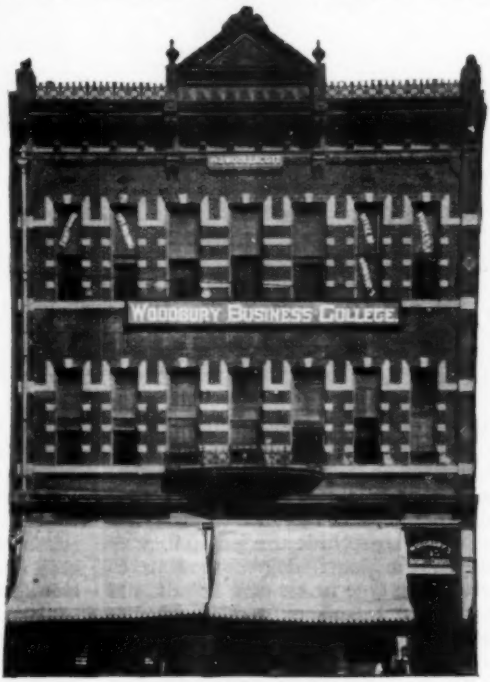
THE WOODBURY BUSINESS COLLEGE,

LOS ANGELES.

BY CORLISS B. MASON.

THE Woodbury Business College, which is located at No. 245 South Spring street, Los Angeles, Cal., is one of the oldest, largest and best-known commercial schools on the Pacific Coast. Established in the summer of 1884, in response to the general demand for practical education, it has been a success from its inception, its attendance last year reaching three hundred and ninety-one different pupils, representing almost every city and town of Southern California. The college is located near the business center of the city, and occupies the entire second and third floors of a large business block. The rooms are attractively and conveniently furnished with substantial office furniture, everything being provided that is necessary for the convenience, comfort and health of pupils. There are four complete courses of study—the commercial course, the English course, the shorthand and type-writing course and the telegraphic course. A student completing any of these regular courses is awarded the college diploma, free of charge.

Public graduating exercises are held each year and diplomas are presented publicly. The graduating classes have been addressed by such well-known business men as Hon. E. F. Spence and Major Geo. H. Bonebrake. Ten regular instructors and lecturers are employed and the school sessions continue the entire year, thus enabling pupils to enter at any time and pursue their studies until graduation. The instructors are all men and women of character and experience, and parents placing their children under their instruction will make no mistake. We advise all who are interested in practical education to send for a catalogue of this excellent school.



Woodbury Business College.

The officers of the college are as follows: G. A. Hough, president; N. G. Felker, vice-president; E. C. Wilson, secretary.

ENTERPRISING WHOLESALE GROCERS,

HOWELL & CRAIG.

IT would not be easy to find the history of another business house in Los Angeles, which would better illustrate the growth of the city and surrounding section, than that of the wholesale grocery firm of Howell & Craig.

This is not a narration of personal matters, but the *personnel* of any establishment is always of interest, and a few facts in this connection are pertinent.

The senior member of the firm, R. H. Howell, was born in North Carolina, and bears in his manners and address all the characteristics of a successful business man. In early youth, Mr. Howell moved westward, and settled in Shreveport, Louisiana, where he remained in business for a round period of twenty years. Here he gathered the experience, and laid the foundation of close attention to business, and of steady habits, upon which he has built a career of quite remarkable success. With such experience, about five years ago, Mr. Howell removed to Los Angeles, and cast his lot with Southern California.

The other member of the firm, R. L. Craig, is to all intents and purposes, a Native Son of the Golden West, as he came to the State at so early an age that only his parents could give the date. He learned to lisp his first words in the breezy air of San Francisco, and, until he removed to Los Angeles, all the years of his life were passed amid the busy scenes that mark the growth of the Bay City. His life, from early youth, was spent in mercantile pursuits.

Four years ago, the co-partnership of Howell & Craig, Los Angeles, was formed. The first step was to secure an ample lot, on the principal wholesale street of the city, on which they proceeded to erect a handsome brick building, for the home of their enterprise. The precise location is 132, 134 and 136 South Los Angeles street.

Four years ago takes us back to the summer of 1888. The marvelous growth and speculative excitement of the great historical boom had come to an end, and the period of quiet, of depression natural to such an unparalleled development had followed, indeed had culminated, and its effects were being felt when these two men, full of hope, courage and energy, founded their great enterprise. A keen insight into the elements of the situation disclosed to their mind's eye a future of great promise for the young city, and for the surrounding region in the heart of which it is set.

The vital forces inherent in a land of such varied and special resources, and so exceedingly rich withal, they wisely concluded, must result in a speedy revival of business, and in a steady and rapid growth for many years to come. A half-hour spent within the walls of the brick block, which furnishes the illustration for this article, will prove how wisely these men builded.

The building is three stories and basement, the four floors being each fifty seven by one hundred and twenty-five feet, giving a total floor area of nearly thirty thousand square feet. It is a large amount of space, but every foot of it is put to good use. There is little subdivision of lines in the wholesale grocery business in this city, up to the present time, and for this reason a house, such as the one under review, finds it both necessary and profitable to carry almost everything in all departments of the grocery trade.

From the cellar to the roof, the four floors are literally packed with goods.

Business House of Howell & Craig.

To handle their trade, the firm have about twenty employes, most of whom are among our best and most thorough business men. All, in their several departments, take a special interest in the advancement of the establishment, and hence, with such care and precision, we see the increasing good results.

The attention bestowed upon this business has by no means exhausted the energy of these two men, who are in the very prime of life. They have this year leased the Whittier Cannery, and have there, during the season, from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty persons employed, canning and drying the luscious fruits, which have made our semi-tropical clime so famous in all parts of the world. The plant has been worked to its full capacity, and is turning out many thousand cases of the finest fruits of this section.

The policy which has built up their grocery business so successfully will be equally effective in the handling of canned and dried fruits.

One of the members of the firm gives his personal attention to this department, and nothing but the very finest fruit is packed. With pure granulated sugar syrup, full-weight cans, the Whittier Cannery goods cannot be excelled.

C. L. DINGLEY, Jr.

An honest man, close button'd to the chin—
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.

IN these days of severe competition and unrivaled successes, it is a difficult matter to single out any one individual as being specially worthy to occupy a place upon the roll of our business heroes, who bring tone, character and honor to our commercial world; but there can be nothing invidious in selecting Mr. C. L. Dingley, and in pointing out, for the benefit of some of our readers, a few of the traits of character which make him—*facile princeps*—a leader even at his time of life; who has, by the sheer force of upright and persevering industry gained a name for himself which might well be coveted by many men many years his senior.

It is often dangerous to speak in glowing terms of those who are practically young in the world, especially if their ears can hear or their eyes can see what has been said regarding them; but the present writer can affirm that while this is not the first article which has contained complimentary references to the push, the enterprise and the success of the brilliant young leader of the "Drifted Snow Flour" boom, and while it most certainly will not be the last, the gentleman in question is apparently less concerned and certainly less exalted than if he were the subject of adverse criticism and reproach.

There never was a man who has become less intoxicated, either by reason of the amazing success that has followed him, or by reason of the flattering manner in which he is spoken of by all who know him—by the public press, by the leading weeklies and monthlies—than Mr. Charles L. Dingley.

Of his early life there is nothing special to record. He is the eldest son of parents whose lives shone, not in public but in private, and yet who maintained a position which entitled them to the respect and affection of the community in which they dwelt. Treated to a liberal education at our public schools, he graduated therefrom in 1883, and not being decided as to his future course of life, he spent some time in travel, which has proved of immense advantage to him in late years. Though not particularly enamored of business life, at his father's request he entered his office and began his life with the noble determination to do his duty as long as he remained in business, and die before surrender. Little did the young man think that his resolution would soon be severely tested. Yet when—in the winter of 1889, his father died, the tremendous burden of a large growing business fell upon his shoulders, and it devolved upon him to assume the management of interests which might well have alarmed a more matured mind—the subject of this sketch stepped into the breach, and instead of retiring from a life which had not yet proved congenial to him, he stood by his former resolution and determined that all his powers should be used in furthering the interests of his late father's firm, and in gaining for it a place higher than it had hitherto occupied.

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

It is true "Drifted Snow Flour" had at this time an existence, but its existence was no more remarkable than that of any other brand of flour. Now began that peculiar tide in the affairs of Mr. Dingley which he took at the flood and which has led on to his fortune. "I do not believe," he recently said, "in *squandering* a cent, but I do believe in spending thousands of dollars *judiciously*." Mr. Dingley set himself to make sure that his flour was the best in the market, and having made

C. L. Dingley, Jr.

sure of that, he set himself to advise the public of the fact. To do this the "thousands of dollars" must be spent, and spent judiciously. Opposition met him on every side, but the man knew his opportunity and made use of it, to what purpose the public knows full well. With this advertising began one of the most memorable struggles in the history of business enterprise in this city. "Drifted snow flour is a success," was the simple sign which met the public eye at every point. The older firms, which had so long held their position and worn the wreath without any daring to contest their right, laughed at the suggestion that they could ever suffer by the advent of this young intruder, and the entrance of the junior Dingley into the contest reminded many of the old Bible story of David and Goliath, not only in its beginning, but in its termination; for, *mirabile dictu!* the flour giants are slain, and the youthful manager of the Drifted Snow Flour Co. victoriously seizes the prize and compels the great milling firms of the State to form a combine!

The question is often asked, "How do you account for such remarkable success in so young a man?" and we answer, that in Mr. Dingley's case success is inevitable. He adopts all the prerequisite means; gives to his business schemes all the freshness of sturdy young manhood, all the courage, indomitable zeal and perseverance of a new energy, and inspires all who are associated with him with a dauntless spirit which generates enthusiasm and which refuses to think of even the possibility of defeat. The dashing, *go-ahead* spirit is not the only feature peculiar to Mr. Dingley's business habits; he possesses to an almost equal degree the calm, judicious, steady nature without which the former would be insecure, and though a thorough believer in pressing on at "full steam," he is also a thorough believer in the value of the "brake," and knows how and when to apply it.

Without any doubt, excessive modesty is Mr. Dingley's chief fault. His modesty keeps him from aspiring to positions for which he is amply qualified. No better illustration of this could be found than is contained in the fact that though he alone is responsible for the unparalleled success of "Drifted Snow Flour," his own name never appeared in connection with it, and few are aware that the retiring manager of the Central Milling Co. is the subject of this sketch.

It is greatly to be regretted that, in these days, when so many who are totally unfitted for appointments of public trust are pushing themselves to the front, such men as Mr. Dingley could not be secured and induced to accept an appointment which would bring confidence to the public mind; but though ambitious along the line of business, he has no ambition to be among the political place-seekers of the city. We trust the day is not far distant when the public may elevate him to the place where his character, attainments and life entitle him.

In private life, it would be hard to find a more genial and companionable gentleman.

In November, 1890, Mr. Dingley married Miss Laura Albrecht of Fruitvale, and in their beautiful home at Menlo Park, Mr. and Mrs. Dingley lead a quiet, happy life—the ideal life of a genuine American home.

The future of such a man must be a notable one. Although but twenty-seven years of age, he has already achieved a remarkable distinction, and has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that with determination, perseverance, purity of motive and integrity of character, combined with all the other traits—noble and gentle—of true manhood, a man must succeed in this world, and deserve the testimony of approval not only from his own conscience, but also from that great tribunal which sits in judgment upon all men, and pronounces its decisions with characteristic frankness and fearlessness.

"MY NAME IS U. S. GRANT."

IN an illustrated history of his regiment, Major D. E. Cronin publishes a story contributed by Sergeant Prince, which runs as follows:

"Our regiment—the First New York Mounted Rifles—with many other troops, lay in front of Richmond, in March, 1865. We had been hustled around pretty lively for several weeks and had no permanent camp. One night the word was passed along the line and soon became common property that there was to be an early advance the following morning, and everywhere was bustle and confusion. Every man was ordered to be in his saddle by 2 A. M. I was at this time clerk in the Quartermaster's department under Lieutenant Corby. About 10 or 11 o'clock Colonel Sumner sent word to the Quartermaster to send me to his tent mounted. I reported at headquarters in a few moments, and the Colonel handed me a dispatch and told me to go to the City Point with it at once and to go lively and deliver it at once to one of the departments, which I do not recall now, as it did not impress me as much as what occurred afterward.

"There was no moon, but the weather was pleasant and it was a starlight night. I started off on a lope, and had reached the James River and crossed the pontoon bridge, and had followed the road probably a mile, keeping the right of it. I had met no one up to this time, but now in the distance I heard a horseman approaching in the opposite direction, riding fast.

"As we approached each other my left leg struck his left leg with such violence that both of us were nearly unseated and swept from our saddles. My first involuntary exclamation was: 'Why the devil don't you keep the right side of the road, you chucklehead!' or something to that effect. He replied in a similar strain, as we were both mad and felt sore. This kind of talk was kept up for a few minutes pro and con, each blaming the other for the accident, and it was give and take all the time, as I felt perfectly secure in my position, having the right of the road, until he asked the question: 'How does it happen that you are galloping your horse?' I replied that I had the same right to gallop my horse that he had to gallop his. 'Yes,' said he, 'but I thought I had issued orders that there should be no galloping of horses in this department.'

"This was the first intimation I had received that I was not talking to a private soldier, as it was too dark to see anything but the outlines of a man and horse. I at once took a back track and was profuse in my apologies. But he answered me curtly and said: 'Come along back to the pontoon bridge and I will place you in charge of the officer in command.'

"I turned about and started back with him. I was satisfied by this time I had struck a snag and had nearly knocked the breath out of a commanding officer, but who it was I had not the remotest idea. I now explained to him my errand and the importance of haste in its execution, and that I had been ordered by Colonel Sumner to ride quick. We had only proceeded a quarter or half a mile when he said: 'I guess you can go on. My name is U. S. Grant. Look out that you don't run into my staff; you will find them down the road somewhere.' And sure enough, when I got down the road about half a mile, I met his staff clattering along at a rapid pace.

"General Grant was on his way to the front to be ready for the movement that was to take place the following morning, and had ridden out of sight and hearing of his staff."

NEW BOOKS

PHYSIOGNOMY is not a new theme. What time the early Greek philosophers were founders of a fresh civilization, attention was given to this always interesting topic. Among the more celebrated of the Greeks, Plato, Aristotle and Ptolemy had much to say on this subject, and their utterances are still heeded. It is comparatively recent history how Porta, Lavater, Dr. Gross and Dr. Redfield made this subject their own, and brought it within the scope of popular vision. Even now their books are read, although they injured the general effect of their work by undue attention to a variety of fads and misconceptions, while other authors introduced superstitions like alchemy, fortune-telling and even the follies of the old astrologers and sorcerers. It was left for Dr. Joseph Simms to scatter the once uncertain dogmas of physiognomy with his original discoveries of signs and principles placed on a true scientific and exact basis. Champollion, the French savant and linguist, taught archæologists and Egyptologists to read the hieroglyphics on the historic stones of Egypt, and in the same manner has Dr. Simms taught us how to read men by nature's hieroglyphics and their external conformation. This is the purpose and use of his large work entitled "Physiognomy Illustrated," in which the laws of the features, lineaments and bodily forms are explained and formulated in well-defined, exact system free from whims, omens, illusions and other vague superficialties and isms. This is a deeply interesting book of six hundred and twenty-four pages, handsomely and accurately illustrated with three hundred engravings making clear in what way the predominant bones betoken the shades of human character and the force and scientific value of the regnant muscles.

This last is a branch of the subject first dealt with by Dr. Simms. A vital distinction is drawn with the aid of careful discernment between personal character as shown by an abnormally large thorax, and that of which an excessive development of the abdomen is the sign. Dr. Simms is the first writer to classify ears in such a lucid manner as to show the musical, linguistic or oratorical capacities of the owners. The ingenious author makes plain to all how love and social qualities are manifested in the eyes; in what manner the mathematician, the mechanician and the miser are marked with characteristic features, as well as the refined and pure, and those whose inclination is to do good. He shows how to discover persons who would dwell in harmony with their associates, and to what degree the face denotes ability for spoken or written language. He even describes a cautious and an incautious nose. Dr. Simms is known as a popular lecturer on science and a vigorous writer, by all the English-speaking peoples. He does not fall into the common error of many writers on this subject who advocate the theory that a large nose, a massive head or a full forehead invariably betokens a great mind. Several hundred signs of mental and moral qualities are philosophically described and included in a practical, cogent and wholly new system of character reading, which goes far in advance of other known methods. The underlying principles are brought forth with a notable power of luminous exposition and originality tempered by scientific exactitude imprinted on every page of the book as well as by a delicacy of treatment and an entire absence of egotism. The book is a rich treasure to those who desire a thorough understanding of the characters which daily pass in review before them. Published by the Murray Hill Publishing Co., 129 East Twenty-eighth street, New York; price two dollars.

THE BRIDE OF INFELICE, by Miss Ada L. Halstead, a San Francisco author, already quite favorably known, shows the advantage of telling a Massachusetts story under the inspiration of Pacific Coast sunshine and breezes. Our author has treated her subject with sustained interest, and in a style remarkable for its flexible and picturesque diction.

ON A BUHACH PLANTATION.

BY E. S. LAWRENCE.

IN savage life nature kindly adapts capability of endurance to the amount and intensity of annoyance, and uncivilized man is undisturbed under degrees of aggravation that would be intolerable to his more progressive brother. There is an equilibrium maintained—a balance of power, as it were—which enables the human being of primitive conditions and habits to gain a fair share of peace and comfort. As man progresses, however, in civilization and intelligence, nature seems to withdraw the protecting provisions made by her for his welfare and leave him to his own wits and ingenuity to devise means of comfort. The comforts and luxuries as well as the necessities of life are incessantly increasing, and, with these increasing demands upon her, nature plainly proclaims that she will have nothing further to do with them than to supply the raw materials which civilized man must first discover and then adapt to his use, as well as find his antidotes to discomfort. Here, then, enterprise must step forward to devise ways and means.

Perhaps nothing causes mankind more irritation, considering the diversity and wide scope of their operations and their countless modes of attack, than insect pests. Whether our sleep be disturbed by the ubiquitous and gluttonous flea, or our flower gardens and orchards be devastated by aphides, whether the phylloxera destroy our vines, or flies render our meat uneatable, or a predatory incursion of ants causes us to empty our sugar basin into the ash barrel, or vermin harass our domestic animals, the annoyances and losses proceed from members of an infinite host of independent armies of *hostiles*—visible and invisible—that wage eternal war on man's necessities and comforts. Against such persistent foes invention, discovery and enterprise must be brought into operation, and science must lend her aid.

It is an old saying that the remedy for an evil may be found close at hand. The snake-bitten Indian finds the curative herb growing in the habitat of the poisonous reptile, and the obnoxiousness of some pests is frequently disposed of by the presence of natural exterminators or dispersers. With regard to insectiferous regions such effectively neutralizing factors in the economy of life are few and infrequent, and few are the regions on Earth in which numberless armies of the insect class of invertebrates with its more than two hundred thousand species, do not carry on their depredations. It is true that they furnish food for numerous other animals, and certain genera of them assist in the fertilization of plants; but there are others whose sole occupation is aggression and destruction without apparently rendering any service to either animal or vegetable life. The most fertile imagination could not invent a hypothesis that would lead to the proof that the flea and the bedbug, the aphis and chicken louse, the grasshopper and the wheat weevil are contributors in any degree to the welfare of their fellow inhabitants of this globe. It is against these and such like pests that man has to direct his energies, science and skill.

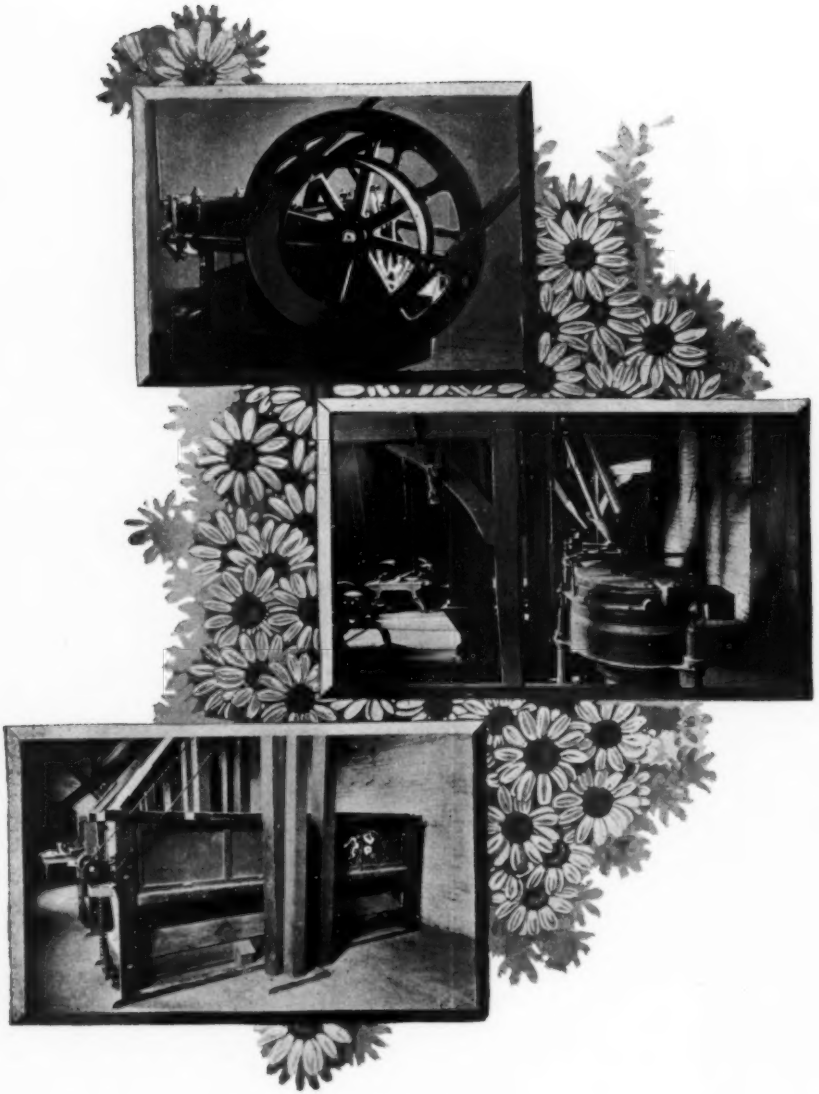
To the Persians is due the credit of having first discovered the insecticide properties of a plant, a native of their country and related to the camomile. Its botanical name is Pyrethrum roseum, and in all probability it will prove eventually to be one of the greatest blessings which *discovery* has conferred upon mankind since its pos-

sibilities as a contributor to successful agriculture in all its varied branches, to the comfort, happiness and welfare of all classes, are beyond speculation. From Persia the plant was introduced into Dalmatia, Herzegovina and Montenegro, in which provinces it was cultivated, for many years under a jealously protective system, special efforts being made to prevent the sale of plants or seed. Its importance and value as a staple article of production were ample excuse for these precautionary attempts to secure the monopoly imported during the last thirteen years one hundred and fifty tons of the flowers and powder annually.

Of Dalmatia, one of the few homes of the plant, Mr. G. N. Milco, late of Stockton, was a native, and to him Californians are indebted for the introduction of it into their State. The difficulties which he had to contend with were on a par with those which the traveler to China long years ago encountered in getting possession of a few silkworm eggs—the germs of a large industry in Italy

Gateway and Avenue.

of it. To the Dalmatian plant was given the name of Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium. In 1850 the powder prepared from it, was first introduced into France and its effectiveness as an insect destroyer was speedily recognized. From that date the demand for Persian or Dalmatian Insect Powder has yearly increased and immense quantities of both the powder and the flower from which the preparation is manufactured are shipped from Trieste, Austria, the great market for the product, to all parts of the world. A single house in New York has and France; were on a par with those which long baffled the English farmer in his attempts to procure the Alderney stock; and were of the same nature as those which kept the Guatemala cochineal for three centuries from the outside world. But his perseverance, determination and enterprise overcame all obstacles, and in spite of the watchful opposition of officials, he finally succeeded in getting a small quantity of the seeds of the Pyrethrum smuggled from Gravosa. This was about 1876. His work, however, had only begun.



Interior of Factory.

He confidently believed that California possessed both the soil and climate suitable for the successful cultivation of the botanical alien, but it cost him three years of patient experiment before he succeeded in discovering the particular kind of homestead that was congenial to the stranger's taste and thriftiness. Different kinds of soil were tried in the balance and found wanting; the climates of first one section and then another were appealed to, but did not respond with encouragement. The plants from his nursery beds, which were watched over with incessant care, did not thrive at first on an unaccustomed diet and drooped under the lash of winds they could not withstand. But Mr. Milco found at last the proper conditions for the Pyrethrum's growth and associated himself with Mr. J. D. Peters and Mr. A. C. Paulsell, under the business name of the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company, Buhach being the trade mark name under which Mr. Milco introduced the insect powder into this State.

Eight hundred acres of suitable land in San Joaquin Valley were procured and a Buhach plantation on a large scale was started. The tract of land is situated near Atwater, Merced County. Mr. Paulsell soon retired from the association, but Mr. Milco and Mr. Peters had perfect confidence in the undertaking and continued the business together until the death of the former in 1886, from which time Mr. Peters has conducted it. While we are indebted to Mr. Milco for the introduction into California of the Pyrethrum and his untiring perseverance in acclimatizing it, praise and gratitude should be extended to Mr. Peters for his unfaltering confidence in a new undertaking and for supplying the capital necessary for the inauguration of a new industry.

Vineyard from Railroad.

By 1888 the company had three hundred acres under cultivation in the Pyrethrum at Atwater, and an extensive brick building had been erected at Stockton for the manufacture of the insect powder from the flowers of the plant. From that time the area of this Buhach plantation has been annually increased, and during the busy months of the year from one hundred to two hundred men

Peach and Almond Orchard.

are employed thereon in the work of gathering, preparing and shipping the flowers to Stockton. In addition to their "Buhach Plantation" the company planted out an orchard and a vineyard, and engaged in the three industries of buhach, wine, brandy and fruit production.

With this brief historical account of the Pyrethrum and its introduction into this State we will proceed to give some particulars regarding its cultivation and harvesting, its comprehensive usefulness as an insecticide, and its death-dealing properties.

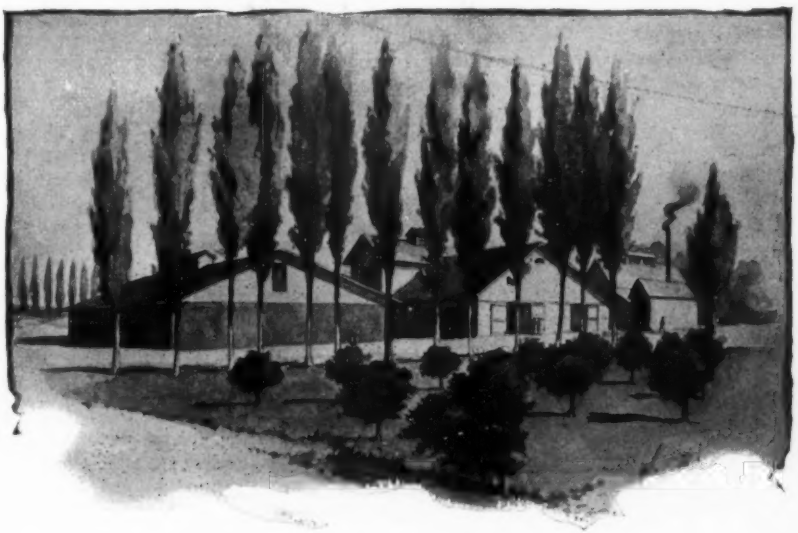
Drying Pyrethrum.

There are various species of the plant, as for instance the Pyrethrum carneum and the Pyrethrum roseum, but we are only concerned with the Pyrethrum cinerariæ-folium, derived from Dalmatian stock. The plant is perennial and grows to the height of about thirty inches. It does not produce a paying crop of flowers until it is at least three years old, and is most productive at the age of from four to six years, when it may be regarded as being in its prime. The cultivation of it must be conducted with care and intelligence, and as moisture is a sine quâ non with regard to its vigor and productiveness it cannot be grown successfully in the San Joaquin Valley, or, indeed, in any region subject to long periods of dry weather, however suitable the soil, without irrigation. On the plantation of the Buhach Producing and Manufacturing Company miles of lateral ditches distribute water from the main irrigating canal, and such is the nature of the soil that the water readily percolates through it, moisture being found not only on the surface but at a depth of three feet below it at a distance of a hundred yards from the ditches. On this plantation the plants are placed in rows four feet apart, and are distant from each other in the rows about twenty inches.

The harvesting time is generally the end of May, when the stalks are cut off at the roots of the plant with a sickle; the flowers are then stripped off by passing the stems through a coarse kind of comb which detaches

Harvesting the Pyrethrum.

them and allows them to drop into a box in front of the gatherer. As each box is filled, its contents are carried to the drying ground where the flowers are spread upon sheets and exposed to the rays of the sun, being frequently turned over. At night they are carefully covered to prevent them from absorbing moisture. This is an indispensable precaution, because the more quickly and thoroughly the drying process is performed the better the quality of the *buhach* obtained from the flowers. The volatile oil which gives the powder its insecticide properties is then retained as fully as possible, whereas, if the least dew is allowed to fall upon the flowers while drying they become discolored and their properties are weakened. When the flowers have been thoroughly dried they are shipped to the mill at Stockton where they are reduced to powder.



Wine Cellar and Wine House.

It will not be out of place here to make mention of certain methods of adulterating the flowers of the Pyrethrum, employed in Dalmatia and other countries where the plant is cultivated for exportation. There are flowers, utterly valueless ones, which so closely resemble the Pyrethrum that when dried and mixed with the true article experts may be deceived, and the presence of the false flower be undetected until the weakness and inefficiency of the powder manufactured from the mixture reveals the fraud. The Hungarian daisy is one of these flowers, and in 1888 a large quantity of heavily adulterated insect powder, manufactured from a mixture of that flower with a small proportion of the true Pyrethrum, was sold. No wonder that the purchasers of the adulterated article are inclined to put little faith in insect powders. Another mode of defrauding the public is by manufacturing the powder from the whole plant, stem, leaves and flowers. This plan can hardly be classified as adulteration, inasmuch as both stem and leaves contain a certain small amount of the volatile oil, but it supplies an article far inferior to pure *buhach*, in the prep-

aration of which only the flower is used.

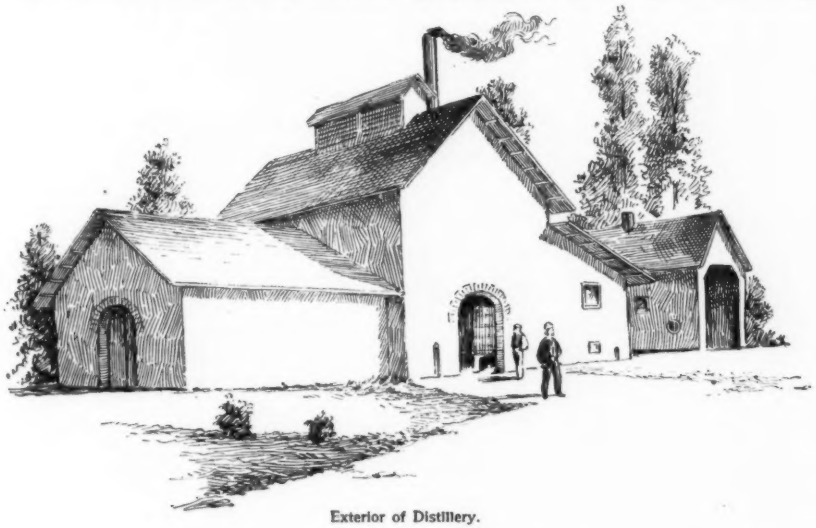
There are three ways in which our insect enemies can be attacked and conquered by means of the Pyrethrum, each way being the best and most efficacious in its particular direction, and best adapted to reach particular classes of insects. For household purposes, where the fly and the flea are the most frequent insect annoyances, the dry powder ejected from an insufflator, as Mr. Milco named the popularly yclept *powder-gun*, will be found convenient. But this mode of application is by no means confined to the narrow limits of the kitchen and the bedchamber; it has been proved to be equally serviceable in the garden and the greenhouse. Years ago a test was made for the purpose of deciding upon the capability of *buhach* to destroy the green aphis, so troublesome to flower-gardeners. A tree was selected swarming with the parasites, and one evening the powder was applied, a white paper having been previously spread upon the ground beneath. In half an hour five hundred aphides were lying on the paper and in the morning the tree was found to be free of its assailants. The museum is another place where *buhach* administered in this way will be found to do its duty. Insects which make their homes in the skin of a stuffed lion, or in rare specimens of the avifauna of a country, and proceed to increase and multiply, eating everything they can devour, can be exterminated by *buhach*, and there is no reason why collections of animal or vegetable rarities should sustain injury from such pests. Other places where the "powder-gun" is successfully used are the merchant's warehouse, the retailer's shop, and private shelves and wardrobes. The lady can preserve her sealskin sacque; the tailor and the storekeeper their woolen goods and furs and feathers; and the wholesale merchant his wheat and hides and other articles of commerce. Years ago *buhach* was tried on wheat affected by weevil and "proved an effective remedy in saving wheat from injury or destruction by the weevil in a warehouse." The birdcage in the parlor and the chicken-house in the poultry-yard can be alike kept free of vermin by this mode of application.

The second method of administering this insecticide is by fumigation. *Buhach*, burned or roasted on a saucer, fire-shovel, or any convenient vessel, emits fumes deadly to insect life. In a room they penetrate crevices and hiding-places which the powder may fail to reach, and lurking bedbugs, ants and spiders, roaches and moths cannot escape. This plan is the best way of getting rid of mosquitoes and gnats.

Destruction of property and annoyance to the person constitute the two broad effects by which the countless multitudes of these insignificant, but terrible, insect activities make themselves felt by us. The losses entailed by the former method of procuring food exceed beyond calculation the aggravation caused by the latter, and our third way of using *buhach* applies exclusively to the protection of property in the field, the plantation, the orchard and the garden. The two methods previously described are not so effective—especially the latter—in the open air, since a slight breeze operates strongly against their effectiveness. A more convenient form of administering the insecticide was sought, and it was soon discovered by experiments made by Professor E. W. Hilgard, of the University of California, that a tea or infusion prepared from the flowers of the Pyrethrum is as effective against out-of-door insects as the powder and fumigation are against the in-door pests. The infusion should be applied in the form of a spray, and not as a wash or by drops, and spraying machines or "atomizers" have been invented for the purpose.

On how large a scale the depredations of noxious insects are carried on, and how excessive is the damage caused by them to crops will be seen

from the two following quotations from men of competent authority to speak on the subject. Professor Riley, Chief of the Entomological Department at Washington, in one of his reports to the government, writes thus: "To give some idea of the immense loss caused by noxious insects, Mr. Walsh calculated that the United States suffer from injuries of noxious insects to the annual amount of three hundred million dollars, and adds, that he is by no means claiming that it is possible to save all this enormous sum, but if diminished only one-half



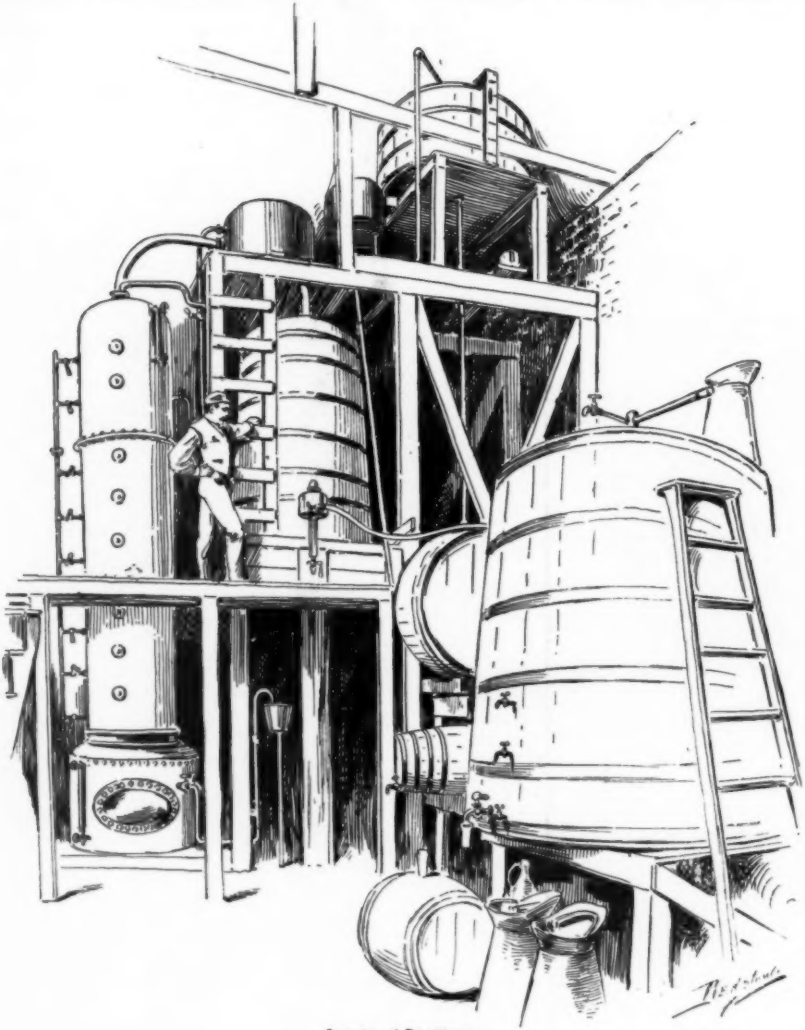
Exterior of Distillery.

per cent the nation would gain every year a million and a half dollars." Mr. J. P. Dodge, Statistician of the Department of Agriculture, makes this remark: "A low average of the value of the cotton crop for many years past would be two hundred million dollars, and twenty per cent would not be too large an estimate of loss from insects, when most prevalent, involving a destruction of forty million dollars, and when prevalent with only five per cent of loss, a waste of ten million dollars would result." Now, *buhach* applied as a spray—or for that matter as a powder in a cotton plantation, where little or no waste would occur—will destroy the cotton-worm.

Professor Riley, already quoted, remarks: "A series of experiments, which I made in the summer of 1878, with the same powder," (Persian Insect Powder) "on the cotton worm showed it to have striking destructive powers, the slightest puff of powder causing certain death and almost instant dropping of the worm from the plant." * * * Diluted with flour in varying proportions from one part of each up to one part of Pyrethrum and ten of flour, it produced equally good results as when pure. * * * An alcoholic extract of the powder, diluted with water, at the rate of one part of the extract to fifteen of water and sprayed on the leaves, kills the worms that have come in contact with the solution in a few minutes." After describing the manner of making this alcoholic extract, he adds: "Carefully estimating from the results of experiments made, it will require about one and three-quarters pounds of the Pyrethrum powder to go over an acre

of cotton at medium height; in other words, that quantity of Pyrethrum to twenty pounds of flower or other diluents will answer the purpose."

flowers of the Pyrethrum grown in California. This is what the professor said in a letter to Mr. Milco regarding the properties of the plant grown in



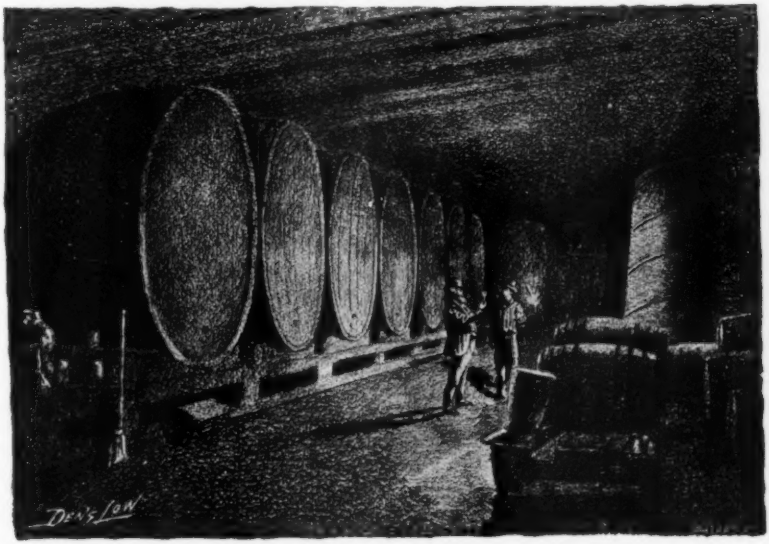
Interior of Distillery.

Now many of these experiments were made with *buhach* that had been sent to the professor by Mr. Milco, and which had been manufactured from

this State: "I do not hesitate to say that your powder is stronger and more effectual than the imported powder which one gets in the shops. There

is nothing that more quickly kills the dreaded cotton worm."

So much then with regard to the thorough effectiveness of the Pyrethrum as an eradicator of the worm, which is the curse inflicted upon the cotton plantations; it remains to be seen what its effect would be on the grasshopper and the potato bug, and we shall then have brought within the scope of its usefulness all the larger areas of cultivated land that are subject to ravages by insects. Professors Riley, Packard and Thomas were members of the Commission sent by the government to investigate the devastations committed by these pests, and report upon such means of extermination as their experiments induced them to recommend as the best. They tried *buhach* most thoroughly and pronounced unhesitatingly in its favor.



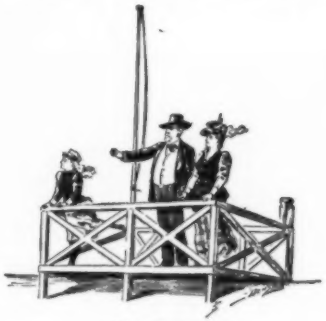
Wine Cellar.

From Professor Hilgard we obtain information of the properties of the plant which render it so deadly to insects. The active insecticide substance is a volatile oil or "essence" which can be extracted either by the usual method of steam distillation, or by extraction with solvents such as ether, alcohol or benzine. This oil, under the influence of air not only volatilizes, but is also subject to rapid oxidization, whereby it is converted into a greenish-black, inactive resin. It follows from these premises that the powder cannot act to advantage where there is a rapid and frequent change of air, and that it is of the greatest importance that the substance should be fresh and kept tightly packed to exclude access of air as much as possible. It is this volatile oil that is death to insects. And every species of insect is susceptible to its mortiferous effect in an extraordinary degree. It kills the scorpion with the same certainty as it does the tiny aphis, and the deadly tarantula dies in convulsions under its action as readily as the diminutive red spider that infests the hothouse. *Buhach* has no discrimination in its action. So thoroughly impartial is it in its

treatment of every species of the class, and so unerring is it, when pure, in dealing destruction that it is within the bounds of possibility to supply it successfully against those minute beings which are now known to be the cause of various diseases. Its fumes may be made to reach even the microbe.

But the most remarkable thing in connection with the properties of this wonderful plant is the fact that while it is death to insect life, to animal life it is entirely harmless. Indeed, it causes no inconvenience, and even when roasted its fumes are not disagreeable, and the occupant of a room in which *buhach* is being burned may read on or sleep on, undisturbed, while the volatilized oil is doing its deadly work among mosquitoes and other night fiends. It is a matter of remark and a puzzle that a person can sleep without the slightest injury in a bed powdered over with *buhach*, "the penetrating odor of which would be death to the stoutest bedbug and the nimblest flea." "The precise nature," says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*, December 14th, 1878, "of the influence exerted upon the insect world, while not affecting man in any manner, has been a problem." Professor Hager considers this to be due to two substances: the first, a body related to trimethylamine, present in the flowers of the plants in combination with an acid; and the other—the more important and active part—the resinous dust from the petal, together with the prickly pollen. The trimethylamine component is difficult of isolation, and has been hitherto obtained only in small quantities and associated with an acid. Moistening this with potash, and holding a fly over it, it exhibits convulsive motions. The dry powder appears to be more efficient than the tincture.

Pyrethrum is a unique plant in the botanical kingdom, and occupies the

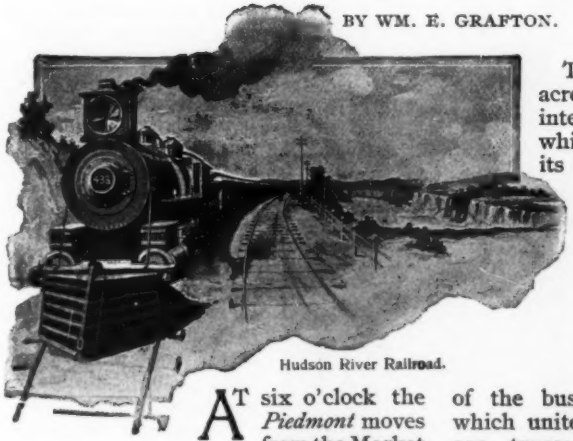


The Observatory.

position of a benefactor to mankind. California may feel proud at being the first country in the Western world in which the European plant has found a home, of the man who introduced it and those who have been connected with its culture and the intelligent care and supervision which have secured it in its new home, thereby opening the door to a new industry.

A SUMMER IN THE EAST.

BY WM. E. GRAFTON.



Hudson River Railroad.

At six o'clock the *Piedmont* moves from the Market street pier, bearing us on our eastward journey. We are leaving San Francisco, the city of a thousand hills, for a summer sojourn in the East. The bay is lighted up by the evening sun, and the foothills are gilded by his mellow light. Twenty minutes, and Oakland pier is reached, where we find our Pullman sleeper "Sancho." Oakland, Berkeley and the foothills pass by in quick succession, and at eight we have reached the straits and are ferried across to Benicia. A few hours later and the moonlit Sierras are before us. Summit is reached and the sun steals into the eastern horizon before sleep again overtakes us. At Truckee we are awakened for breakfast. Move across the plains to Humboldt for dinner and take our evening meal at Elko.

On the following morning the train arrives at Ogden. Here we leave the Southern Pacific and its pleasant associations for the Rio Grande Western, and after a short run find ourselves in the city by the Great Salt Lake.

Its broad avenues, shaded walks and well-kept lawns are delightfully refreshing and restful to us.

The temple enclosure of ten acres is the central point of interest. The magnificent white granite structure with its massive unfinished spires. The turtle-topped tabernacle and the assembly hall make a lasting impression upon all.

Then a visit is made to the Great Zions Co-operative Institution. Here again we are surprised, not only by the magnitude of the business, but the harmony which unites all the departments as one, transacting nearly six million dollars annually. At noon the following day we leave this beautiful city by the Rio Grande Western for Denver via Grande Junction.

Passing south and eastward through the beautiful Jordan Valley and over the fertile plains of Central Utah, we at length approach the mountainous regions. The Castle Gate is before us as it seems to guard the entrance to the Prince River Cañon.

A sudden surprise; so narrow is the opening, it is necessary for the train to hug the river very closely. Now one is all attention. Mountain, valley, brook, stream and fall pass in quick succession.

The Black Cañon with its celebrated Curecanti Needle and Chippeta Falls and numberless other wonders of nature, command our deepest admiration.

We are soon laboring over Marshall Pass. Nothing is more enjoyable perhaps, than to sit in an open observation car, with the blue heavens above you, and mountain peaks your companions, with the balmy early summer air invigorating every nerve.

Prince River Cañon.

The valley becomes lost in the depths below and soon after the summit is reached. We enjoy the eastern slope as we more rapidly descend.

As one for the first time views the Mount of the Holy Cross, with its outline of snow, marking so indelibly the emblems of christianity and freedom in the heavens, he is impressed for life.

On and on our team of iron steeds bear us, till gradually we approach the "Royal Gorge." It grows in greatness upon us till we cross the hanging bridge between those mighty walls, when we become lost in our nothingness. Reader, have you passed o'er this portal? If not, no language can express to you its wild grandeur, no picture can accurately convey the wonder of the scene. Now we come upon undulating hills and rich valleys bearing a marked contrast to the fastnesses just left behind.

We arrive in Denver in time to make close connections with the Chicago and Rock Island Road for Chicago.

We are soon hurrying over the plains of Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois, and before we are aware of it reach the Lake City buildings and busy streets.

As time is limited, we can see very little of the city, and a drive through the business portion of it gives us some small conception of its greatness, the magnitude of the buildings and extent of its enterprise.

Just after sundown we move out of the Michigan Central Depot, foot of Lake street. The city is fast becoming lost in the evening twilight. All is silent save the bell of our engine as it crosses the many city roadways. Now we come upon the massive World's Fair structures as they loom up against the eastern sky. Then Lake Michigan appears again, as a mighty sea stretching to the north and eastward, even to the horizon.

Darkness creeps over the scene and our attention is turned inward to our parlor surroundings. The Wagner sleeper is complete in all its appointments. In fact, it is interesting to note the rapid progress there has been in matters pertaining to the comfort

and safety of the traveling public in the last ten years.

Soon our Wagner tickets are exchanged for berth checks, and we disappear till morning.

"Breakfast is ready in the dining car on the end of the train," is a welcome sound.

The carefully vestibuled platforms protect us as we pass from car to car, and the "diner" is almost immediately reached.

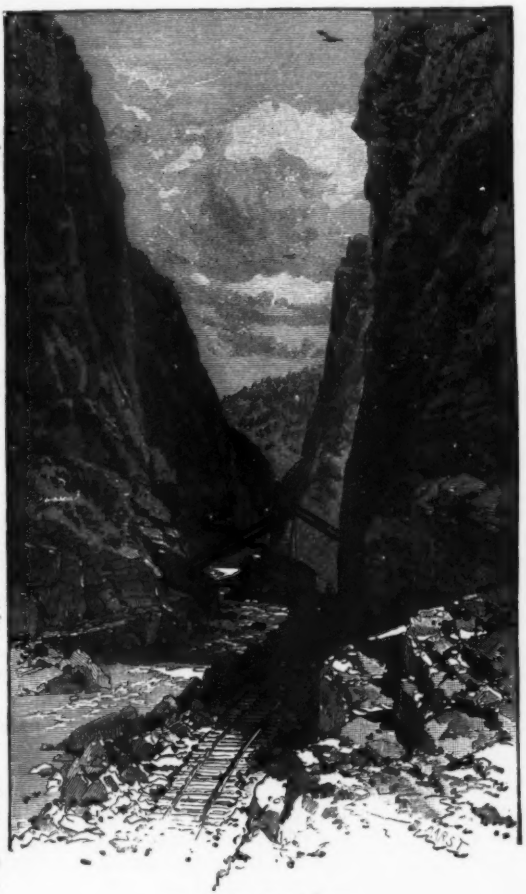
It is indeed novel as well as pleasing to breakfast or dine while in transit, and at the same time enjoy the fast moving panorama. Trees, fences, farmhouses, brooks and rivers fly by as if running a race, and an hour is passed most delightfully. During the morning attention is directed to the thrifty farming districts of Southern Canada.

After a late dinner "Falls View Station is reached." The great cataract bursts suddenly upon us! Five minutes is given to leave the train at this point. The view is grand. The Canadian and American Falls with Goat Island between the raging, white-capped rapids above and the boiling, foaming mass below with a cloud of spray capping all and reaching skyward making a beautiful bird's-eye picture for memory to dwell upon.

Crossing the river on the great cantilever bridge of the Michigan Central Railway, we arrive in Niagara Falls, N. Y.

It is evening again when we start for Buffalo, arriving a few hours later. The West Shore train is in readiness, and starts soon afterward for New York. The next morning finds us beside the beautiful Hudson. As the train winds in and out on the curves of the western shore, the eastern slope, with its carpet of green and its varying foliage, blend together in perfect harmony and complete the picture.

At Kingston, some of our party leave for the Catskill Mountains. Some are bound for the Grand Hotel, while others go to the Kaatskill or Mountain House. From Kingston and Rondout we pass down the river through Newburgh and West Point, between Anthony's Nose, on the east bank of the river, and Bear Hill, to



The Royal Gorge.

Front Piazza of Mountain House
KAATERSKILL
FALLS

the west. Round the base of Dunderberg Mountains and into Harverstraw, here we pass the great brick yards, and an hour later finds us in the great metropolis of the East.

We leave the next day by the Fall River line for the White Mountains.

A very commodious stateroom is provided on the *Plymouth*, one of the handsomest steamers afloat.

It is a delightful sail up the sound, on a summer evening, with moonlight and music to add to the enchantments.

The table is excellent, and in keeping with all the other appointments of the "Fall River Line." Early in the morning a stop is made at Newport, and shortly afterward the steamer is at the Fall River pier. Finding seats in the through drawing-room car run to the mountains via the Old Colony and the Concord and Montreal Railroad, we are shortly moving northward through the thrifty farming country of New England, with the many busy manufacturing towns and mills swarming with operatives. At Concord Junction, we leave the Old Colony, for the Concord and Montreal Railroad. Shortly, Nashua and Manchester tell us that we are in the old "Granite" State. We get stopover checks at Neirs Station for Lake Winnepesaugi ("the smile of the great spirit") and board the steamer *Lady of the Lake* for Wolfsborough and Center Harbor. It is a perfect day, the rich wildness of the landscape awes us into silence. The Ossipee Mountains to the right, the Twin Belknap Peaks in the distance to the left, and in the foreground a series of summits seal forever on memory a picture of lasting loveliness. Mountain dome and peak pass in quick succession, as we steam toward the head of the lake. Here the Center House, of Center Harbor, gives of her hospitality. The afternoon is spent on Red Hill, with its mountain views and restfulness.

On the morrow we reluctantly bid adieu to this charming spot, and sail down to Weirs and take once more the north-bound mountain express.

Four hours pass as if by magic, and the train arrives at Labyan's.

An hour later we reach the foot of Mt. Washington, where the seemingly broken-stacked locomotive is waiting to take our party up what seems to be a great iron ladder, but in reality is a strongly-constructed railway.

An hour and a half of panting and puffing through the gradually falling temperature at length lands us at the Summit House, on its perch of ice and snow. A delightful fire and bountifully spread table greet us and are most welcome.

Hudson River.

The moon is shining brightly and the view is something weird and unnatural. In the morning the gong calls the sleeper to see the sun rise, which on a clear day is beyond description.

Soon we are descending behind, or, as it seems, upon the top of our odd-looking engine, and are safe once more at the foot of this great mountain. After spending several days at the Mt. Pleasanton House we start for Bethlehem, where we spend a number of enjoyable weeks at the St. Clair House. Our walks and drives to Maplewood, Profile House and Franconia Notch, and rambles among the brooks and glens and in the shaded forests are as refreshing as they are restful.

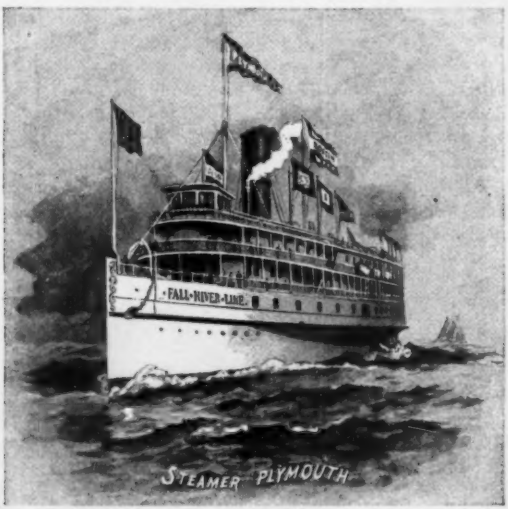
We return to Boston by way of the Concord and Montreal and Maine Central railroads, stopping at the Crawford House and Glen House, through North Conway, by way of the Boston and Maine, to Boston.

We will not attempt to give our impressions, so many and varied as they are. Boston, thou home of the poet, bard and sire, and parent of the wise and good, we greet thee, and, going back to the time of cocked hats and wigs, follow Washington in his movements at Cambridge, visit Bunker Hill and the Old South Church site in the Common, watching the multitudes flocking to and fro.

With electric cars in long line upon Tremont street, past and present are strangely mingled.

New York is reached again, and as the hot season still continues we will spend several weeks at Saratoga and Lake George.

Taking an evening train on the West Shore road we are in Albany in time to make connection with the Delaware and Hudson Canal Railroad for Saratoga, and arrive there before noon.



A city of magnificent hotels, health-giving springs, pleasant drives and handsome scenery.

A week amid its busy bustle, and we go northward to Lake George, crossing the Hudson at Fort Edward via Glen Falls to Caldwell, and arrive at Fort William Henry Hotel at the head of the lake, where we remain until cooler weather comes in the great cities.

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The Californian

The Christmas CALIFORNIAN will be a notable number. With it THE CALIFORNIAN begins its third volume and second year, having in this short period attained a success and recognition all over the world unparalleled in magazine literature. The large October issue of THE CALIFORNIAN was exhausted, and the forms had to be placed upon the presses for a second edition. The issue for November is five thousand greater than the preceding month, and the publishers propose printing a Special Christmas Edition; their policy for the coming year will be to continually improve the magazine in every way, and their plans will include many striking and original papers on subjects of world-wide interest, as well as those relating to the Pacific Coast.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Christmas number will have a specially designed cover, and contain a number of interesting and beautifully illustrated papers, suggestive of the holiday season. The Christmas and other wild flowers of California will be described, illustrating the floral winter and Christmas of the Pacific Coast. An account of an old California Christmas will be presented by Don Arturo Bandini, a descendant of one of the distinguished families of the State. Dr. Danzinger contributes a striking paper, entitled "Two Great Jews," in which he contrasts Christ and Hillel, the Babylonian. A notable event in the history of the year is the return of the Franciscans to the old mission of San Luis Rey. This will be described by Auguste Wey, and a feature of the ceremonies at the old mission on Christmas day will be the reading of this article by one of the fathers. Dr. Remondino contributes an elaborate article on Napoleon, illustrated by rare cuts and the famous death-mask. H. M. Randolph describes the Christmas of the animals, contrasting their winter habits and those of the East. Grace Ellery Channing, grand-daughter of William Ellery Channing, contributes a timely paper on Shelley, entitled "A Passionate Pilgrimage," illustrated by a fine engraving of the poet. Other striking illustrated articles are "Yosemite in Winter," the frontispiece showing a view of the falls amid snow and ice; "Some California Millionaires," by George Hamlin Fitch; "An Isle of Summer (Santa Catalina)," by Charles Frederick Holder; "The Carnival in California," (the Flower Carnival at Santa Barbara); "A Christmas Hunt after the Big Horn Sheep;" "Did the Phœnicians Discover America?" and the first of an illustrated series on "The Methodists in California," by Dr. Hirst. These, with short stories, poems, etc., will make up one of the most interesting numbers ever issued on the Pacific Coast.

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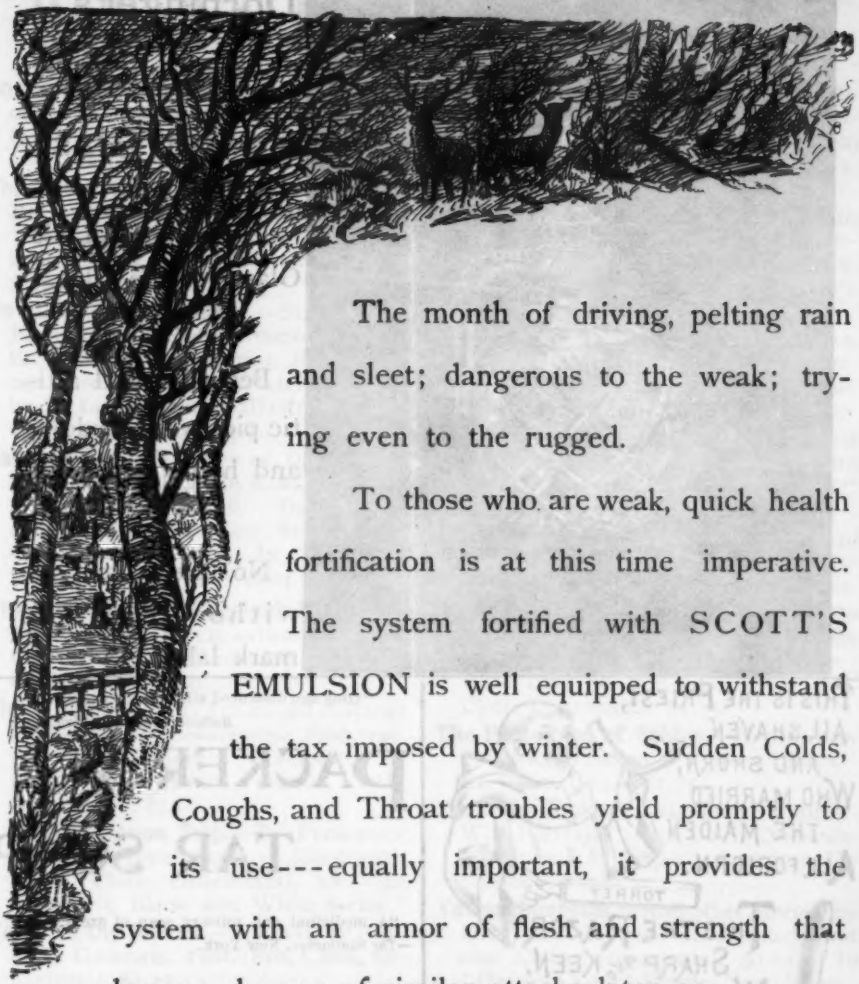

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A Tribute to Emerson

Mr. Whittier spoke of Oliver Wendell Holmes and himself as the only two left of that literary circle in Boston, which the world has recognized as the light of American letters—Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Holmes and himself. "But," he said, "Emerson was the greatest one among us. He will live long after we are all forgotten." I asked why he considered Emerson the greatest, and he answered promptly, "Because he had more truth than any of us, and because he recognized the divinity of man." I reminded him that Emerson had theorized splendidly, while he had demonstrated those theories Emerson taught. "Ah, but he was a noble soul," he said. "I loved him like a brother, and I shall soon join him."

He spoke of the Transcendental Club, and when I ventured surprise that he was not a regular attendant, he replied: "Oh, I went down occasionally and visited Mr. Longfellow and attended it. But, to be very frank with you, I have avoided society whenever I could. My life has been lived in seclusion. I have loved the solitude, and courted it, meeting only the few who were akin to me. Mr. Longfellow was different. He was genial and entertaining. His home was the center of a large circle of gifted minds. I have met Helen Hunt Jackson there and many delightful people whom I might have entertained, I suppose, but my life has been very simple, very quiet." "But you have reached many people with your poems, and helped many," I suggested; "there was always a heart-touch in them."

"There was a heart-need in them, I doubt not," he said, with tears in his eyes, "for my life has been very incomplete—sometimes very lonely." I wanted to ask why he never wedded, but felt it would be indelicate, notwithstanding the freedom with which he spoke of himself. He seemed to divine my thought, for he continued: "You wonder why I have never married! I believe in marriage when there is a spiritual love, of which you have written—and then only is it marriage—but there were reasons why I have never married. I have chosen to live for an ideal." This time it was I who caught the reflex of his thought, so I said: "Your poem, 'My Playmate,' has always interested me. When I was the merest child it was my compensation for well-doing to stand by my mother's knee and hear her read that poem. The pathos of those lines,

> 'And still the pines on Ramoth Hill
> Are moaning like the sea,
> The moaning of the sea of change
> That parted thee and me,'

had a strange power to stir my emotive nature; and later, when I came in possession of the reply to that poem, I seemed to feel all the desolation it embodied in my own soul." "Where did you get a reply to that poem?" Mr. Whittier asked with quick, earnest tone. "How came you by it?" I told him "a lady whom I knew, while traveling in Europe, obtained the MSS. from the author," and I said: "You know it has your name in it, Mr. Whittier?" "Yes, I know. I have it, but I did not know—I did not think—any other had a copy of it." Then, in a thoughtful mood, he continued: "I have sometimes regretted giving to the public some of the poems relating to my personal history. It seemed sacrilege for the world to see them."—*Cor. Inter-Ocean.*

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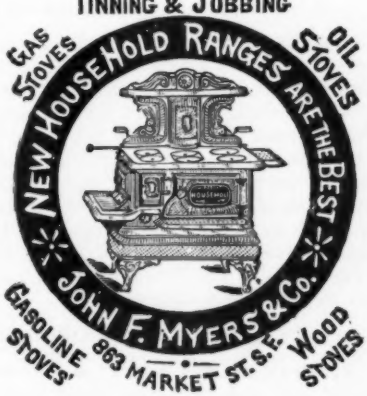

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"You don't say."

"I had the servant dig him a little grave in the garden. I can see it from my window. For a whole week after he died I felt so badly I did not eat a morsel."

"You ought not to have buried him so near the house," was the reply.—*Texas Siftings.*

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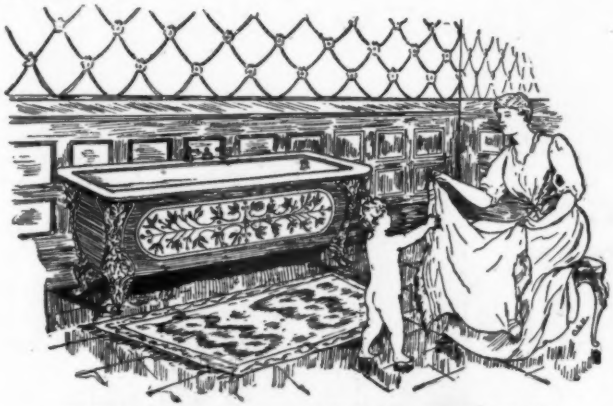

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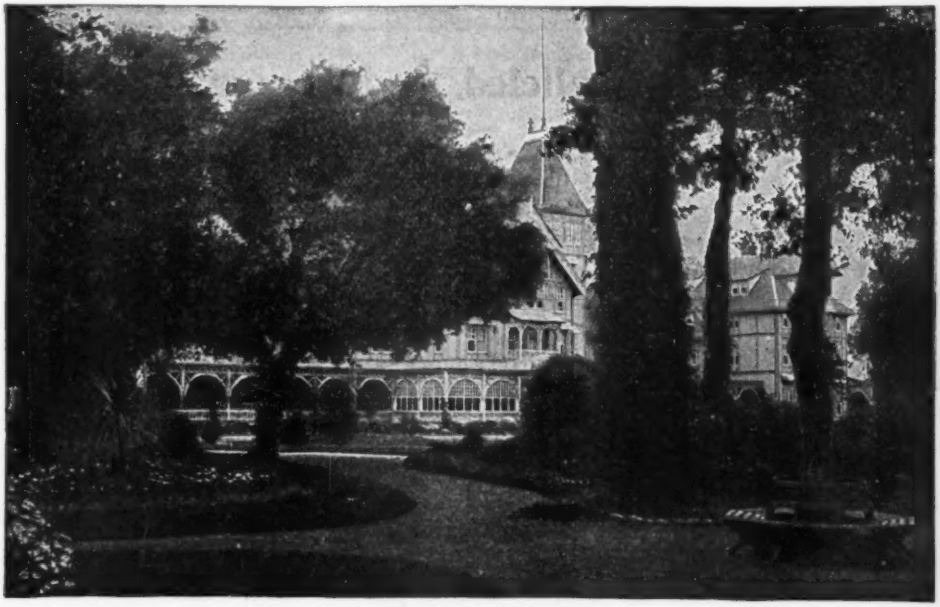

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A Money Making Plan Based Upon Sound Principles

HISTORY OF A GREAT UNDERTAKING

Four years ago the idea of the John Brown Colony was first suggested. So radically different is it from the usual plan of colonization that it was nearly a year before much progress was made in forming the colony. So many swindling schemes have been sprung upon the public in real estate transactions, that people were slow to take advantage of this offer until they were thoroughly convinced that it would be honestly conducted. With the establishment of this fact the lands were rapidly taken, until now the original tract is all subscribed for and in process of cultivation.

PROFIT OF FRUIT-GROWING IN CALIFORNIA

The large profits realized by California fruit growers make a ten or twenty acre lot equal in value to a farm of a quarter section in the grain-growing States. The average yield is from $100 to $300 per acre yearly, while exceptional cultivation and some varieties of fruits bring the astonishing yields of $500 to $1,000 per acre. The fruit industry, too, has been found to be one of the safest and surest in the United States. It is a common thing in the older colonies to find colonists living in luxury upon a twenty-acre tract, while those owning larger acreages are rapidly accumulating wealth.

THE FIRST TRACT DISPOSED OF

As the above facts came to be generally understood, there was no delay on the part of the people in taking these lands, so that in a very short time the entire tract of 3,060 acres was taken in lots of five acres and upwards. One thousand acres was planted to raisin grapes in the winter of 1890 and this winter ('90 and '91) the remaining 2,060 acres will be planted to grapes, figs and other fruits.

LAND VALUES

The fact of such large profits from California lands, makes their cultivation mean far more in this country than in those of the grain-growing States. Land that will yield a yearly income of $100 per acre is worth at least $500 per acre. Estimating upon the basis of a ten per cent profit upon the capital invested, it is worth $1,000, but to say $500 is making it strong enough. Now grain growing land throughout the West is not worth more than $40 to $60 per acre and one cannot take up new land worth $15 to $25 and make it worth in three or four years even $40, unless it be in exceptional instances; whereas in California, land that is worth $100 per acre raw, is certainly worth $500 within three years' time if properly set to fruits and well tended, and double that time will make it worth $1,000. This is one of the secrets of rapid money making in California. The practical question, however, which presents itself to one unable to move to this country, either from lack of means or from business, such that it is impossible to leave it for a time is

HOW CAN I PROCURE SUCH A PLACE AND HAVE IT MADE TO PRODUCE WITHOUT MY PERSONAL ATTENTION

We have solved this question in the plan of our colonies. We take a large tract, divide it into small lots, taking five acres as our unit, and dispose of the whole tract in five acre lots, or of any number of them in one body, asking only that the means necessary to plant out the land and cultivate it for three years be paid as needed to perform the work. We do all the work and care for the crops until they have yielded enough to pay for the land when it is then deeded to the purchaser, costing him in actual cash outlay the price named for cultivation. He has not

needed to undergo the expense of removal, erection of buildings, cash payment upon land nor the many expenses incidental to individual operation. On the other hand, if he be a poor man, he is left at his regular employment, thus assuring him his support and enough means to keep up the expense of cultivation, and when he is ready to remove to his land, it is yielding him a nice income instead of demanding large outlays. Or, if one simply takes land in this colony as an investment not intending to make it his home, he will procure a property which will yield him each year as much as it has cost him in cash outlay. Thus it will be seen that while it brings within reach of the colonist all the advantages of the ordinary colony, it lessens the expense of acquiring such a property to half or one-third the actual cash outlay usually required. The idea is that of co-operation in all the expense until the property is brought up to a producing condition and the land is paid for when it becomes the individual property of the subscriber. It is evident that to purchase a large tract of land it may be had on better terms than a small one; also that by doing the work on a large scale, under one management, not only may the cost be brought down much lower than if it were all done under individual ownership and management, but that more uniform results may be secured, besides every one knows that the greatest bar to individual enterprise of this sort is the comparatively large outlay necessary to begin. The great number of people who live upon a salary and never can save enough to undertake the work of procuring such a home is very large, and without such a plan as this they can never hope to become independent land owners.

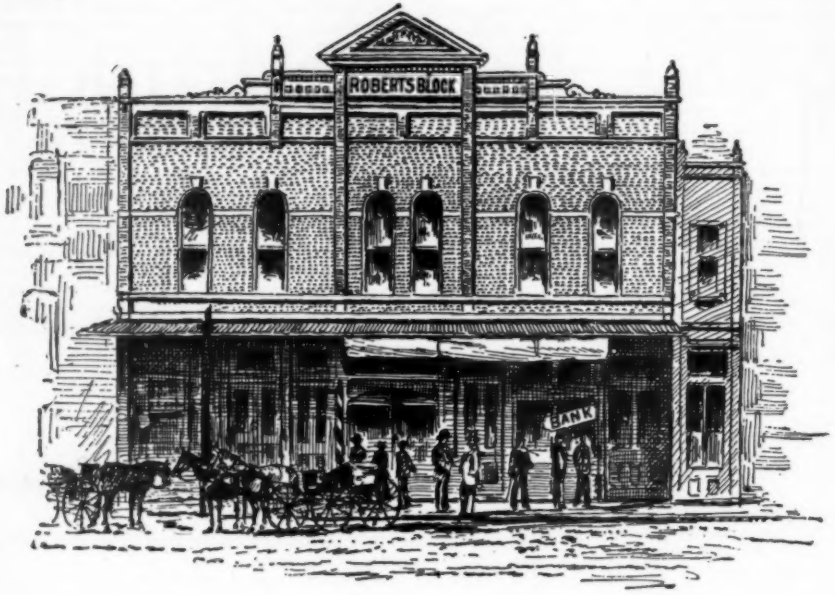
A FEW QUESTIONS ANSWERED

1. Our tract is from two to five miles from R. R. station.
2. It is two to five miles from Madera and twenty from Fresno.
3. Water rights are a part and parcel of the land and cannot be separated from it.
4. Water for domestic use is found at from 50 to 75 feet (surface water at 10 feet), of the purest and best quality.
5. The elevation above sea level is 300 feet.
6. It is forty miles to the mountains and only 100 miles to the famous Yosemite Valley, renowned all over the world for its remarkable scenery.
7. Plenty of deer are found in the mountains and foothills, and small game such as quail, ducks, geese, rabbits, etc., abound in the valley. If you are of the dangerous, yellow-backed sort, you can receive satisfaction by clambering up high into the mountains and encountering bruin.
8. The rainy season begins in October and ends in April. It does not rain all the time but as much as it does in the East during the summer.
9. The climate is fine for consumptives if they come in time for it to help them. Rheumatism, Catarrh and kindred troubles are usually helped.
10. Fog is almost unknown here in the summer and it only occurs in winter during damp weather during which times it will be foggy in any land.
11. The sea breeze reaches us in the afternoon, blowing from the northwest.
12. The soil of the land we offer is alluvial, deep and strong.
13. Good oak wood is sold at six dollars a cord.
14. Groceries and provisions are a little higher than in the East in some items. Flour and meat are about the same price.
15. Lumber is worth from $15 for refuse to $35 per M. for best.
16. Wages for farm laborers are $30 per month and board, the man furnishing his own blankets.
17. There is less danger from earthquakes than there is in the East, and none at all from lightning, which is seldom seen.
18. Strawberries can be had ten months out of twelve.
19. Good teachers can always find a position. Teachers' wages range from $60 to $125 per month.
20. All attainable Government land is of rugged nature, not capable of irrigation, far distant from business centers, and it would require more capital to settle on it than is required for settlement in close neighborhoods.
21. Our land is entirely level, has no brush, trees nor stones upon it and is free from alkali.
22. While at Washington and Philadelphia people fall dead in the streets with the thermometer at 90 degrees in the San Joaquin valley the hay harvest is gathered in absolute safety with the thermometer at 110 degrees. The exceedingly dry atmosphere promotes rapid evaporation which works this apparent wonder.

If you desire land in this colony, send the money to Bank of Madera, Treasurer, $300 per five acre lot if you wish it planted this winter, otherwise $150 which will secure you the lot and put it in preparation for planting to the best of advantage next year. Send money by bank draft. DO NOT SEND PERSONAL CHECKS as it costs exchange to collect them.

List of colonists and references to our reliability furnished upon request. Address

The John Brown Colony, Madera, California



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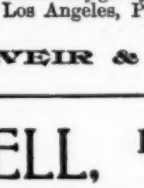

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LOS ANGELES, PASADENA AND ALTADENA

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Leave Los Angeles for Pasadena	Leave Pasadena for Los Angeles
6 35 a. m.	7 15 a. m.
7 10 a. m.	8 05 a. m.
8 00 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
9 00 a. m.	10 35 a. m.
10 30 a. m.	12 00 m.
12 15 p. m.	1 05 p. m.
1 25 p. m.	2 05 p. m.
2 25 p. m.	4 05 p. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 25 p. m.
5 20 p. m.	7 05 p. m.
6 20 p. m.	8 05 p. m.
9 20 p. m.	10 05 p. m.
11 00 p. m.	11 45 p. m.

Leave Los Angeles for Altadena	Leave Altadena for Los Angeles
10 30 a. m.	11 25 a. m.
4 00 p. m.	5 00 p. m.

Downey Avenue 7 Min. Later than L. A. Leaving Time

On theatre nights the 11 p. m. train for Pasadena will wait at Los Angeles until twenty minutes after theatre closes.

Stages meet the 8 a. m. and 12:15 p. m. trains at Pasadena for Mt. Wilson new trail.

Passengers leaving Los Angeles on the 8 a. m. train for Mt. Wilson can return on the same day.

Los Angeles and Monrovia Depot, East end of First Street Bridge

Leave Los Angeles for Monrovia	Leave Monrovia for Los Angeles
7 55 a. m.	6 55 a. m.
11 10 a. m.	8 55 a. m.
2 55 p. m.	12 45 p. m.
5 25 p. m.	4 00 p. m.

LOS ANGELES AND GLENDALE

Depots, East End of First Street and Downey Avenue Bridges

Leave Los Angeles for Glendale	Leave Glendale for Los Angeles
6 45 a. m. Sun. ex.	7 25 a. m. Sun ex.
8 15 a. m.	9 05 a. m.
12 20 p. m.	1 15 p. m.
3 00 p. m.	3 50 p. m.
5 15 p m.	6 10 p. m.

Los Angeles, Long Beach and E. San Pedro Depot, E. end of 1st St. Brg.

Leave Los Angeles for Long Beach and E. San Pedro	Leave E. San Pedro for Los Angeles
9 55 a. m.	7 25 a. m.
12 45 p. m.	11 15 a. m.
5 30 p. m. Sat. ex.	4 00 p. m. Sat. ex.
8 05 a. m. Sun. only	12 55 p. m. Sun. only
2 45 p. m. Sun. only	7 00 p. m. Sun. only
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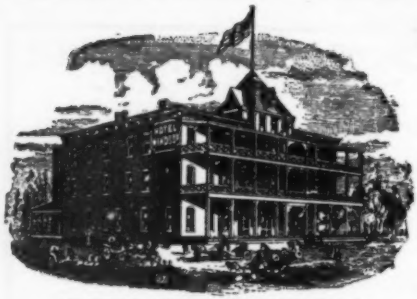

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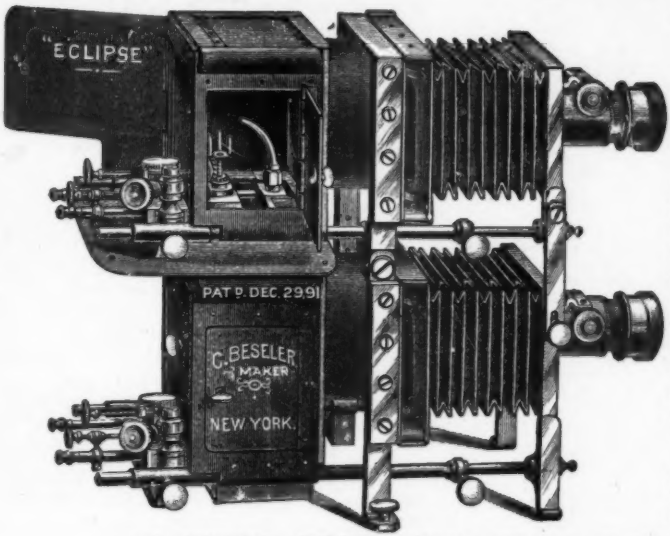

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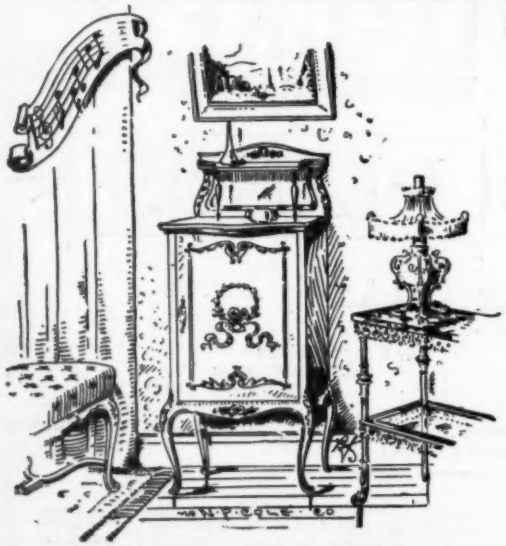

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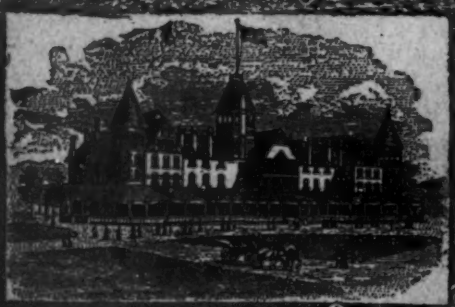

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